A DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN

MARION RANDALL PARSONS

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BY

MARION RANDALL PARSONS

GEOFFREY BLES SUFFOLK ST., PALL MALL

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TO
BEN LEHMAN
AND
GLADYS AND HAL

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PART ONE

AURORA (1880)

CHAPTER I

LILIHA GOES DOWN TO THE SEA

ACROSS the crest of the headland an almost imperceptible trail led down among stiff guava bushes and sprawling *lauhalas* to the ocean shore. Young Philip Howard, hesitating at the intersection of two paths, chose the better-defined track to the left. It led him for a scant two hundred feet along the ridge to the brink of a low cliff that he had noticed from the schooner the day before. Seaward the sky already glowed with dawn, but landward a dark mountain wall withheld the light from the town, sleeping below him in a green nest between mountains and sea. On the long white beach houses crept out among ragged cocoanut palms close to the surf line. As yet no human being was astir there. Even the dogs that had slunk after him, sniffing distrust of his early ramble, had disappeared. Sleep, that had so long forsaken him, had waved an enchanter's wand over the Island. No birds stirred. The sea breathed deep, breaking against the shore in slow ripples unflecked with foam. Only beyond the headland, where a reef stretched across a cove, the

blue swells broke into surging white. Except for the low roar from this reef there was no sound.

Turning his back upon the town, Philip Howard crossed the headland and sank down in a little hollow deep among ferns and creeping vines. He clasped hands behind his head and lay there waiting for his first Island sunrise. The cove at his feet was bordered by a beach of white sand. Above it a tangle of tropical undergrowth crept straight up the mountain wall. High peaks rose purple against the dawn, no break visible in their dense vegetation from shore line to the masses of volcanic rock that formed their crowns. A luminous glow aureoled the summits though the hot, still night had been dewless. Howard wondered if to the weatherwise the bank of pearly clouds along the horizon presaged a storm.

The young man lay motionless, his long slender body relaxed in languorous ease. His mind, nevertheless, was busy, shaping a host of new impressions into words. It was an old habit of his boyhood, dating from the first separation from little Lucy, his neighbour, who, before he had reached his twenty-third year, had grown from comrade to sweetheart and wife. The habit persisted now though it brought him only the sharpest pain. For Lucy had died with their baby and at twenty-four he was facing life alone. In spite of the seven empty months that had passed he had

not yet lost the sense of her physical presence. He still unconsciously treasured up for her ear all the rarest experiences of his voyage—his voyage in search of forgetfulness! His father had been wrong, he felt, in urging upon him this complete break with the old life. He sometimes believed that had he forced himself to endure the daily reminder of familiar things his mind might have been more quickly dulled into acceptance of his loss.

For the moment, indeed, steeped in the narcotic beauty of the tropical dawn, he was half forgetful of his sorrow. The lassitude of many sleepless nights was heavy upon him. He felt his body one with the Island earth—verdant earth, hiding a burned-out heart of ashes. The sincerity of his grief rebuked the rhetoric. Lucy's image blurred the sunrise. He turned and covered his eyes with his hands.

As he lay in the ferns with face hidden he became conscious of a woman's voice singing. Youth was in it, and a low, full resonance like the sea. He raised his head to listen. In spite of himself he smiled at the incongruity of the old hymn tune, at the adjuration, in the face of this *dolce far niente* dawn to "work for the night is coming."

In another moment he saw the singer. She emerged from the trees at the point where he had hesitated over the trail. She too paused there. For whatever reason she looked, not forward,

but back down the path to the town. Howard suddenly recognized her. It was Liliha, the half-caste girl who had waited at his aunt's supper-table the night before. Instead of her trim-fitting maid's dress she wore a loose garment of calico, but he could not be mistaken in the shape and carriage of her head. A young queen, he had likened her to in the lamplight, half pitying her for her servant's rôle. She was even more like a young queen now, standing there in the rosy glow of sunrise with a wreath of scarlet flowers on her head. Could she, by any chance, be following him? The thought repelled him. He sank down closer into his nest among the ferns.

As if satisfied by her scrutiny, Liliha turned into the half-hidden trail. Her hymn changed to a chant, a wild stirring strain that awakened responsive thrills in the listening man. She ran swiftly down the short path, breaking through the bushes to the open sands. Waving a blithe hand at the sun, just striking through a notch in the mountain chain, she kicked off her loose slippers with a dancing step. There was a whirl of pink calico over her lei-crowned head. Naked as Aphrodite she ran, brown arms outstretched, straight into the arms of the deep-breathing, welcoming sea.

As Philip Howard walked back from the headland toward Mrs. Adams' cottage on

Wahainalua's principal street, this temporary home of his assumed an unexpected interest. From his evening's talk with the aunt and uncle whom he never before had met, he had anticipated little but boredom from his position as their guest. To his darkened spirit only dreariness had been manifest in their childless, work-engrossed age. Now, with the dawn vision fresh upon him, a boyish expectancy robbed the morning meeting with them of its prospective gloom; more than that, transmuted it into drama. Who could have thought to find, as handmaid in a missionary household, a dryad who danced her greeting to the sun!

The breakfast-table was already set in a corner of the bare, cool sitting-room. His aunt, a lean wiry little person who pursued even spiritual ends with the talkative assiduity of a sparrow picking up crumbs, hung over the table, arranging a pyramid of native fruits and placing beside his plate a polished wooden bowl filled with a pastry substance that she called poi.

"You may not like it," she cautioned him, "but we grew to depend on it in the early days when there was often little else."

She drew back from her ministrations and looked up into the grave eyes of the young man.

"How like you are to your father, Philip!" she said with a hint of regret. "And Sister Mary's girl—is she unlike my family too?"

"No," said Philip, touched by the look in his aunt's eyes. He had thought her singularly uninterested in the home and family she had not seen for so many years. "Minnie is a little red-head, but the picture of Aunt Mary for all that."

"Ah," said Abigail Adams with a faint sigh. "We miss contact with young people here. We're all old now—all old!"

A question concerning the girl who served her rose to Philip's lips, but the entrance of the master of the house prevented his giving it utterance. Peter Adams was a large, loose-limbed old man with a rugged New England face. After a short good morning he led the way to the breakfast-table and at once sat down. During the long grace Philip found his thoughts again wandering, with growing anticipation, to the lithe brown swimmer at the cove.

To his disappointment, however, the coffee was brought in by a white-starched Chinaman. With a wry face over his poi, Philip helped himself to the golden corn bread.

"Not much like early times now, I fancy," he said, as the servant once more left them alone. "You seem to be well fixed here. You have a housemaid too, haven't you, Aunt Abigail?"

Abigail Adams misunderstood her nephew's curiosity concerning her domestic economy.

"We have every comfort, but at little expense,"

she said. "I have no housemaid. Liliha, who is a pupil in my school, comes in occasionally to help me as I require. It would not be rendering a fair account of our blessings were Peter and I lightly to spend the money contributed for our holy labour."

Philip's lean, sensitive face flushed. "No such impertinent criticism crossed my mind, Aunt Abbie. I had forgotten for the moment that the American Board no longer supports your mission."

"Your father has been most liberal, Philip. Even after your dear mother died he continued the yearly sum she had always given toward the Lord's work. The American Board withdrew its support ten years ago. But it was a part of the Divine plan that we should continue to labour in the field tilled by us for twenty years."

Long-forgotten impressions began to come back to Philip's mind—old discussions relating to this missionary household. It was to combat the growing influence of the Anglican church, he remembered, no less vicious in his mother's eyes than that of the Roman Catholic mission, that she had endowed her sister's little private school for native girls. His mother, another such tensely religious woman as her elder sister Abigail, had regarded this long-exiled sister as a saint. Even he, of a generation that was fast outgrowing the

Puritan dogma, could see in Abigail one ready to sacrifice comfort, inclination, life itself to the call of her duty and her creed. But the very conviction of her sincerity sharpened his new sense of the clash between the ideal of the missionaries' efforts and the pagan reality of the wild natures they sought to civilize.

"Tell me about your school, Aunt Abbie," he said abruptly. "Tell me about this girl, Liliha, whom you called a *hapa-haole*. What do you mean by that?"

"*Haole*—stranger; a white," said Peter Adams. "A *hapa-haole* is a half-white. Liliha's father was an Englishman."

"Your coffee is getting cold, Peter," Abigail admonished him, eager to tell the story of her school herself. The young man listened silently to the outpouring of her enthusiasm, really interested only in what bore relation to Liliha. Under Mrs. Adams' effort and guidance, he learned, a dozen brands had been saved from the burning, a dozen Hawaiian and half-caste girls had evaded the snare of false doctrines, had grown to womanhood not only blessed with all the womanly virtues beloved of the seventies, but by their "seriousness" giving satisfactory evidence of true conversion. Foremost among these spiritual offspring, first in accomplishments and Christian devotion, was Liliha.

Though familiar to him from his earliest childhood, the evangelical patter fell mockingly now on Philip Howard's ears. How reconcile his mermaid of the sunrise with the picture of Christian decorum drawn by his aunt? With a smile too bitter for his years he repressed the boyish inclination to reveal to Mrs. Adams before the altars of what gods her protégée had offered up a matin song.

The fun of horrifying the good lady would not compensate for the stain with which her imputation would besmirch the fair, pure image of his dryad of the dawn. Beneath Howard's Puritan training lay the artist, the taster of life in its entirety, the worshipper of beauty oblivious to the tabus of Sin. Every fibre of the artist in him had thrilled to that sunrise scene. The girl's brown body leaping into the opal sea; her pagan chant of exultation; her daring plunge through the breakers of the reef and the vigour of her round limbs as they defied the heavier swell—these had revived in him youth's warm zest in mere living as neither earthly nor heavenly consolation hitherto had done. But instinct and training united to warn him that these two good old people would see in this same zest of living only the blackest of sin. Silence was his defence no less than the girl's. After all, perhaps, he really had mistaken her identity. His aunt's praise, piling Puritan

doctrine higher upon native womanly worth, almost convinced him that this must be the case. As they were rising from the table, however, Liliha herself appeared, framed in the sunlight of the open door.

There was no mistake. Liliha of the Evangelical School, sometime servant to the missionaries, and the vision of the dawn were one. A decent straw hat, which she removed from her head to use as a fan, replaced the scarlet lei ; but the loose slippers on her bare feet and the pink calico *holoku* challenged his amused recognition. He scrutinized her closely as she stood in the doorway. Liliha was almost as tall as he was himself, slender, yet delicately rounded. Her ears were exquisite—Lucy's ears. But Lucy's fair hair had been piled high and Liliha wore her dark tresses braided in a coronet around her head. Her skin was a clear warm brown, scarcely darker than that of many a brunette of pure Caucasian strain. Only in her eyes the Kanaka showed—large liquid brown eyes, opaque and soulless, as gentle and unresponsive as the eyes of an Alderney cow. She looked him over with frank curiosity, smiling at him brightly and impersonally as she smiled her morning salutation to Fat Leong or the yellow tabby cat.

The two women, after a few sentences together and a brief consultation with the cook, withdrew to

their morning household tasks. Turning over in his mind the girl's demure passage of words with his aunt, Howard wondered, as he was destined to wonder many a time in the years to come, how much was conscious actress in her, how much unconscious mimicry.

Freed from his wife's loquacity, Doctor Adams in his turn became talkative. From him Howard gained a still piously coloured, but more concrete account of Liliha's history. Her father had been a runaway sailor from a whaling ship, an Englishman named Knight who apparently had known better days. He made little effort to provide for his children; indeed little provision was necessary in a land where poi and fish were easily come by and the sun and the sea and a grass hut were free to all. The missionaries, for decency's sake, kept the family supplied with clothes, and it was not difficult for a man who could write a legible hand and for whom ciphering was not a dubious matter of fingers, but a swift cogitation and a sure result, to earn enough money for gin and tobacco. Knight died when Liliha, the only survivor of the children, was eight years old. Hana, the mother, soon took a Hawaiian husband, marrying him at the mission and achieving thereby, Howard was amused to note, a deferred respectability that in the doctor's eyes atoned for all past irregularities. Toward the brood of Hawaiian half-brethren Liliha showed

not the least sense of superiority, proud though she was of her own *haole* ancestry. She was a good-natured girl and a generous one, her pastor said.

To Howard, Doctor Adams' account of the girl rang with the same unreality as sounded in that of his aunt. In the eyes of both elders Liliha was a passive creature, accepting without question every precept they held out to her, including repression of her youthful joy in life. It was obvious from the morning's adventure that in spite of all their teaching the pagan in Liliha was still far from wholly downed. Howard felt that more had been revealed to him of the true Liliha than her teachers had understood in seventeen years. Their repressive grey philosophy could have no real part in her. She radiated life and a sensuous love of physical things. To a Puritan mind, of course, that betokened only the devil. To him, on the contrary, the sin was to deny the clean beautiful youth in her. Love of the sun and the sea were of her very essence. Wind caresses on her young body were as natural to her as her mother's touch. How stupid of these good people—how wicked, almost—not to understand!

In the image that he thus conjured up in the name of Liliha passion held no place. She was not Aphrodite as he had first named her, but cool chaste Diana—in that, to his present mood, lay her extraordinary charm.

From Liliha Doctor Adams branched to the general subject of his mission and its accomplishment, a dreary theme to succeed to the vital interest of the girl. Weariness of spirit descended upon Howard. The cool interior of the cottage became more stiflingly oppressive to him than the glaring heat out of doors. Reminding himself of a promise to call on Tom Gregory, his shipmate on the voyage down from San Francisco, he made his excuses to Doctor Adams and stepped with a sigh of relief into the sunny street.

CHAPTER II

OF A RACE OF KINGS

"COME early!" Tom Gregory had pleaded, in suggesting this informal morning call. "I'll need some one to give me a breathing spell from the raptures of my all too adoring Ma."

Attracted as he was by the lad whose high spirits had lightened the long days at sea, Howard's keenest anticipation in the visit centered about Tom's mother. For Kameolani Gregory was a Hawaiian princess, daughter of a royal chieftain's daughter who had married a white. Young Tom had boasted much of this ancient *alii* strain; of the charm of his mother, her beauty, and superiority to any woman wholly Caucasian. He had not seen her for three years, during his absence at school.

Howard's fancy played around the Island princess as he left his aunt's cottage behind. Would she be as beautiful as Liliha?—It would seem good to hear Tom's gay chatter again. Already he was looking to the Gregory household as a haven of escape from the dullness of the little town.

Even now, at ten o'clock, Wahainalua did not look fully awake. Blank shutters barred the windows; vine-shaded lanais were empty of life. Only a Chinese vegetable vendor, balancing two heavily laden baskets on a pole across his shoulders, and an old Hawaiian sleepily surveying the beach from his garden gate, braved the sun that glared in the white coral street. The hibiscus hedges and bougainvillæa vines seemed to Philip to draw the sun's heat into their scarlet blossoms and breathe it out on him as he passed.

Challenging each other across the street rose the white spires of the Anglican and the Roman Catholic churches. The parish house of the latter was enclosed by a high wall built of coral stone. So close beside the wall that it seemed to be crouching under the shadow, stood Doctor Adams' modest little chapel of wood where Liliha's decorous devotions were paid. Christianity Howard reflected, would have presented an impregnably strong front in Wahainalua had not its forces been spent in fierce dissension within its ranks. Bewildered paganism might well be forgiven for a divided allegiance to this three-faced God of the *haoles*.

Howard's thoughts went back to the Adams cottage, to his undefined disappointment of the evening before at finding his aunt's resemblance to his mother all on the least congenial side. No

hope there of a new affection, a new bond for the empty future; no chance of a common meeting-ground. In his present mood every word the old missionary and his wife uttered only increased the burden already laid upon an overstrained faith. Their house of God was not his. His own temple of life was holy to him though to them it might appear a godless house of sand. Their consolations sounded like the emptiest cant. More than that, it shocked him to have an outrageous stroke of blind, meaningless fate distorted into the wise act of a merciful and beneficent God. He could not without a sense of desecration hear his soul's agony spoken of as a manifestation of the Divine Will.

He shook off the bitter thoughts that possessed him and tried to interest himself in the drowsy hamlet, obviously fallen from a former prosperity. The street was a short one, with a group of one-storied shop buildings clustered near the beach at the farther end. Most of the dwellings, like the Adams' cottage, were unpretentious structures of whitewashed wood. Many houses were vacant. Only a handful of white people, and those of lowly caste, were scattered among the native shoppers in the rank-smelling fish market, the busiest spot in town.

At the end of the street just beyond the market Howard paused to get his bearings. Evidently he

must leave the beach here and follow the road up the hill in order to reach the headland where the plantation house stood. From the schooner "Rosalie's" deck the day before young Gregory had pointed out his father's home, a square, two-storied house of stone, half hidden in a grove of mangoes that crowned a peninsula a mile or so south of the town.

As Philip climbed the slope above Wahainalua he glanced back where the headland, scene of his morning adventure, jutted into the sea. The surf was breaking against it now, long curling waves tumbling fast and high under the whip of a rising wind. He had been listening to this wind as it played through the fields of rustling cane, but now, thinking of his Island nymph, he heard only the echo of her voice in the diapason of wind and sea.

He started on again. Ahead the widening panorama revealed a fact that he had hitherto failed to notice: the jagged mountain chain behind the town was wholly detached from the great volcano, higher than the clouds, that from the ship had appeared to form the whole northern end of the Island. The peninsula on which the Gregory house stood was merely the end of this coast chain, where the lesser mountains broke down into the sea. From its crest the fire-mountain rose before him, a vast cone, bluer than the mid-morning blue

of the ocean, tapering upward into slopes of bare rock flecked with snow and broadening at the base into a smooth expanse of emerald green.

At the Gregorys' gate, before entering the avenue of dark Norfolk Island pines that led to the house, Philip paused to gaze again at the distant pinnacle of snow. It stirred the dreamer in him, this ancient, burned-out volcano, aloof, mysterious, brooding over the illimitable tropic sea. "On the hills like gods together," he quoted, smiling a little to himself. A lotus land, indeed! In its Elysian valleys might he find not forgetfulness, but peace.

Howard came upon the father and son sitting together in the wide front lanai. Thomas Gregory the elder gave his son's friend a quick scrutiny under a pair of bushy brows.

"Mighty glad to see you, Mr. Howard," he said cordially. "Tom, go fetch your mother and tell Sing to bring us a lemonade. Sit here, Mr. Howard, where you can get a breath of air."

With panther-like ease Tom swung himself over the lanai railing and disappeared around the corner of the house. Thomas Gregory looked after his son with a sigh. Now that the smile that brightened his face so pleasantly had vanished, Philip was struck by his heavy, pasty look. His abundant brown hair and beard were streaked with grey. His white duck suit, though un-

doubtedly fresh that morning, was already creased and wrinkled by his huge, unwieldy form. Howard could see in him no least resemblance to the slim, dark-eyed son.

"Let me tell you right now how happy I am that you've struck up a friendship with my boy," he said. "You mustn't let him bore you—I know a lad of eighteen is no companion for a young man like you—but any time you can spare him will mean more than you'll ever know. He has no fit associates here of his own age. But the youngster wouldn't stay away longer without a sight of his mother. I had to take the chance."

The turn of the phrase struck Howard oddly. He replied with a cordiality that brought a look of pleasure to Gregory's eyes:

"Far from boring me, Tom's companionship will double my enjoyment here, Mr. Gregory. We've become jolly good friends."

"So Tom seems to think. I'm glad the feeling isn't all on his side. This is your first visit to the Islands, I understand. I had the pleasure of meeting your father here once, some fifteen years ago. Are you following him in the practice of law?"

"I've been admitted to the bar. I've not practiced yet—I hardly know——" Philip broke off and changed the subject abruptly. He could not yet bring himself to speak without emotion of the interrupted future that had stretched before him

so brightly only a few months before. "My father was fascinated by his visit here, short as it was."

The older man's face darkened. "Ah, well! Wahainalua's not the place it used to be. The whaling fleet, that made us, is a thing of the past. We export a little coffee still, a little sugar, a little koa; but even your uncle's business is on the down grade."

Philip smiled. "The mission? It does seem a bit overshadowed by the Cross."

Gregory's fist pounded the arm of his chair. 'You've hit it, young man! The Cross in Wahainalua has the Gospel on the run. And why? Your uncle's full of bitterness—thinks the growing power of the Anglican Church is only a political game of England's with annexation as the goal. But by George, it goes deeper than that! The Cross makes it its business to consider the limitations of the native mind. It adapts, it doesn't impose—— Ah, Kameolani! This is Tom's friend, Mr. Howard. Is that heathen ever going to bring us some lemonade?"

Howard was conscious of sharp disappointment. The Island princess was beautiful, beyond a doubt, but redundantly, overpoweringly so, like a flower with too heavy a scent. From Tom and still more from Liliha he had conceived the half-castes as creatures of essential grace. They were the wood

winds in the cosmic orchestra, lineal descendants of pipers in the groves of Pan. It had not occurred to him that these Island fauns and dryads might be subject to the catastrophe of middle age.

Kameolani seated herself heavily. Her starched white ruffles billowed widely around her rocking-chair. Her bare elbows, toned like old ivory, drooped limply over the wicker chair arms to allow her uncorseted body to sink unconstricted into the depths. Dark eyes and strong white teeth both smiled at the young man over a slow-waving palm-leaf fan.

"He is coming, Thomas," she said, in a rich lazy voice that lingered almost imperceptibly on the vowel sounds. "Tom, love, bring me over that stool for my feet."

Tom placed the stool and, sinking down on the lanai steps beside her, rested his bare dark head against her knee. Her hand brushed his temple lightly. He looked up at her with eyes of laughing tenderness.

Thomas Gregory rose creakingly from his chair. "Goldarn that Chinaman!" he growled and made for the door. A clink of glasses checked him. "About time!"

A young China boy, beady eyes on the stranger, passed a tray of Apollinaris lemonade. Kameolan took a glass and placidly dropped into it six lumps of sugar.

"Oh, Mums, I say!" remonstrated Tom. "Six lumps! No wonder you've put on weight!"

"It has been always so—the six lumps," his mother responded, unruffled. "So many things you forget about me! High time, indeed, that you came home."

Thomas Gregory set down his glass abruptly. "You and Tom must have some horseback trips together, Mr. Howard—the mountain affords unusual opportunity for such adventure. You swim, I hope? Of course, then, you'll want to try that rare sport of ours—riding the surf."

"Oh, dad! He's come for a rest," objected Tom. Rising from the steps he stretched his arms lazily over his head. "And so have I."

"Rest!" said Gregory grimly. "Much rest you need! As far as I can learn your chief activity has been the stage. I don't know what your principal is thinking of. In my day boys went to school to study, not to produce cheap plays. Lady of Lyons, indeed! I'll write Carpenter what I think."

"Cheap! Booth plays it—I had his part. Can't you understand that we acted outside of school hours? You don't seem to half appreciate what an awful mill I've been through! Mums knows that to get ready for college this year I had to study myself pretty nearly into a decline.—Come along up to my diggings, Howard. I want to show you my swag."

Philip followed him readily enough. The glimpse he had gained of the interior through the open door had fascinated him. In that period of hectic upholstery, when American Lares and Penates were smothered in plush and choked with gilding and every exposed plane presented some new horror of the decorator's zeal, these clean bare surfaces of polished wood, covering walls, ceilings and floors alike, were as restful to sensitive eyes as the stripped simplicity of some old château. Here not even tapestries nor carvings distracted the eye. Mats of braided straw were the only coverings on the floors. Chairs and divans were of wicker, for the most part. The tables and bedsteads, all of the simplest design, had been made by local Chinese carpenters from native woods.

The great polished wooden bowls that filled a variety of household purposes Philip had already admired in Mrs. Adams' home. Tom called his attention to one that stood near the foot of the stairs.

"Old Along Chung, our cook, nearly wept over this calabash," he said. "It's from a Chinese tree—made from a log of driftwood cast up on this island by a storm. There's the subject for a poem in that—eh, Howard? A century-long cruise, perhaps, before it came to port."

Unlike the rest of the house, Tom's room was

littered with curios—a curio shop—a museum of Polynesian art. Philip stood looking about him, directing his steps at length toward an outlandish article that stood in a corner.

"A broomstick crowned with feathers!" he commented. "What on earth is the thing?"

Tom already curled up in an easy chair, was nursing a foot in one hand.

"You don't have to look at my junk," he remonstrated. "I only came here to blow cold on the governor's passion for exercise. He loathes my stuff so that he'll rarely set foot here, so we're safe for a while. You don't like horse-backing it, do you? Sleeping out and all those bores?"

"I do," said Howard, "and so ought you. You're lazy as the devil, Tom. I mean to go everywhere your father suggests. Wake up and come tell me what these things are."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Tom. "Such energy!" He slipped out of his chair and came over to Howard's side. "This is a *kahili*—one of the trappings of my ancestors. Kind of glorified fly brush or sacred feather duster that they used to wave over our royal heads. Ceremonial emblem later—used in processions when you get married or born or dead."

"And this? Looks like a hat."

"Warrior's helmet—the *mahiole*—made of

feathers too, you see, like this *ahuulu*—a chieftain's cloak. Great old birds for feathers, my progenitors!"

"The makings of a masquerade," said Howard. He thought Tom gave him a strange look, half hostile, but, his interest in the ancestral millinery waning as he caught sight of some spears and other weapons, he did not stop to analyse the impression.

"Fighters, your ancestors, eh?"

"You bet! My great-great-grandfather conquered this whole Island.—You can't guess what these are, Howard? The *aulina* and *aunaki*—sticks that you rub together to kindle fire. That's such a wonderful thing to me—how they ever found out how to do it. I half believe old Maui did learn the trick from the *alae* birds. Don't laugh! It isn't a bit funnier than the stories you *haoles* swallow about Jonah and Father Abraham!"

Philip could picture his aunt's stupefaction over such a parallel. But he was more struck by the way the lad's voice had rung with resentment. Howard suddenly realized that these were not curios to Tom but sacred relics of an intimately personal past. Tom might speak of them half derisively himself, as one who from the standpoint of a later generation condescendingly tolerates a father's peculiarities; but it behoved the

stranger to look at them with proper reverence. He linked his arm in that of the lad.

"How you must love these things," he said in a new tone. "As my Puritan grandfather loved the very stones of Plymouth shore. Can you make fire with the sticks yourself?"

"Of course!" said Tom, gruff still, but mollified. "I'll show you some time—out in the mountains where you can catch the spirit of the thing.—Oh, golly! The governor again! You've charmed him, Phil, darn you, with that classic mug of yours. Come on out. He and I always fight when I'm surrounded by the splendours of my historic past."

Howard left the house an hour later with a somewhat unfavourable impression of the elder Gregory. He could not understand his irascibility. Why should such an issue be made of athletic prowess? Though of a sedentary habit himself he seemed determined that Tom should be energetic, and the boy's indifference to the projected excursions eventually almost aroused a storm. Gregory also chided the lad sharply for not wishing to accompany his friend back to town.

"Heat!" he growled. "What's heat to a youngster that's born to it as you have been!"

It amused Howard to see how ably Tom at once assuaged his father's wrath and suited his own lazy inclination by substituting for the walk an

appointment to swim with him after the heat of the day.

As he descended the hill on his way back to his aunt's, Howard's thoughts were busy with this mother and son. His own more formal association with his mother brought sharp envy for the complete harmony evident between these two. Curiously enough the elder Gregory had seemed to wince at every expression of sympathy. He was chary enough of tenderness himself. Was he jealous of the boy? Howard shrugged his doubt. Princess though Kameolani might be, even to less experienced eyes than his it would have been obvious what an inconsiderable place she held in her husband's heart.

CHAPTER III

WHITE AND BROWN

HOWARD and Tom Gregory were standing together on the wharf, enjoying the spectacle of steamer day. Already Philip had learned the importance, in Wahainalua's blank calendar, of the day that brought the steamer "Kinau" from Honolulu with newspapers and mail. Though less freight now, and fewer passengers were landed by the "Kinau" on the wharf than in the days of the whalers, the town still turned out in its lei-garlanded best to sing native songs and shout greetings to the Kanaka crew. Philip reflected that a stranger arriving at this moment would gain the same false impression of life and stir that had been his on landing from the "Rosalie." Then, as now, the gay *holokus* of the older women, the trim summer dresses of the younger generation, the linen suits and flower-wreathed hats of the idlers among the men gave the dreary, shabby little town a deceptive air of prosperity and gaiety.

Standing somewhat apart from the shifting crowd, the two young men were savouring the gala

evening in their different ways. Tom's preoccupation for the moment was chiefly with the people, and in his delight at recognizing old familiar faces he chattered incessantly as a myna bird.

"There's his fat reverence, Father Rochambeau. I got that French accent of mine from him. A good old boy, Howard. Wept to see me again, by George! I'll take you to visit him some day if you'll keep it dark with the doctor and Aunt Abigail. How she did raise the devil with the governor when he let the padre get his claws into me!—See that old chap there with the yellow lei on his hat? That's Alo—keeps a boarding-house and coffee saloon on the Haina-Haina road. You should see his hula girls! I'll take you there some time for a *luau*."

"What's that?" asked Philip idly.

"A feast. I slipped in there last night for a taste of *awa*—the native's gin. A head on it—a little goes a long way."

Philip frowned. "None at all goes better, Tom. Leave the stuff alone—and hula girls too."

Tom drew himself up in quick offence.

"Suppose you and Aunt Abigail keep your preaching for the Kanakas. A chief has his own code—and keeps it, which is more than the *haoles* can say, some of 'em." Then with the quick shift of mood that always surprised Howard, "Don't worry, old man. I'm nobody's fool."

Philip was embarrassed, annoyed at himself. Senior though he was, he had no intention of playing mentor with Tom.

"How lovely the voices are," he commented, as a chorus ended.

Tom in his turn frowned. "I hate it! Not the voices, they're beautiful. But that music's not Hawaiian. It's the claptrap imitation stuff of that old Dutch bandmaster of King Kalakaua's. His cheap transcriptions of the native music spread among the Kanakas faster than leprosy. What with his songs and the beastly little Portuguese ukeleles, the old music is just about lost. My mother's taught me—say, look at the old man in white duck there, Phil. That's Haddon, a missionary who turned planter. No end of swag he's got! His nephew was married to a Southern belle up there in 'Frisco the day we sailed. Pity your folks didn't learn better how to feather their clerical nest with the wool from the Christian lambs they brought into the fold!"

"They aren't that kind of Christian," said Philip, still half absently. Charmed by the colour and animation of the scene, he found his attention wandering from Tom's gossip. The "Kinau" had come to anchor late and the sunset behind her transformed the shabby little vessel into a galleon of gold. The native longshoremen under their burdens of freight bowed aureoled heads. A

distant island glowed like an amethyst in the opaline path of the sun. To Howard's fancy the scene belonged less to the unfabled Pacific than to an ancient Mediterranean port. As he watched the procession of superb bronze bodies he thought of Greek slaves unloading a galley when the sun glanced low over the Ægean Sea; could fancy himself a sculptor standing there to gain from their lithe postures inspiration for the figures of his frieze.

Whether it was the long days of drowsy heat, the invigorating hours of surf bathing, or merely the stimulus of new scenes; already, within a week, the Island had begun to work a change in Howard. He was chiefly conscious of it in a renewed sense of physical strength. Languor of body was gone, and with it the dull brooding misery of his mind. He thought of Lucy no less, but though he did not realize it, there was a subtle difference in the nature of the thought. Her bodily presence was no longer with him. She had taken her inevitable place among the shadowy personalities of the dead. She was of the past, and in his renewed youth and vitality he could not, for the sake of the past, long withstand the call of the years that lay ahead. So unconsciously he had begun to build his life anew. He was tired of questioning, tired of rebellion, tired of thought itself. He was glad to let externals possess him, the better to exclude the

brooding to which, he realized, his type of mind too naturally inclined. He revelled in the colour of sea and sky, in the luxuriant vegetation, in the whole rich voluptuousness of Island life.

In Tom he found a companion suited to his mood. The lad was a storehouse of native legend, a devotee of the romantic past. All the old traditions of her noble family his mother had poured into his ears. Both Kameolani and her son had the raconteur's gift. Howard, either lying at her feet under the mango trees with Tom, or alone with the boy on the beach after a swim, was content to listen lazily by the hour to the old tales of chiefs and *kahunas* and Island magic that they loved to tell.

Howard had virtually abandoned his aunt's grey household for the more congenial atmosphere of the Gregory's. He surmised that to the old couple his defection was only a relief. His aunt in particular seemed absorbingly busy, though with what occupations it puzzled him at first to guess. He concluded that diminution in the number of her flock had not lessened the duties she found it imperative for a missionary's wife to perform. She spent her life as royally in the salvation of a dozen souls as of a hundred. Her sister's son was not without his moments of warm admiration for the patience of this staunch little crusader against paganism.

For her sake, as the full significance of Tom's last remark came to his mind, he resented the slur at the disinterestedness of missionary endeavour. Arousing himself from his preoccupation he said rather sharply:

"It's unfair to talk as if feathering their nests were a recognized part of the missionary game. Whatever the Haddons may have made out of it, Aunt Abbie's not here for any gain of her own."

His pride in her Tom Gregory seconded with a grin. "Oh, the old lady's not half bad. It's pretty decent of me to say so, too, for she has no earthly use for me, or for Mums either, for that matter. Thinks she's an apostate, you know, for going over to the English Church. As for me, she used to think me an evil influence on the young Hawaiian mind. Instinct, I call it; jolly clever of her to be so set against me, for she couldn't even guess the mischief I was up to by half. Why, Phil, if she knew what I'd done toward keeping the old customs alive among the youngsters she'd not have a hair in her head that wasn't white."

"What customs do you mean—hulas?" Howard looked at the lad with curiosity.

"Oh, hulas!" Tom's voice expressed his scorn. "They're alive without my help. There's not a girl with a drop of Hawaiian blood in her that doesn't catch on to the hula before she can swim. I mean—No! I'll not tell you—not yet, if ever.

You wouldn't understand. You've got to have it in your blood and bones. But I'll tell you this, Phil—you're a stupid lot, you *haoles!* Fancy sending me six thousand miles to stuff me full of your Longfellows and Whittiers and Tennysons when all the poetry in the world is right here. Yes, here! In spite of your American Board having tried to choke it to death for more than fifty years."

The boy's eyes were blazing, his face was transfigured. Poetry! Howard's pulses leaped at the swift vision of a nymph at play in the sunrise. "Perhaps we're not all as dull as you think," he said. "Perhaps——"

"Well, young gentlemen! Thick as thieves still, ashore, as well as afloat. What devilry you up to here, young Gregory? Not that I care now I've got you safe off my ship."

"How you startle a fellow, Captain Heath!" Tom's voice was petulant. "You've got the step of a cat. How do you come to be out? They told me at the hotel that you were sick."

The big man laughed. "Usual complaint of Jack ashore," he said cynically. "Soon cured—for the time at least!" His large white teeth gleamed out at them from under a heavy black moustache.

Howard moved a step or two back, annoyed at the interruption and hardly troubling to disguise either his irritation or his deep-seated repugnance

to the man. The "Rosalie's" captain had been the one discord in the days at sea. He felt it a grievance that Heath, who since the commercial decline of Wahainalua had been cruising about the Orient, should have resumed his Island trade just at this time. Any necessity the Gregorys might feel to be decent to the flashy adventurer did not, he told himself, extend to him. With the termination of the voyage their relations had ended and he did not wish to see them renewed.

The captain, however, whose bright blue eyes gleamed with amusement, willed it otherwise. The health of Doctor Adams was the subject of his affable concern. The doctor had sadly failed, in Heath's opinion, judging by the brief glimpse he had caught of him on the arrival of the "Rosalie." Mrs. Adams' continuance of pious zeal he commented on with a scarcely-veiled sneer that made Philip grind his teeth. He had sufficient self-control to remain silent, though, knowing himself no match for that evil tongue.

"You're sailing to-morrow, I hear," said Tom, outwardly more polite, though detesting the captain no less.

Heath smiled sardonically. The dislike of both young men had afforded him considerable amusement on the voyage. "Yes, but you're not rid of me so soon for all that." With his pocket-knife he hacked off a quid of tobacco and stuck it into his

cheek. "Down to Hilo for a day or two to get rid of my cargo and take on some more. Then back here for the sugar that old man Haddon hasn't been smart enough to get out of his mill. No, you won't see the last of me for another week or two."

Tom accepted the news with philosophical unconcern. "You'll not bother us after next week one way or another. We're off for the mountain," said he. "My father—— Well, by George! Liliha, as I'm a sinner! Just look at the girl!" With a bound he crossed the jetty to a group of young Hawaiians. He seized Liliha excitedly by both hands.

"Liliha!" said the captain, as if the name evoked fugitive associations. He chewed thoughtfully at his tobacco, staring at the girl. "Who is she? Not one of the hula bunch or I'm no judge of girl flesh."

"One of my aunt's pupils," Howard explained brusquely. He was furious at Tom for bringing her to Heath's notice.

"Liliha Knight!" Captain Heath slapped his knee. "Used to play hookey from your aunt and swim out to the 'Rosalie' along with Tom and the rest of the naked little rabble when she was a kid. Beat the boys at diving—bet she could yet! Jove, but she's grown up a beauty! Look at the figure of her, and the way she carries that head. The wharf rat playing at being dainty little Miss White

Mouse. Can't be done, Miss Mouse! You've tasted stolen cheese too often.—Hold your horses there, young Gregory!" he called, as he elbowed his way through the crowd toward them. "You're not the only old friend on the beach."

Howard, frowning as he followed the captain, experienced a sudden sense of relief. For Liliha was far from repeating the cordiality of her greeting to Tom with this picturesque braggart of the seas. Her cool dignity completely nonplussed the captain. He stood staring at her from under a scowl while she interchanged with Tom gay reminiscences of their escapades together before he had been sent away to school. Tom, laughing immoderately, made one allusion in Hawaiian, but with the hint of a frown she answered him in English. It struck Howard then for the first time that he had never heard her use the native tongue.

Philip had an ironic touch of fellow feeling for the slighted captain. Liliha, as usual, hardly turned her eyes his way. Smiles and attention were all for Tom. But by some subtle undercurrent Philip became aware that though genuinely indifferent to him, she had a deliberate purpose to accomplish with Captain Heath. He could feel the older man become gradually conscious of this, see the chagrin and anger in his eyes change to a crafty, all-observing stare. Heath laughed shortly at last, as Liliha persisted in her disdain, gave her

a mocking salutation and turned to jump aboard the " Kinau."

Liliha's eyes followed his agile, well-knit figure. Her interest in Tom perceptibly sagged. She must get Doctor Adams' newspaper from the post-office, she said, and return to the house. Of course Tom would come to see her at her own home. Hana and the children were already asking why he did not come. " I knew why—that you had forgotten all about me ! " she said. Her lazy smile had a hint of coquetry.

" As if any one could forget you, Liliha ! *Aloha !* Tell Hana I'll surely come."

He linked his arm into Howard's and drew him away toward the beach. " She guessed it right, though," he admitted with a laugh. " She was mixed up in my mind with a dozen little brats I used to run away and play with on the sly."

" Fancy forgetting her ! "

" Oh, of course she was nothing then but a wild little brown girl."

" I was sorry to see you recognize her," said Howard abruptly.

" Sorry ! Why ? " Tom drew back to look at his friend.

" I hated to see her brought to the attention of that brute."

Tom, slightly troubled, brooded over the suggestion. " You needn't worry over that," he

concluded, with easy indifference. "Liliha's not his sort. She's straight, I tell you. And she jolly well knows how to look out for herself—as I discovered just now," he added in an undertone.

"It doesn't do her any good to be talked about before him, however," said Howard, his anger rising at Tom's insensibility. After a pause he asked, "Is it true that she used to swim out to the 'Rosalie' with you boys?"

"Oh!" said Tom. A flush rose in his face. "Why, she was only a kid—she hasn't done that for years and years. And don't you think any the worse of her either, Howard. Clothes don't mean much to us Hawaiians—in spite of all your damned *holokus!*"

Howard shrugged impatiently. "You and she'll do well to remember that Heath's not got quite your Arcadian views. Better keep her out of his way."

"Much I can do about it," said Tom sulkily. "I've always had to see her myself on the sly."

"Your mother objects to her?"

"Not Mums—it's all the governor. He always raised the devil about my having anything to do with the native children here."

"I suspect he was right about it." Howard's hand closed over the boy's arm. "You need a lot of civilizing yet, you young devil."

Tom's eyes danced. "Much more than you

guess! But civilization is so darned unpicturesque! I've half a mind to show you after all——See here, Phil, if you'll promise to keep it dark, I'll let you in on a game that not another *haole* on the Island knows."

"Rather not know it, thanks, if you have to keep it as dark as all that." Philip regretted the rebuke the moment he had uttered it. For the second time that evening he had allowed himself to play the warning elder. But Tom now only laughed.

"Oh, don't be a prig, Phil! There's not a scrap of harm in it, I give you my word. It's only a kind of *tableau vivant* of the old Hawaii. You know what a row that would make in this town! Now see here—we'll leave the house together about nine o'clock. Let me think. The moon sets near midnight. You meet me at eleven up by the big banyan tree on the Haina-Haina road. I'll have to go down to the village and persuade Liliha to help me with the show."

In the white half-light of the young moon the steamer "Kinau" put off from shore. As Howard waited for Tom and Liliha on the hillside above the harbour he watched the black hull slip out into the misty obscurity of the open sea. In this expectant humour it pleased him to fancy that with the sight of the ship all tradition of the whites was

vanishing into the shadowy background of the night. There was nothing near to remind him of continental civilization. The dark barrier of the mountain wall shut him off from the rest of the world. The heavy scent of flowers in the still air, the tinkle of stringed instruments and the rhythmic swing of a song from the coffee saloon below seemed to his uncritical historic sense all to belong to the old, long-ago Hawaii.

He had not long to wait. He soon discerned two figures on the white open stretch of the road. The boy, walking ahead, carried a bundle in his hand. The girl strolled along with bent head and a lagging step. When she perceived him in the shadow of the tree she uttered no greeting, and Tom was unwontedly silent as well. With a laconic "This way," he turned into a path that led up the hill.

For more than half an hour they climbed in silence, up among densening verdure with the silver sea widening at their feet. The moon sank lower. Lengthening shadows crept out of the folds of the hills. The path ended at an abandoned grass hut. Pushing on beyond it through a thick grove of kukui trees, they came at last to a rocky hollow, a bowl-like depression hidden deep among the trees. The waning moonlight showed at one side a small grass-thatched lean-to. In the centre of the open space stood a flat rock strewn with the charred embers of old fires.

Tom set down his bundle with a sigh of pleasure. "My *halau!*" he said. "The temple of joy and beauty that I set up to my ancestral gods as a boy. I haven't seen it these three years."

"A small crater, isn't it?" asked Howard, looking up at the rocky rim.

"Why be so stupidly exact? Drop the scientific attitude, old man, and help me find some wood."

"I have no matches," said Philip, when the little pyre was built.

"Matches! You're profane! For the love of Laka sit there, Phil, and keep your prosaic mouth shut. Every time you open it you break the spell."

Tom waved his hand toward the farther side of the circle. Howard started to enter the thatched shelter but Tom caught him rather roughly by the arm.

"That's for Laka—only a chief or a *kahuna* can go near it. Sit here, Phil." He led him to a fallen tree trunk.

Liliha had disappeared in the shadows. When Tom, some minutes later, next broke the silence to ask, "*Pau*, Liliha?" her low, "Yes, I am ready," came back to them in her clear-cut English from the crater's rim.

In the stillness of the night Howard could hear his own pulses throbbing. Silence, utter silence until the last ray of moonlight had vanished from the mountain-top. Then a low rustle came to him

from the unkindled fire—a sound of wood rubbing against wood. At the same instant Liliha's full rich voice rang out in a wild chant over the sleeping world—

"*Na au makua mai ka la hiki a ka la kau,*
Mai ka hoo kui a ka halawai. . . ."

The fire suddenly flamed. Before it knelt Tom, a pagan Tom, bare limbs revealed under a cloak of yellow and red mamo feathers, head crowned with a warrior's feathered helmet. The chant was stilled. The boy rose, holding his arms aloft. He stood expectant. There fell a long silence. His pose became tense and strained. He looked angrily toward the crater's rim.

"Liliha!" he called sharply. "Liliha!"

She advanced slowly into the light of the leaping flames. Tom flung down the fire sticks with a snarl of rage. "Your dress!" he cried. "You've spoiled everything! Why didn't you put on your native dress?"

The girl faced him sullenly. Howard thought that in the firelight her eyes flashed positive hatred upon the youth.

"It isn't here," she said.

"But you told me——"

"I lied to you—yes. I didn't mean to wear it. I'll never wear it again."

"Liliha! Remember you're talking to your chief. How dare you disobey me?"

Liliha's laughter rippled out. "My chief! Will you punish me, Chief? Strangle me—stone me? Oh, Tom, Tom! Haven't you learned at your school to be ashamed of such play?"

"Play! It's not play!" The bitter anger in Tom's voice startled Howard. "I am the chief—the king! I owe it to Hawaii never, never to let the old customs die!"

Liliha shrugged. Her face lost its defiance in sadness. "I have no love for your old customs. I want them to die. For you, perhaps, it's no harm. You, nearly all white, rich, respectable—you can forget sometimes that you are white. I'm only half-white. I live with Kanakas. I'm poor. If I forget that white half I am Kanaka always." Her voice deepened with passionate feeling. Her eyes, that Howard had once thought soulless, held in them all the misery of the dark races of the world. "I will not forget it, I say! I will not—I will not! I'll make myself white. I'll not marry a man unless he's more white than I. Why do you think I came to-night? To make my own vow to Pele—to tell her in this *halau* firelight that I will not be brown but white, white, white!"

Tom burst into cruel laughter. "To Pele!" he mocked. "Why not vow that to your white God,

Liliha? You see, you can't help yourself. You can't even think white."

She stared at him, stricken with a dismay that was almost terror. Both hands were pressed against her breast. Her breath came sobbingly.

"You're all wrong, Liliha," he continued, earnestly now. "It's not the white that's you, Liliha—not what I admire in you, nor what any man who'd care to marry you would love. You mustn't be ashamed of your brown blood. The brown people are the most beautiful in the world."

Liliha threw up her head. "Lies—lies! The brown blood is all shame. I know. A real white man despises the brown. But men shall love the white in me! I'll never, never play at your foolishness again!"

She ran from them. They could hear her swift retreat through the darkness. Then upon the crackle of bushes and thud of steps silence fell. Tom slowly took the *mahiole* from his head, threw the feathered *ahuulu* from him to the ground. Clad only in a *malo* he stood, holding out his hands to the blaze.

"There's your education!" he said with a shrug. "Too bad, too bad! Darn it, Phil—I'd have done better to have brought one of Alo's girls!"

CHAPTER IV

LILIHA CHARTS HER SEA

THREE days later Howard lay full length on the headland, watching the schooner "Rosalie" weigh anchor and put out to sea. He was deeply thankful to see her go, for he had grown to feel that her captain's continued presence in the town boded Liliha no good. His own keen interest in the girl had been considerably whetted by his realization that Liliha felt so bitterly the stigma of her derivation from an inferior race. Her passionate outbreak in the firelight had shown him that she was far from being the simple child of the sun that he had first imagined her to be; that the outer propriety imparted by the missionaries cloaked not only a care-free, childlike pagan, but also a turbulent, emotional woman, hot with ambitions and desires and despairs that he would not have dreamed of attributing to his cool Diana of the dawn.

Which of these Lilihas was in the ascendancy? Which would rule her in her conflict with Captain Heath? From the first Howard had known that

she had a strong though furtive interest in this man, easily the most picturesque personality—no doubt to her eyes the most romantic—that had ever come her way. Though the few interviews he had witnessed since their meeting on the wharf had been marked by the same Puritanic demeanour on the girl's part, he dreaded the final outcome of the silent drama that was being enacted between them. For Heath was wooing her, patiently, mockingly, persistently, and for one brief moment, the preceding evening, Philip had seen Heath's blue eyes flash suddenly like an electric spark and Liliha's flare out a signal in response.

Happily the captain had now taken his sardonic self off—for a week at least. Howard wondered whether some means could not be devised to keep Liliha out of his way on his return. It was useless, he knew, to appeal to his aunt; she would never be brought to believe that any danger could exist for Liliha in such as Captain Heath. Perhaps Kameolani, who liked the girl; but he knew enough of Kameolani to realize that while he might readily enlist her interest, he was not likely to arouse her to any action on the case. Perhaps Gregory himself——

He was startled from his brooding by a low laugh. Liliha sank down on the grass beside him.

"You too watch the ship," she said. In Liliha's soft speech the word became almost "sheep."

"Before many weeks, perhaps, you too sail away again—back to that big land of yours, America."

Howard was inwardly amused to find himself flattered by Liliha's approach. He felt, he told himself, like a courtier sustaining the honour of his first royal audience. Heretofore, indeed, Liliha had honoured him with so scant a consideration that his vanity had been piqued. Feminine indifference, on the whole, was a novel experience. Though he possessed nothing of the captain's rather brutal dash and vigour, nor of the poetic quality that drew glances to the scapegrace, Tom, something in Howard, the sympathetic insight of his grey eyes, perhaps, had hitherto always drawn women to him, even without conscious effort on his part. And since the dawn of his new interest in Liliha he had put forth considerable effort to gain her confidence, until now quite without result.

Clasping hands behind his head, he smiled up at her. "I don't think I shall sail away very soon, Liliha. I like this land of yours too well."

She brooded over his words. "I know no other. I never yet have left the Island. But I shall go." Her voice lowered with intensity as she repeated, "I shall go."

"There's no place half so beautiful," he said rather absently. He was watching the picture she made—her hair, blown into loose tendrils by the wind, framing her face under a big straw hat;

her head uptilted, her delicate hands clasped about pink calico knees.

Liliha shrugged. "Beautiful, perhaps! But I'm not thinking of beauty."

"Why should you, indeed!" Philip agreed, still looking up at her in half laughing admiration. "You have beauty with you wherever you go."

"Yes, I am beautiful." There was something oddly winning in the frank admission, quite without vanity. "That is why I am sure to go away. I shall marry someone who will take me."

"I see," said Howard, conscious of an inexplicable sense of check. "Have you perhaps made your choice?" He watched for any sign of confusion, but she showed none.

"Not yet, but very soon. It must be soon! In three months I shall be eighteen. There's no harm for a man not to be married then, but for a woman it's much more than time."

"Where will you——" Howard broke off with a laugh. "How do you know you'll be able to find a husband so soon, Liliha? Isn't the field a bit limited? There aren't many young men here, I mean," he added, as she looked at him with the native's empty eyes.

"Not many that I would marry!" answered Liliha with a lift of her head. "Kanakas, yes! But you heard me say it—I want only a man more white than I. But until a week ago what did I

find? No one! Not one!" Her head again expressed her disdain.

"And you think the field has widened now?" He leaned on one elbow the more comfortably to watch her.

She looked back at him gravely. "There is Captain Heath," she agreed, "and there is Tom."

Howard was aghast to find himself smiling deep into Liliha's eyes. He would have given much to recall the involuntary message, but it was too late. Liliha's gaze, widening, suddenly burned into his. The blood rose in Philip's face. His eyes were lowered first. Liliha continued to look at him, musingly now, with a new speculative interest.

"My mother married Kameho when my father was dead two months," she remarked. "It is not thought respectable among the *haoles*—to marry so soon after death?"

"No," he assented in a rather strangled tone.

"Not perhaps for a year?"

"Not for more than a year," he said firmly.

"Ah!" said Liliha. She renounced him with a slight sigh.

Philip's surge of shame resolved into silent mirth. So that was the secret of Liliha's imperviousness! He was too recently a widower. He would not be eligible until she had passed beyond the limit of honourable spinsterhood. Let self-

esteem rest content! Liliha merely would not waste time upon an unprofitable speculation.

"You know America well—I think you know more even than Tom," said Liliha after a short silence. "Tell me, is the captain of a ship much respected there?"

Howard's sympathy suddenly went out to her. He had a vision of a little craft setting out, centuries ago, from a far Polynesian island on the long voyage that brought Liliha's ancestors to this shore. Another such lonely adventurer was Liliha herself, drifting out on another such uncharted stormy sea. But for her shipwreck would seem more sure.

"Liliha," he said earnestly, "don't count on Captain Heath. He doesn't mean to marry you."

"I know that," she answered. "I asked him to myself."

"You asked Captain Heath to marry you?"

She nodded her head. "Last night."

Philip leaned back again on his elbow. "What did he say?"

"'Marry you! *Me!* Gosh!'"

Howard broke into a laugh. Her mimicry conjured up the image of the captain in owl-eyed stupefaction.

"Exit the captain," he said with satisfaction. "That's let him out of the game."

Liliha slowly shook her head. "I like him

much, much the best!" There was a look in her eyes as she watched the now distant ship that brought all of Philip's uneasiness flooding back.

"You'd not think of him without marriage, surely!" he said with some sternness.

Liliha mused. "I shall be respectable. It's better so. But there's something you perhaps can tell me. Last year, while Mr. Gregory was in Honolulu, I went to Mrs. Gregory's to sew. For four weeks I lived there and read many, many books. They were not like the books at school. They didn't talk of heaven but of great cities of Europe and real people—rich people! And balls, and princes and jewels—oh, they were wonderful to read! But I couldn't always understand. Tell me—in those big cities a woman who is married has also a lover and still is respectable? That's what I thought the books said."

Howard smiled. "It's been known to happen," he said idly, more intent on the modelling of Liliha's neck and ear than on her words. "The respectable part depends a bit on whether she's found out."

Liliha nodded to herself, her eyes still on the distant ship. "So I could marry Tom and still keep Captain Heath," she reflected aloud.

The sudden application of the general to the particular startled Philip into attention. "Good Lord, Liliha! Don't you know you can't.

Hasn't my aunt ever talked to you about these things ? "

" So often ! " sighed Liliha. She looked at him with a little frown. " But does she really know ? "

" Know what ? "

" What rich, great people can do ? Tom says she has middle-class virtues. I mean to be top class, like Tom."

" Good Lord ! " said Howard again. " And I thought you as simple as a babe ! " He considered her silently. Such another moment of poignant pity as he had experienced in the *halau* firelight cast its shadow on him now—pity, and a piercing regret for the fugitive image of his innocent dream-bather of the dawn. What happiness could her scheming, passionate woman's heart bring to her to compare with her vestal delight in the caresses of wind and sea ? Remembering her first question and her literal acceptance of his careless reply, his seriousness deepened.

" No, Liliha," he said gently. " You read the books wrong. The *haoles* write stupidly sometimes—tell you things that you aren't expected to believe. It can't be done in real life—not if you want to be truly respectable. You'll have to stick to the one man."

" It must be Tom, then," she said, with a hint of regret.

" Tom's not in love with you."

She pondered the question—accepted his view. "Not now. But I can make him love me—the brown me, not the white."

Philip started. She struck straight at the heart of Tom's vulnerability. She had her Achilles by the heel.

"But you wouldn't like that," he countered. "You mean to be always white."

"For a little while I should not mind. When he has married me, then I can be white. I will be! He shall not call me nigger as my father did my mother."

Deep pity for her again stirred Howard. She was too beautiful to be stamped forever with the brand of inferiority, to be regarded always as a type upon which the white man believes it his privilege to prey. There was little to mark her as belonging to the brown race. Away from these Hawaiian surroundings what might she not make of herself? He thought of his own unused and meaningless wealth.

"Liliha," he said abruptly. "Drop this idea that you must get married now and let me send you to the States to school for a year. A school where they'll teach you the things top-class people ought to know. The money means nothing to me. And it might give you opportunities you don't dream of now."

She looked at him with a kindling face. "You would marry me then?" she said.

Philip was furiously conscious of a wild leap of his heart. With that extraordinary beauty, when the fires in those eyes were really lighted, to what madness could they not lure a man. All his self-control was needed to answer her steadily.

"I shan't marry again, Liliha. Put that idea out of your mind. What I'm offering you is a chance to improve your condition without marriage. Just say the word and the 'Kinau' will start you on your way next Friday. Will you go?"

The glow died in her face. She looked steadily out to sea. "It is good of you. But you don't understand. It's not best—no, for me it's not best."

"But why—why, Liliha?" he urged.

She looked at him and smiled—a smile that excluded him. She turned away her head and he had the feeling that upon the confidence that she had so freely opened up to him she had suddenly closed a door. He knew that he had failed her, but in what manner, by what omission, he could not surmise.

She rose and waved her hand rather mockingly out to sea. "It is good-bye then, Captain!"

"You can't marry Tom, you know," he said upon an impulse that he at once regretted. "Not for three years."

With a little frown she turned her head. "What do you mean—three years?"

"There's not a minister or a priest on the Island who'd marry you two minor children without Mr. Gregory's consent."

Startled, Liliha looked intently at him. Then she laughed. "Not your kind, perhaps. But a *kahuna* would."

"A *kahuna* marriage wouldn't be legal—wouldn't count."

She laughed again, looking obliquely at him over her shoulder as she turned to go. "It would count with Tom—and with the Princess Kameolani. That's all I need!" she said.

As he watched her withdrawal—her pink *holoku* brushing the guava bushes, her hand breaking a spray of blue convolvulus bloom to wave back at him in gay salute from the turn of the trail—Philip had the disagreeable conviction that she had scored.

CHAPTER V

OLD GREGORY SPEAKS

HOWARD'S sense of elder-brother responsibility toward Tom sent him that very afternoon to talk to Mr. Gregory. Tom, he was happy to find, had driven to Haina-Haina with Kameolani and the elder Gregory was alone. A slight barrier still existed between Gregory and Philip. Gregory often absented himself from the family circle, and, though cordial always to Philip, had made no special effort to seek his company. Philip consequently had anticipated some embarrassment in the interview. But at his first hesitating mention of Tom as the subject of some disquietude, Gregory's manner thawed. He took Philip's arm in a firm kindly clasp.

"Don't worry over the lad too much," he said. "He wouldn't be Tom if he weren't either falling into or out of a scrape. Come to my library where we'll be undisturbed. These pad-footed Chinamen know most of what's going on in this house, but I'd rather keep Tom's affairs to ourselves."

He led the way to a great cool room panelled and

floored with beautiful Island woods. As Gregory moved about in quest of matches and cigarettes Howard drifted past the well-filled bookshelves. With a smile he noted the grave assemblage of names that lined the walls—Shakespeare, Milton, Darwin well to the fore. History in abundance; theology and philosophy side by side. It was not from this literary fount that Liliha had drawn her spicy draughts of the *mores* of top-class society. Philip could picture the paper-covered fare on which Kameolani would more probably regale herself—the Seaside Library, the Duchess, Ouida—a few translations from the French, probably, hidden in furtive corners well out of the range of Mrs. Adams' visiting eye. For even among the apostates Abigail had never resigned her prerogatives as dictator of the feminine proprieties.

The broad window in whose embrasure he and Gregory now seated themselves faced the sea. The low afternoon sun was out of their vision. Through the open casement Philip could see a line of white breakers close inshore and a limitless expanse of smooth lee water blending into the sky.

Gregory, after offering Philip the cigarettes, placed them on the table beside him. "Now go ahead," he said, lighting a pipe for himself. "Tell me what's plaguing you about the boy."

While Philip repeated the parts of his morn-

ing's conversation with Liliha that most affected Tom, Gregory listened without interruption, looking out at the shadowless monotone of blue. So motionless he sat that Philip glanced at him more than once to make sure that he was paying heed. The young man avoided all mention of the night scene in the forest and stressed his belief in Tom's boyish indifference to the siren in Liliha. "Under the circumstances," he concluded, "uneasiness may seem fantastic. But I thought the possibilities too grave to keep you in ignorance."

"Fantastic!" Gregory reached for a match to rekindle his forgotten pipe. In the spurt of flame his yellow face looked white. His hand trembled. "I tell you, young man, there never was grimmer reality. The little jade means every word of it. What's more, she's capable of putting it through."

"I'm absolutely sure, sir, that Tom doesn't care a hang."

"Bah! What difference does that make?" Gregory impatiently emptied the bowl of his pipe out of the window and reseated himself to fill it again.

Philip's mind glanced suddenly back down a long vista of years to a young Kameolani, able, like that girl on the headland, with one glance to trouble the peace of men.

"This is what I've been afraid of," Gregory

went on when the pipe was drawing again. "This is the reason I hesitated to bring him home. These cursed Island women can be the ruin of a lad like Tom. And this witch has more than the primitive lure; she has the wilier brain of the white that knows how to make cleverest use of the animal charm of the brown. Damn the girl!" he cried, throwing his pipe on the table suddenly. "I'd like to have her, and every Jezebel like her, gaoled!"

A hot flush of resentment rose in Howard's face. "In your anxiety for Tom, Mr. Gregory, you're brutally unjust to the girl. Liliha's got some savage in her, I admit, but fundamentally she's decent and wants to be respectable. After all, she's only trying to do for herself what many mothers would do for her—set herself up in life with the most eligible partner the town affords." He broke into a chuckle. "Her methods may be a bit irregular, but the ambition's sound! And, by Jove, she's lovely enough to deserve a chance!"

Gregory scowled at him from under his bushy brows. Then he sighed. "I forgot you're almost as young as Tom. You've lived more than most young men in the six years that lie between you, but not quite enough to understand. I wonder, when you so generously offered to send her to school, did the thought perhaps occur to you that some day you might wish to make her your own wife?"

Philip's flush deepened but he answered without hesitation. "I'll not say some such idea didn't flash across my mind—the feeling, that is, that she might grow to be a woman of whom any man would be proud. But it couldn't happen with me, sir. I couldn't marry again."

Gregory once more sighed. "So I said—twenty years ago!" His eyes rested moodily on Howard. For the moment he seemed to have forgotten Tom. "What was your father thinking of to send you here! You should have gone to some cold northern place where there's clean manly work to be done. This is a cursed place for the young. Did you know that I came here for your very own reason?" he shot at him suddenly after a pause.

Howard looked at him, startled. "No."

"Well, that's the fact. I came to forget a woman I had lost. I was about your own age. The life got me—and the women. I was what they called a God-fearing youth, so I married—married a beautiful, good woman, as you know. But a woman who isn't my race. Nor my kind. Nor I hers, God forgive me, nor I hers!"

He rose to pacé the room, his shoulders hunched with the effort to clasp his hands behind his broad back. The youth in Philip blurred his real sympathy with an amused appreciation of the grotesque

effect produced by that figure in the throes f tragedy.

"If you youngsters could only understand the hell these mixed marriages are!" Gregory stopped his uneasy march and leaned his arms heavily on the back of his chair. "Passion dies—and then there's nothing but long years to be dragged through somehow. Long years of life together without one intellectual interest in common—one common taste——"

"That happens sometimes at home," Philip interrupted him dryly. He lighted a cigarette and rising, stood by the window, looking out at the warming colour of the soft sky. All the Island lure shone for him in the deepening sunset. He liked these gentle Island people; liked Kameolani especially. These reflections on her husband's part offended him.

A flash of the older man's eyes showed that he felt and resented Howard's criticism. "If one's personal happiness alone were at stake, naturally I shouldn't be saying this to you. But there's something much graver to think of. The children. The hell you open up to them. At the price of much bitterness to myself—perhaps at the too heavy price of loss of his confidence—I've made it my business to see that Tom doesn't feel any sense of inferiority in his blood. But it's there—my God, it's there! . . . You know Tom—

bless him! Know that he's lovable, affectionate, brilliant almost, a youngster full of charm. But you're less keen than I take you to be if you haven't seen that he's weak, lazy, unreliable—lacks any real conception of honour and truth. These are bitter things for a father to say—bitter facts to face. Tom's not to blame. I am. I've been a traitor to my race—to him. I should have seen to it that my son had an inheritance of strength, not of frailty."

Philip, shocked, almost revolted, still gazed out the window, weighing in his mind the cruel words. He knew that the lad was weak, had a strain of deceptive secretiveness that had always outraged his own love of truth. But was that due to his Hawaiian inheritance? Wasn't the father to blame in a less dramatic, much more common way—in mere failure to understand and gain the confidence of his son? He did not voice the questions that surged through his mind but merely said:

"Isn't that something out of the power of any of us, sir? Something that doesn't depend at all on race? Even with the fairest ancestry a man can foretell nothing of the quality of his sons."

Gregory jerked his head impatiently. "Of course not! But if we, the white race, consciously toiling up from savagery throughout long centuries, can't always maintain the level we've once reached, what can we expect of the races that have

no such tradition of effort behind them? We forge a weak link in our civilization every time we cross the strain. No, there's no escaping it; my son, who should have risen to a plane above me, has stepped down."

Philip's eyes were still on the horizon, on the sea glowing now with gold. Though affected by Gregory's earnestness, his mind refused to accept the premise upon which the older man's argument was based. Was the son really inferior to the father? Loyalty to his own generation answered no. What did Gregory's middle-aged virtues and accomplishments amount to when weighed in the scale against Tom's promise? Gregory had contributed little to the land of his adoption. The wealth that gave him his position on the Island was Kameolani's; he was but the steward of her estate. A fat, lethargic burgher, bewailing his early mistakes! What had he to show against the divinity of youth in Tom? A lower plane—was not Gregory merely biased by that strange parental jealousy that distrusts the half of the son's inheritance that is not derived from the same source as his own?

"It's hard for me to agree with you, sir," he said at last, half diffidently. "I'm new to the life here, of course. New to the people. But they charm me. They fascinate me. They're so simple and kindly and generous—like delightful children

who never grow old. It makes a fellow wonder whether civilization isn't an overrated thing. Whether they haven't stressed the better part of life—we, chosen the worst."

Gregory grunted. "Umph! That's a philosophical phase we all pass through here. Mind you, I don't say it isn't true. I hold no brief for civilization. But we're not talking of the intrinsic worth of this race or that so much as of the mixture of the two. You are a product of that civilization and you can't change yourself. And your highly developed mentality can't mate with the primitive and not bitterly rue the day."

Unexpectedly Howard laughed. "Don't underrate Liliha's mentality, Mr. Gregory! At seventeen she's absorbed everything Aunt Abbie has acquired in a civilized lifetime, besides having evolved an original life philosophy for herself."

"If you could really sound that philosophy of hers, my boy, you'd understand me without further words." Gregory's voice sounded suddenly to Philip tired and old. "I've never denied her cleverness. She has that extraordinary facility for picking up externals that is one of the curiosities of the Hawaiian mind. But it means mighty little. Many a woman with every appearance of cultivation and social experience is essentially a savage still. You don't know what the savage in Liliha may lead to. I do. Remember she's com-

mon clay—hasn't even the tradition of such restraint as the *alii* grew up under in their elaborate system of tabus. I tell you, boy," he cried, his voice rising with emotion, " no man really knows the gulf that separates the primitive mind from his own until it is too late. That is one thing that Tom must never know. He hasn't the strength of character that can stand up under too great a disillusionment. Tom's only got one real prop in life, one thing that he believes in with all his soul —his mother. Let him fall into Liliha's hands, or another's like her, and all that he has worshipped and loved in his mother he will learn to despise in his heart."

In the long silence that fell between them the last glow faded from the sea. Howard's thoughts were still in confusion. The man's insight could not fail to impress him; his own instinct had sensed danger for Tom. Else why should he have hastened to lay the case before Gregory? But had that instinct been true? Where did truth lie? In the man's gross belief in Liliha's baseness, or in his own sense of a wild, untamed, but essentially beautiful nature reaching out of her pagan dawn toward a more enlightened day?

Gregory sighed and stirred. As he sat in the shadowy room, his head huddled down upon his shoulders, his great bulk loomed like some fabled monster of the tropical jungle.

"There's no question about it," he said, "I must get Tom away. To the mountain with you Thursday, as we planned. Then to the other islands—you with him still, I hope, if you will consent to go. His vacation will soon pass and he'll be back at school again. Never to return here, if I can help it, before he's made his choice of a wife—some sweet, strong, *white* girl! I tell you, Tom must marry more mind and character than he's got of his own. He must! Otherwise our family's course is run."

The echo of another voice resounded in Philip's mind—a voice in the firelight ringing out defiance to her world. "I will be white! I'll marry only a man more white than I!" Strange that civilization and barbarism should utter so nearly the same cry!

CHAPTER VI

SUPERSTITION'S WING

ON the morning set for the departure on the mountain trip, Philip was sitting on his aunt's lanai studying a sketch map. The map, indeed, had not engrossed his whole attention since Liliha, clothes brush in hand, had stepped into the open air to groom Peter Adams' Sunday coat. To protect her dark crown of hair from the dust she was turbaned like a Turk in a red kerchief, and the young man's eyes paid involuntary tribute to the effect. The sleeves of Liliha's *holoku* were rolled high on her brown arms ; the prim collar band was unbuttoned at the throat. Philip's eye for line resented anew the ungainly garment that Puritanism had imposed as the native woman's dress. Its ugliness, nevertheless, enhanced for him Liliha's natural distinction. If she could look queenly in a calico *holoku*, what startling beauty would be hers were she given the opportunity for adornment that Lucy's wardrobe had offered.

Liliha turned and caught Philip's half wistful gaze. She smiled at him with the brightness that

in the ten days of their acquaintanceship he had grown to believe reserved for himself alone. It marked, he thought, her own special sympathy for his bereavement. He wondered whether unguessed depths of womanly tenderness might not lie hidden beneath the cool glaze of her ambition.

"Not a very fine day for your start," she observed, looking up at the cloud-hung mountains. "But the wind blows *ma-uka*—inland, I mean—and perhaps the clouds will pass by noon."

Liliha's conventionality of speech under his aunt's roof never failed to sharpen Philip's perception of the girl's dual personality. It amused him in this instance to find himself replying in the same strain. In the midst of his trite rejoinder he became aware that Liliha was smiling a greeting to some one behind him. He turned. Sing, the Gregory's houseboy, was coming up the lanai steps. Dressed in a flowing jacket of dark blue and wearing a little red-buttoned black cap, from under which his queue hung down, he had a younger, more jaunty look than the white-starched servant to whom Philip had grown accustomed. He waved a letter at Howard, saying:

"Lettah foh you. Kameolani sick. No go," he volunteered, in anticipation of the letter's news.

"Very sick?" Philip hastily tore open the envelope.

"Thinkums velly sick. Mebbe die."

Philip's eyes glanced down the page. "What makes you say that?" he asked rather sternly. "Mr. Gregory says it isn't at all serious."

Sing's hands went out in a deprecating gesture. "Not what he think—what *she* think. She heah *alae* bi'd cly."

"*Alae* bird?" Philip turned inquiring glance at Liliha. The girl shrugged impatiently. A frown darkened her eyes.

"Stupid nonsense!" she said. "I don't believe it means a thing."

"But what does Kameolani think it means?" Philip asked. Liliha, her lips drawn tight in obstinate silence, vigorously brushed the coat. "What does she think it means, Sing?"

The stolidity of Sing's face did not change. Expression was limited to his mobile hands. More delicately than had Liliha, he conveyed a similar contempt for a superstition he did not share.

"When he cly oveh house, some one die. She say so. I no know. *I* no know," he repeated. "Goo' bye." Dropping his arms to his side he turned to go.

"Tell Mr. Gregory I'll come up at once," Philip called after him. He stood frowning down at the letter. Sing's words had given him a strange shock. Was it possible that Kameolani, devoted member of the Church of England, accomplished graduate of the Honolulu Female Academy, still

was affected by the old superstitions of her race? He had never dreamed that the old tales she repeated, told in something of Tom's tone of mocking affection for the Hawaiian past, could ever have any influence on her personal life. He could hardly believe it now.

"Liliha," he said, "what's this business about the *alae* birds?"

"Sing told you," she answered morosely. She looked past him, up at the veiled mountains, her own face as clouded and darkened as theirs. He continued to look at her questioningly and at last she said, dragging the words out with reluctance:

"When the *alae* birds cry over a house, Hawaiians say some one who lives there is sure to die. If they cry *ma-uka* it means danger to one on the mountain; or *ma-kai*, to one at sea. My mother believes this. Many Hawaiians do. But Kameolani is a Christian—a white, like me. Such signs mean nothing to us. Through them no harm comes to Christians."

Her words were emphatic, but there was little conviction in her tone. She stood with the coat forgotten in her idle hands, staring at the dark mountains. Philip, after a long searching look, averted his own glance from her troubled face. He started to speak to her and checked himself. Frowning, he thrust the letter into his pocket and entered the house.

"Aunt Abbie!" he called.

"I'm here—in your room, Philip," she replied.

He went to her and explained briefly that a slight illness of Kameolani's would postpone their trip.

"I'm going up to see if there's anything I can do," he said. "Perhaps they need someone to ride to Haina-Kua for Doctor Patterson. I may not be home until late."

His aunt looked distressed. She stood looking at him, hesitating before speaking, a circumstance rare with her. "Send for me if you think I am needed, Philip," she said at last. "It's dretful to think of her without spiritual support—dretful! But she's made her choice and I can't interfere—not with Mr. Crabbe in town! Not unless she asks for me. You be sure to let them know, Philip, that Peter and I stand ready to come at a word."

Howard put his arm around his aunt's lean shoulders. "You're a brick, Aunt Abbie! Don't worry about Mrs. Gregory. I don't think there's much the matter with her. She's awfully reckless with her eating, you know, and the 'Kinau' brought her a huge box of goodies the other day. That may have a good deal to do with it. Don't bother about my traps here. I'll put them away when I get home."

With a sigh of regret for the lost excursion Philip left the house, passing Liliha on the lanai

with only a nod. She looked sullen, he thought, out of sorts. Peter Adams' coat lay neglected on the lanai railing. With a quick little frown he put her out of his thoughts, turning his mind to the trouble at the Gregorys. As he passed the Anglican church he wondered whether Kameolani had ever confided to her rector her fear of the *alae* birds. He could imagine the consternation in clerica circles if the damning fact became known. His aunt, he knew, would feel more than ever justified in her contempt for a church within whose ranks such heathenism could exist. But were her own ranks swept as clear of pagan heresy as she believed? Liliha acknowledged her mother's subjection to the old superstitions. How about Liliha herself? Was it contempt that underlay her irritation, or was it fear?

At this point Philip's meditations were broken in upon by a fierce rush of wind. The cocoanut palms rattled sharply, eerily, about him; he felt on his cheek the lash of rain. His linen suit was no protection from the quick fury of a tropical storm; he would be drenched to the bone. Looking around him for shelter, he took hasty refuge in the doorway of a deserted hovel that stood beside the road. An unsavoury place, littered, dirty, smelling of fish and rancid oil—a home of squalor and poverty like so many in this lotus land. Philip felt suddenly tired and oppressed, loathed this

place that had charmed him only an hour before. He gazed out through the heavy veil of rain. Below him, near the beach beyond the fish market, lay the shanties of Wahainalua's Chinatown. Was young Sing even now spreading the news of Kameolani's illness there? Did Chinatown buzz with gossip of the *haole* households, or did the passive Oriental exterior indicate a corresponding passivity of interests? How could any man, missionary or no, flatter himself that he knew what was going on in these alien minds?

For the first time Philip grasped the full extent of Mr. Gregory's isolation, lording it there in lonely grandeur in his great white house on the hill. The two clergymen and the priests were the only white men left in Wahainalua who were either intellectually or socially Mr. Gregory's equals, and with the religious type of mind he manifestly had little sympathy. The few white planters on the Island lived at a distance that made intercourse difficult and rare. Even Haddon, the nearest, lived fifteen miles away. Philip thought with a new sympathy of the lonely man, living among aliens, the silent communion of books his only real contact with the white race. Strangely enough it was the Chinaman's laconic "Not what he think—what she think" that really brought home to him the gulf that Gregory's own words had told him existed between husband and wife.

The storm swept up the mountain in a grey cloud interwoven with rainbows. The sun shone out. Only the new fragrance of the earth, the new brightness of the hibiscus flowers and the deeper blue of the sky bore witness to the tempest that had just passed.

Philip started on again. On reaching the Gregory place it surprised him to find the household, outwardly at least, in its usual quiet, orderly ease. Kameolani had been taken sick in the night. A Hawaiian stable boy had at once driven to Haina-Kua bringing the doctor to the house before dawn. Mr. Gregory's extreme irritability perhaps denoted a secret anxiety, but he expressed no more worry than his letter had led Philip to expect. Tom, on the other hand, he found utterly unnerved. At Gregory's suggestion he took the lad out for a stroll within sight and hearing of the house, for Kameolani was still under the influence of an opiate.

Philip was amazed to discover that Tom shared to the full Kameolani's terror of the *alae* bird. As soon as they were out of the house he began to pour the story of the night into Philip's ears. Pain had awakened Kameolani, but she had had such attacks before, and knowing what to do for them, had not aroused anyone. But as she lay there the bird had called overhead. Shrieking with terror then, she had brought the whole household to her

bedside. The governor had been more angry than alarmed, Tom went on to say with bitter resentment, had turned every one but Tom out of the room and had sent Kaon off post-haste for the doctor. His sternness had changed Kameolani's hysterical screams to a low whimpering that only the doctor's opiate at length had stilled. In spite of Doctor Patterson's assurance that rest and a prescribed diet would speedily bring about a cure, Tom's terror had not been allayed. He felt that a banshee doom hovered over the house.

"You'll see," he said stonily. "Such signs never fail."

Had Kameolani been stricken with a less gross complaint, Philip in his impressionable state of mind might have caught a thrill of Tom's alarm. But over-eating does not readily lend itself to a poetic connotation and Philip found his sympathy unexpectedly veering around toward the elder Gregory. Before his servants and his son, his wife's barbaric outburst of terror must have shamed the sensitive proud man to the soul.

However, considering Tom's very real anxiety and distress, Howard could do no less than take a serious tone with him. He called to his aid a story affecting the family of one of his own friends —a series of incidents that had combined in a seemingly tragic import. The prosaic outcome brought a smile even to Tom's rigid face.

"No one else heard that cry last night," Philip concluded. "And the fancies of a person in great pain can't always be taken too seriously. In any case, if you show distress you'll only do her harm. Even if death has called to her, which I don't for a moment believe, there's no sense in helping to make her last days pass in an agony of fear. Don't let her see it if you are afraid. You're not the first who's been called on to smile in the face of death."

Until he saw Gregory's look of relief on their return, Philip had not realized how far his own calm influence had prevailed with Tom.

"Your mother's stirring," Gregory said, in a tone gentler than Howard had ever heard him use. "You can do more than anyone else to keep terror away from her. Go up to her, boy. Doctor Patterson's there. I'll not come till after she's fully awake."

Tom left them without a word and after a moment's hesitation Philip held out his hand in farewell. He saw that Gregory had no desire to talk. He himself, ashamed of his earlier hostility to this man, would have liked to express his newfound sympathy; but common sense told him that sympathy from him now could only be a galling impertinence.

Lonely days followed for Howard. Kameolani, though recovering, continued in bed. Her husband

and son were in constant attendance. Gregory, Howard felt, shunned society more than ever, but he seemed anxious that Tom should have companionship. Beyond the daily swim, though, and an absence from the house of an hour or two at most, Tom could not be persuaded to leave his mother.

From him Howard learned that Kameolani's agony of fright had subsided when she awoke free from pain. As far as Howard could see, neither Tom nor his mother had any sensitiveness about their capitulation to superstitious fear. Philip was irritatingly aware that a man who numbered among his own ancestors one guilty of Salem witchcraft dooms had little right to feel contempt for any surrender to false gods. Nevertheless he felt unaccountably repelled and not altogether sorry to have his intimacy with Tom suspended for a while. His whole conception of Hawaiian life and character was in flux. He felt that he had allowed Tom and Kameolani to cloud his observation with the rather turgid current of their own romance, and that only by a quiet analysis of first-hand impressions could he ever hope to get the image cleared.

So, thrown on his own resources for many hours of the day, he occupied himself in extending his acquaintance in Wahainalua. With his prowess in swimming to recommend him, he made friends

with the younger Hawaiian men, going with them in their outrigger canoes on fishing trips along the coast. He dropped in at the coffee saloons; and saw his fill of the hula girls. He sat among the gossip mongers at the store and on the quay. And with each day's experience, as he grew to understand the easy unmorality of these happy people of the sun, he lost something of his intolerant scorn for the missionaries' uncompromising stand against paganism. For, once the mist of Tennysonian romance began to lift above reality, he saw the grossness, the animal quality in them, before which the fastidious side of his nature recoiled.

But these new acquaintances of his were the humblest of people—fisher folk, descendants of a vassal class that less than half a century before had still borne the feudal yoke. Dominated body and soul as they had been by the all-demanding *alii*, small wonder that in their lives and lusts they still seemed a part of the animal rather than the human world. But surely such as Kameolani had no kinship with these! Nor Liliha. Was not Liliha's cool project to make a good marriage, her determination to sacrifice the choice of her heart to her ambition, the best proof that the voluptuous wanton had no part in her?

During these days he saw Liliha frequently. The distasteful impression made on him by her subconscious terror of the *alae* birds faded the next

time he saw her, smiling, poised, lovely as a dream. For though while apart from her he could analyze her coolly and dispassionately, in her presence the glamour of her beauty banished criticism. Her manner with him was uniformly friendly and kind. But though he talked with her often now and with the familiarity of longer acquaintanceship, it was always through the door she had closed upon him the day the " Rosalie " sailed away. Her eyes had a sleepy opacity when she looked at him, though once or twice a gleam of mischief in them had given him a baffled feeling that secretly she was amusing herself at his expense. Did she know that he had warned Tom's father against her ? She gave no sign. Had she seen the lad in secret since her passionate flight from him in the woods ? He did not see where she could have found the opportunity, constantly on the alert as he had been to detect and prevent their meeting, even had not Kameolani's illness kept Tom from all thought of Liliha.

Partly to keep further watch on the girl, partly because of the interest that, all unconsciously to himself, his mind attached to every aspect of her life, he made friends with Liliha's mother, Hana, and her Hawaiian husband and brood. Hana, in spite of having lived many years with a white man, in spite of her more recent contact with the mission, was wholly Hawaiian, in habit and feeling and mind.

In appearance she was a typical native woman of middle age, handsome in a fat and laughing way, full-nostrilled, large-eyed, rejoicing in a heavy crown of straight black hair. She had been a hula dancer in her unregenerate youth and still loved to be gayly dressed with bright ribbons and blossoms in her hair. Her Sunday clothes were surpassed by none of the younger women in the town. With her husband and six children she made an impressive showing of godliness in the little wooden church. Her talk on the Sabbath was an amusing reflection of Abigail's discourse on salvation and sin, and one hearing her then might imagine her constantly preaching redemption to an unlistening Hawaiian world. But her weekday habit of speech was not always so edifying.

Liliha's home was a native hut of grass, roofed with pandanus leaves and divided by a curtain of *kapa* cloth into two rooms. The house stood apart from the village on a flat piece of delta land where one of the short mountain streams came down to the sea. It was shaded by ohia trees and cocoanut palms and surrounded by muddy taro patches among which Kameho and his eldest son often worked, their brown bodies bare to the sun. Taro growing and fishing furnished the whole family with a livelihood.

The girl's presence in this idyl of Island life

never ceased to seem as foreign to Howard as his own. Even seeing her working there, in her shapeless *holoku* and bare feet, he could not imagine her as belonging to that home. That she did not really belong there, that to all intents and purposes she was an alien and a stranger, chance one day revealed to him.

On this occasion he was lounging, as he often did, in Hana's doorway, watching Liliha as she knelt under an ohia tree a few yards distant, her strong bare arms kneading the steamed taro into poi. Red ohia blossoms clustered above her—it was these flowers, he knew now, that had garlanded her head when he had first caught sight of her in the dawn. The netted, slender leaf shadows delicately patterned the washed-out pink of her *holoku*. The dusky splendour of her hair framed a laughing face. Broken phrases of song trilled from her in the breathing spaces of her work. Hana, weaving a basket of pandanus leaves, squatted beside him at the door.

Upon this peaceful scene came Kameho, up from the taro field with a visitor—Fat Leong, the Adams' cook. The old Chinaman, with a duck of the head toward Philip, rolled out a greeting in the Hawaiian tongue.

"Good morning, Fat Leong!" called Liliha in English. "Does Mrs. Adams want me to-day?"

At the words a look of fury crossed Hana's smil-

ing face. "*Haole!*" she spat out at Liliha. There followed a tirade of unintelligible abuse. The girl's face blanched, then burning colour swept over it. With bent head she drooped over the kneading trough, the song dead on her lips.

Oblivious to the Hawaiian chatter beside him, his cigarette smouldering in forgetful fingers, Philip sat there in silence, his shocked eyes on the girl. Hana disliked Liliha, hated her at times! By a hundred tokens in retrospect he knew this to be the truth. So that was what life meant to the half-caste—the scorn of both races that had given her birth!

Not until years after did another aspect of this incident occur to Philip's mind. He wondered then what heartless cruelty in the father had caused the mother to see in their child only the perpetual, hateful reminder of something she wished above all else to forget.

CHAPTER VII

LILIHA SETS SAIL

THE "Rosalie" was again in port. All day Philip had wrestled with an uneasy sense of impending crisis. It was useless to tell himself that Liliha had renounced Captain Heath, that ambition was her strongest defence against his pursuit; useless to argue his own indifference to her fate. He was not indifferent. Something in her spontaneous transport of joy that first morning, breaking like the rose glow of dawn itself across the dun misery of his mind, had ushered in a new era for him—an era that gave life power again over death. And even though in dispassionate moments he might see her now divested of enchantment, a creature more earthly than he was himself, his spirit still acknowledged the debt it owed to her.

She brought to mind a certain aspect of the New England woods, that exquisite moment of the still unawakened spring when the bare boughs, not yet budded, show nevertheless in colour and a smoother roundness that new life is coursing within. It was that transitional moment he had surprised in Liliha—spring exultant, not yet

surging with the impulse of fuller life. Why this should have brought him healing he did not know. Perhaps because while passion means maturity, decay, she symbolized the immortality of imperishable youth.

The bitterest part of his sorrow had been that he could not, like many of his generation who read the new science without accepting its implications, believe death to be merely an interruption in an eternity of happiness. Lucy's death had meant finality. The consolations evoked by theology brought him only rebellious despair. But through that vision of winged youth in Liliha he had dimly gained a new concept of eternity. He and Lucy were themselves eternal because, though their own thread of happiness might be broken, it had helped to weave the vast web of the continuity of life on earth.

Philip did not, at this period of his manhood, consciously formulate this as a creed; it was little more than the adumbration of a later philosophy. He was living emotionally still, swayed by forces quite other than reason. Passion was dormant in him; but that Liliha might have had power to arouse passion in him had she chosen so to exert herself he did not at this time in the least suspect. Blind as he believed his aunt and uncle to be in regard to Liliha, he was unaware that he too shut his eyes to one facet of her personality and that

the one which most concerned himself. He believed implicitly in her power to influence Tom, little dreaming that she could have exercised a like power over himself. He was sincere in the conviction that loyalty, reason, and his own firm will kept under control the undeniable surge of attraction he felt toward her. How could he guess that the ship of his passion, placidly riding out the tide now, could have been driven on the rocks by one idle turn of Liliha's masterly hand ?

It was true that the revelation of her ambition, the calculating side of her mind, and the glimpse he had caught of the superstitious native in her had to a certain extent cooled his interest. Cooled, but not quenched. He still believed her worthy of better things than her intriguing mind had imagined for itself. If she could be kept from Captain Heath's influence during the few hours of his present stay ; if she could be frustrated in her designs on Tom, he might then renew his offer to send her away to school with better success.

All day from his aunt's lanai he watched the lading of the schooner " Rosalie," half ridiculing himself for the uneasiness that weighed upon him again and again. With a long ship's telescope he could recognize the captain's active figure, now on deck, now on shore, directing the longshoremen in carrying aboard the sacks of sugar—the mountain of sacks—that lay ready, or gesticulating among

groups of townspeople on the quay. He watched Heath at times with a smile, enjoying his own finesse. For by arousing his aunt to a grieved realization of certain shortcomings in his outfit for the newly arranged mountain trip, he had kept Liliha employed at the sewing table for the day.

Secure in the belief that he had the sulky, hostile girl cornered under the eye of a chaperon, he went down to the beach in the afternoon for his usual swim with Tom. He found the lad in the gayest of spirits. Kameolani had foregone all her invalid's prerogatives and had that day resumed her normal routine about the house.

"We'll be off for the mountains in two days at most," Tom said. "I've come around to your way of thinking, Phil. It'll be no end of a lark."

On his return Howard's complacency received a check, for Liliha had gone. She had complained of a headache, his aunt said, and had looked as if she might be feverish as well. Abigail had prescribed for her and had sent her home to bed. Dread closed in upon Philip again. He begged for an early supper, hinting a desire to visit the Gregorys, but inwardly resolved to find the girl and dog her footsteps until he felt sure that the captain was back on his ship. The "Rosalie," he had learned, was to sail at dawn.

As he left the straggling town behind him on the way to Hana's hut a full moon was rising above

the mountains. Rose glow and moonlight united in a pearly radiance on the sea. A fragrance of jasmine and plumeria blossoms hung in the still air. In the wet fields, shining like silver, heart-shaped taro leaves floated, a glistening fairy fleet. The Island enchantment had never before cast for him a deeper spell. His recent disillusionment fell from him. He was back in his fairyland of the tropic seas where romance was truth and beauty reality.

A light shone in Hana's doorway and the lazy twang of a ukelele came from within. "*Aloha*, Hana!" Howard called and stepped to the door. The *kapa* curtain was thrown back, revealing at a glance the whole interior, lighted dimly by a *kukui* oil lamp. Liliha was not there. But Hana had two callers—Sing and Captain Heath.

The presence of the Chinaman was unusual at that hour, though Sing was a frequent visitor. Chinese and Hawaiians were on the friendliest terms in Wahainalua. Several intermarriages had taken place and Sing himself was talked of in the village as a possible husband for Kameho's niece.

Philip nodded to the Chinaman and saluted Heath with ironical cordiality. He felt that fate had played into his hands. It would be much simpler to attach himself to the captain than to seek further that will-o'-the-wisp, Liliha. He

wondered with a joyous lift of his spirit whether it was to avoid Heath that she had absented herself from home.

Captain Heath did not share Philip's satisfaction in the encounter. His greeting was surly and he grunted when Philip with easy familiarity seated himself on the grass mat.

"Thought you were a cut above this sort of thing!" said he. "But still waters run deep. A little low life on the quiet, eh, when aunty thinks us enjoying high life at the Gregory's?"

It was perhaps the modicum of truth in this that made the comment sting. For a moment Philip debated the pleasing project of having done with surveillance and settling scores with the captain in the primitive way. But Heath's size and weight, combined with his known practice of flinging recalcitrant sailormen about his deck, rendered the outcome unhappily sure. To resort to fisticuffs would only leave the captain master of the field. Howard summoned a grin.

"As you see," he agreed. "Not the first time I've visited you, either, is it, Hana?"

"No-a," replied Hana with her easy smile. "Good frien'. We give you song?"

"Fire ahead." Philip rolled himself a cigarette. The captain, with another scowl at him, took out his pipe and lighted it. Throughout Hana's droning song, accompanied by Kameho on

the ukelele, the captain continued to glower at Philip. That young man, greatly amused, fixed his eyes on the Chinaman crouching against the wall with hands locked around his doubled-up knees. The strong pungent odour of burning *kukui* oil, reminiscent of roasting peanuts, sharpened Philip's sense of the almost theatric quality of the scene. It was, he reflected with glee, a comedy where the comic element was all in the minds of the entertained.

"Very pretty!" was the captain's sarcastic comment at the close of the song. "Not very lively, though, for your sort of little game, Howard. I recommend Alo's hula girls.—Mr. Gregory home, Sing?"

"Ye-ah!" Sing bobbed his black-capped head.

"Guess I'll get along then and see if he has any commissions for 'Frisco this trip. *Aloha*, Hana. See you again in a few months."

"I'll go with you," said Philip affably, rising to his feet. "I want a few words with Tom."

"Walking's free," said the captain, with a menacing look. "But I'll trouble you to keep off my side of the road!"

Mischief sang in Philip as he silently trudged along a dozen paces behind the captain in the moonlight. The more savage Heath grew the more assurance Philip felt that this sea-faring Lothario's evening was going wrong. A word to

Tom, he knew, would enlist the boy's aid as well. Together they ought to be able to harry the captain back to his ship well before midnight.

The whole affair was assuming to Philip the aspect of a college lark. It did not occur to him, as he strode along in the furious man's wake, that he might taunt the latent beast in the captain into a burst of murderous rage. He had never thought to measure the strength of the passion that was urging Heath in his pursuit of Liliha. To Philip a man in the middle forties was almost ludicrously past the age when love could influence him. Not the least suspicion crossed his mind that anything was impelling the captain but the idlest vanity and caprice.

They were near the Gregory's gate before either spoke. Then Heath stopped suddenly.

"Hark!" said he. "A woman's scream!"

Through the angular branches of the Norfolk Island pines they could see the lights of the house. As they stood listening, another wailing cry came out to them. At the same moment Gregory's voice called from the lanai, "Tom! That you, Tom?"

"It's Philip Howard, Mr. Gregory." Philip went forward into the light. "I'm looking for Tom. Thought he was here."

"He ought to be—the scoundrel!" said Gregory fiercely. "He must be found—at once."

The cry rose again.

"His mother is—sick?"

Gregory threw out his hands. "She's in a state of frantic fear over Tom. That cursed *alae* bird —she thought she heard the cry, *ma-uka*. Went to see if Tom had heard, expecting to find him in bed. His room's empty. That was enough. She thinks him in deadly peril somewhere on the mountain. God knows, if I can't find him, there's danger enough for her. She'll go mad if this goes on!"

The mountain! Philip had the instant conviction that he knew where Tom had gone. "May I look in his room a moment, Mr. Gregory? That might give me a clue——" Not waiting for permission, he ran up the stairs. As he had surmised, the feathered emblems of royalty were gone.

He hurried back to the lanai. "It may be an hour, Mr. Gregory, but I think I can bring him back."

Gregory caught him by the arm. "Where do you think he's gone?"

"To the mountains with Liliha. Can't stop to tell you how I know. Quiet his mother—I'll surely bring him back."

From the moment Gregory had accosted him Philip had completely forgotten the captain. Now, as he reached the gate, he was relieved to find him gone. That Liliha had a rendezvous with Tom at the *halau* Philip had not the slightest doubt. Let

Heath search the town over for her now. She was safe from him at least. If only he felt as secure about the boy!

He had no difficulty in finding the mountain path. The moon sailed high now, lighting it almost as if by day. Philip sped upward, buoyed by the hope that the others had not long preceded him. The second time that he paused to catch his breath he thought he heard a step on the turn of the trail below. He called, but got no answer. Could any one be following him, and why? He pushed on until he reached a shadowed part of the trail. Walking hurriedly to the bend, he rounded it, and then, close to the wall, crept silently back upon his tracks. He crouched down in the shelter of a boulder and waited, listening. But he heard nothing and after a short interval hurried on again.

At the grass hut he hesitated, losing the way for the moment in the dense shadow of the *kukui* trees. As he searched, suddenly he heard, like a heart beat of the night, the rhythmic tap of a native drum. Then a faint chant came to him. He lifted his head at attention. Jubilant, wild, thrillingly familiar; it was Liliha's own chant of the dawn.

He started forward, but checked himself. Out of the shadows beside him stepped Captain Heath. He was laughing.

"Not so bad for a sailor! Almost as good a

tracker as an Indian in spite of my weight!" he boasted.

"Captain Heath," said Philip, "I beg you not to follow me further. The business I'm on is not my own."

"But it may happen to be mine. Turn about's fair play. If you can follow a man against his will so can I." He started toward the drum. Philip touched his arm.

"Keep your hands off!" snarled the captain. "All hell won't stop me now. Don't be a fool, boy. I go armed." He put his hand threateningly to his belt.

Philip shrugged and let his arm drop to his side. After a tense moment of listening the two men crept forward together.

The drum beats throbbed louder; the chant fell wilder upon their ears. All at once the clearing broke before them, the leaping flames from the altar fire reddening the moonlight.

Beside the thatched shelter reclined Tom in all his feathered majesty. On either side of him squatted the bronze body of a drummer, chanting, the one swaying to the slow rhythm of the deep-sounding *paho* drum, the other bending to the wild, hypnotic cadence of the *ipu* gourd as he raised himself to beat it with his hand or bent forward to strike it on the ground.

And under the proscenium of the moonlit sky

danced a hula girl, grass-skirted, body draped with flower garlands and strings of beads, flowing hair crowned with a wreath of heavy-scented plumeria, —Liliha, pride of the mission school!

Philip stopped short. The barbaric beauty of the scene took his breath. In another moment he was seized by a revulsion of disgust as he saw Tom lift a gourd of *awa* to his lips. He strode into the circle and caught the boy by the arm.

"What damned foolery is this!" he said roughly. "Come home at once if you don't want your mother to die of terror on your account."

"Mother!" Tom swayed to his feet. "She's perfectly well——"

"She thinks the *alae* bird is crying *ma-uka*—knows you're on the mountain——"

"God!" cried Tom. He pressed his hands to his dazed eyes. "Liliha—my clothes! Wiki-wiki! Help me find my things."

Liliha did not answer. At Philip's first word the chant had died to silence. Liliha stood motionless, her arms folded lightly across her bare breasts. Her dark eyes, lit with wild heathen fires, gazed straight at Captain Heath. A moment she stood there. Then a smile crossed her face. With a proud lift of the head she stepped backward out of the firelight into the obscurity of the trees.

"Liliha!" Philip cried after her. He turned savagely to Captain Heath. But he too was gone,

vanished like a stealthy feline prowler into the night.

Philip stood stupidly in the firelight. The half-besotted royal chieftain fumblingly buttoned himself back into civilization once more and stumbled off down the trail. The musicians too had stolen away. All that remained of the heathen spectacle was a little heap of feathered garments huddled together on the ground. Poor, wild, beautiful Liliha! Philip, with a spasm of pain, recalled that other Liliha who had broken from this same firelit circle in glorious revolt against the brown man's fate. Now ambition, riches, respectability, Christianity itself had gone for nothing. For the flame of primitive passion that she by her carnal dance had striven to kindle in Tom had leaped out to consume herself.

The girl Liliha was not seen in Wahainalua again. When the day broke the "Rosalie" stood far out to sea.

PART TWO

MERIDIAN (1900)

CHAPTER VIII

NEW YEAR'S EVE

PHILIP HOWARD was bored, both bored and unreasonably disappointed as well. In spite of his forty-four years he had come to Mare Vista this holiday season with a vague anticipation of finding the new year that rounded out the century in some way different from all the other years' turnings that doubled past him ever more swiftly now. On the contrary everything promised to be discouragingly the same. The seaside hotel was as resplendently comfortless as he had rated it three years ago. The golf links were as perfect, the golfers as tedious in their vapid gossip of one another's form. The California winter sun shone capriciously as always, veiling itself in clammy fog streamers to discourage attempts at sports, and gleaming out brightly when, sport having been definitely decided against, one found oneself tied for the afternoon to a complaining woman whose marital grievances one already knew by heart!

Howard, waiting in the hotel lobby for his cousin, Minnie Gregory, to join him for a walk, wondered with a shrug whether he were getting

old, whether that was why life seemed at times so flat, so monotonous, so tame. He strolled past the great mirror that hung near the stairs and gave his image a furtive scrutiny. No sign of age in the lean, rather ascetic face, in the humorous eyes, in the slender erect shoulders! Grizzled hair, of course, crow's-feet lightly traced, nevertheless—— Howard turned away, half ashamed of the impulse, half gratified by the reassurance the mirror gave.

Drifting back across the lobby he stopped at the desk and idly scanned the names registered for the day.

"Max Kingsley!" he said, looking up at the clerk. "The writer? I thought he was still in the Philippines."

"No—that's him, Mr. Howard. Didn't you see it in the paper? He come all the way down from 'Frisco in Mrs. Haddon's automobile!" The clerk was not without his pride that such a distinguished means of locomotion could be mentioned as appertaining to the Mare Vista's guests.

The tone amused Philip. He leaned again over the register. "Mrs. Walter Haddon," he read, "Miss Alice and Miss Ada Haddon. Who are these enterprising travellers? San Franciscans, I see."

"In a way, sir—they rent a suite at the Occidental by the year. Island people, you know.

Touch of the tar brush, we'd say at home. Wouldn't have 'em in our first-class hotels. But lots of people don't mind that here."

"I didn't know Californians were so cosmopolitan."

"Yes, sir!" Upon reflection the clerk seemed to feel that he was expected to deprecate the word. "It's the greasers, probably," he said in apology. "Getting used to the Mexicans kinder takes the edge off the colour business for Californians. Of course the Haddons are rich as Vanderbilt. That helps a lot."

"Not with everyone," Howard said, half to himself. His eyes rested on a severe matron near by, surveying a letter through her lorgnette more as if she were arraigning it than reading it. The clerk's eyes, following his, were lowered again in haste. His half-shocked expression gave Howard to understand that for clerkly eyes to rest upon Mrs. Dwight at all savoured of *lèse majesté*. Philip's glance was averted for another reason; he hoped Mrs. Dwight did not intend to recognize him. He felt that on his last visit he had exhausted the possibilities, humorous or otherwise, in this friend of Minnie's who carried with her the almost forgotten majesty of San Francisco's bonanza kings.

At this moment a boy of nine or ten ran down the stairs into the lobby. He clasped Howard by the arm.

"Cousin Philip! Mother says she'll be down in five minutes. Don't mind waiting, do you?"

"Surely not. Where are you off to, Richard?" Howard caught the boy's chin in his hand and turned the vivid dark face up to his. As always, when he looked at Tom's son, a little pang of regret shot through Philip that more than either father or grandmother the child should betray his Island blood.

"Out fishing with Manuel. Mother said I might."

"All right, Mr. Piscator. Only see to it that you don't capsize his boat as you did mine!" He shuddered in mock anguish at the remembered dénouement of their morning's sport.

"No such luck!" The boy was off again, darting from under Philip's hand like a spurt of wind-blown flame. All action and enterprise, like Minnie's people; in his looks, Tom's boy! With a sigh Philip leaned an elbow on the desk again. The clerk, purple to the ears, coughed behind his hand.

"I'm sure I hadn't the least idea, sir—but of course Mr. Gregory's different, sir! Everyone knows *he* comes of royal blood."

"And this Mrs.—er—Haddon—doesn't, I infer." Ennui flattened Philip's voice. Habitually interested though he was in the interrelations of every group of people with whom his lot was

for the moment cast—a specialist in life's little ironies, he termed himself—the snobbery of the clerk weighed him down again with the oppressive sense of what a futile squirrel cage one's existence could become.

"Oh, no, sir—not in the least. Quite common, I should say. But handsome—handsome as a queen!"

"I'm ready, Philip," said a thin voice beside Howard.

He turned. "Well, Minnie—which way shall we go? To the beach?"

"It's too windy there, Philip. Too chilly. I'd rather go toward the woods if you don't mind."

Minnie Gregory would use that plaintively weary tone even in Paradise, Philip reflected. Unconsciously he sighed again.

"Were you speaking of that Mrs. Haddon who came to-day, Philip?" Minnie asked, as they stepped from the shade of the hotel piazza into the sunny garden. Its beds were bright still with borders of scarlet salvia and fragrant with winter stock. Philip breathed deep again, but this time with delight. He had left Boston in the grip of a heavy snowstorm little more than a week before.

"The clerk was speaking of her, Minnie. Why do you ask? Is she a friend of yours?"

"Philip! Of course not!" Mrs. Gregory compressed her thin lips. The cords tightened on her

scrawny neck. "She's a mere upstart, Philip. None of the Island people even know who she was. Of course with the Haina-Haina plantation——"

"Oh, that Haddon! The old missionary family?"

"Not the people you knew. Walter Haddon, her husband, was a nephew of the missionary. Rather a poor stick, every one called Walter until he inherited the estate ten years ago. Even then, with such an impossible wife—Well, he's dead now. Died in the Islands during the Spanish war."

"You knew her at Wahainalua, then?" Philip, rejoicing in the scented brightness of the sunshine, welcomed any subject that kept Minnie's tongue off the one he dreaded—the shortcomings of Tom.

"I just told you, Philip, I don't know her at all." Mrs. Gregory accented the statement with a pecking motion of the head that made Philip the more shudderingly aware of her hat, black velvet, uptilted, with two irrelevant stiff white wings excrescent on either side. How was it, he wondered, that Minnie so unerringly chose the most unbecoming styles? Did she think that her family position, coupled with Tom's wealth, put her above such considerations, or was it that she did not know—or care? Her flaring bell skirt, sweeping the ground, hid one real beauty, her tiny slen-

der feet; her red hair, which should have been another, was strained back tightly in an antiquated French twist. Philip thought that much as he disliked the prevailing pompadour style, it would at least do much to soften Minnie's angular visage.

"Mrs. Haddon has never been in Wahainalua," Minnie went on. She walked with her eyes fixed intently on the ground in front of her, never lifting her head. Philip had likened her before in his mind to a switch engine, steaming fussily up and down always over the same tracks in her narrow gossip-infested mind. He reflected now that the ripe beauty of the afternoon probably made as little impression on her as it might on that engine, were it sent out from its dark yards to adventure along the bright roadways of the world. Wherever it might travel it would see only tracks—tracks!

Her voice droned on. "Whenever Walter came to the Islands Mrs. Haddon went abroad. She's been in and out of San Francisco for years. I've seen her often but it's through Mrs. Dwight that I've heard most."

The name caught his attention, the all powerful bonanza queen. "But if Mrs. Dwight endorses Mrs. Haddon——"

"She doesn't, Philip! How tiresome you are! Mrs. Dwight can't bear the sight of her. And

especially now! It's dreadful, Philip. That little granddaughter of hers, Margery Dwight, was all but engaged to young Wheeler, the nice boy who was with them at lunch. And then Mrs. Haddon carried him off on a trip in that automobile of hers and he's been running after Ada Haddon ever since. That's why Mrs. Dwight came here for the holidays—young Wheeler plays in the tennis tournament. Everything was going beautifully again until Mrs. Haddon appeared to-day! You can imagine how Mrs. Dwight feels!"

Philip laughed. "That is a facer for the old lady! Is the young Islander a beauty, as they say the mother is?"

"Who, Ada? She's not Hawaiian. It's Alice who is Mrs. Haddon's daughter. Ada is Walter's child. He adopted Alice and gave her his own name."

"The Haina-Haina plantation—that must be worth a mint of money to-day," mused Philip. "San Francisco's none too particular. Why can't a handsome Islander, backed by that pot of gold, make her own place there in spite of Mrs. Dwight's veto?"

"You'll understand when you see her, Philip. Really, she's not quite—nice. She's stagy. And for a widow her dresses—well!"

"Does she curl her hair?" Philip with inward amusement reverted in his mind to an early defeat

of his own, a vain attempt to make Minnie over in a guise more attractive to Tom.

"No," said Minnie in dignified reproof, adding with unconscious irrevelance, "it's lovely, straight."

"Tom know her?" asked Howard on impulse, and then could have cursed his unwary tongue.

"He has never seen her to my knowledge." Minnie's voice was acid. "Tom hasn't spent enough time with me in recent years to know my friends, much less people I only know by sight."

"Oh, come now, Minnie—remember I'm to blame for that trip around the world——"

"I'm not referring to the time he spends travelling, Philip; you know that well. It's when he's supposed to be living with me—you can see for yourself. You've been here twenty-four hours. Never a sight of him at all!"

Philip walked on silently for a space. They were well within the woods now, on a solitary path somewhat out of the normal orbit of the Mare Vista's guests. His eyes dwelt on the interlacing branches of the pines, netted against the bluest of skies. A song sparrow trilled in a blackberry tangle. Despite the ocean breeze the air was as soft as spring. And Minnie missed it all—poor narrow, bitter Minnie with one obsession, one passion, one love—or hate—Tom.

They came at this juncture to a sunny point that

overlooked a wide stretch of sea. A bench, scarred with lovers' initials, was surmounted by the inevitable placard, "Inspiration Point." Minnie made for it mechanically. That was like her, Howard reflected. She followed labels. She never prospected new paths for herself.

He laid his overcoat across her chilly shoulders. "Minnie," he said, "I've had it in my mind for years to give you a talking-to. Plain hard talk, straight from the shoulder."

She looked at him for a brief moment, a cold look out of her greenish hazel eyes. Then she gazed stubbornly out to sea.

"Why should you give me a talking-to?" she said.

"Because you aren't playing fair with Tom."

"Indeed! In what way, may I ask?"

"In making his life a burden to him with senseless recrimination. After eighteen years with him aren't you about ready to accept him for what he is? If you aren't—then divorce is the only decent conclusion. I'm sorry to admit that I know you've got ample grounds."

"Divorce!" By the swelling cords of her neck Philip could guess the working of Minnie's averted face. "How can you even mention divorce to me! Wasn't I punished enough for the sin of only thinking of it? Would you have me sacrifice Richard as I did—the others!"

Philip gave a helpless gesture. "Minnie, my dear, I wish you could be brought to reason about that terrible time! Why, diphtheria was epidemic on that ship! What difference could it possibly make if you were with, or running away from, Tom? As for sin—you poor child! You were nothing but a broken-hearted baby yourself, fleeing from an aspect of life as terrible as it was unbelievable. The sin, if there was one, was Tom's."

"*If* there was! Philip, how can you? There was a baby. Except for that, I might never have known."

"I don't mean that. Tom was guilty—but isn't there a difference between guilt and sin? To me, you know, the sin was committed long before Tom was born." At Minnie's obstinate silence his hands threw this aspect of the subject aside. "Oh, I know we think differently! But you ought to face the real truth, Minnie—that you and Tom have fundamentally different natures. You never should have married at all."

"You brought us together," said Minnie, still gazing stonily out to sea.

"I know." She pricked an old sense of guilt of his own. "And I persuaded you to go back to him when the children died. Perhaps I shouldn't have done that—perhaps your own instinct was right. But then again—there's Richard! How

manly the little beggar has grown! Can any of us regret that reconciliation, Minnie, when we look at the boy?"

"Do you know what I think when I look at him, Philip? God took my white children from me to punish me, and gave me back one that was —brown!"

"Minnie!" he cried. The horror in his voice was not meant to rebuke her, but Minnie could not know that.

"You think I'm as cruel a mother as I am heartless as a wife!" she cried stormily, shaken as he had not seen her since that tragic time before Richard came into the world. "I'm not—I'm not! I love Richard—more even than—the others! But how can I help hating it, fearing it, when I see in him only Tom! You know what Tom is!"

"I know what life has made of Tom," Philip said sternly. "But before God he wasn't meant to be what he is to-day!" The long curling lines of breakers on the beach below them brought to his mind with a sharp stab of pain the image of the boy Tom, riding a surf board, head thrown back, arrogant, confident of conquering the world as triumphantly and carelessly as he surmounted the waves.

"Do you blame me for that?"

"Blame isn't the word, Minnie. But we all

make mistakes. And I think yours is to judge Tom by your standards, not by his own. Half of what you condemn him for is no offence in the eyes of nine-tenths of the world. Take his acting, for instance. You shouldn't have made an issue of that. It was an outlet. And he had real talent. He might have made a name for himself on the stage. That might have been his chance in life and you took it from him."

"His chance to make love to other women!"

"For shame, Minnie! Can't you see he had to——"

"Yes—if he chose that kind of part! And he always did. What if he had made a name as an actor? What's an actor? A creature of no reputation——"

"It's idle for us to discuss this, I see, Minnie!" Philip shrugged and rose. "Shall we go on to the golf links? It's early yet."

The cousins walked on in silence for some minutes.

"What did you mean—that I ought to take Tom as he is?" Minnie asked at last.

Howard hesitated. He tried a change of tack. "Oh," he said, smiling down at her, "for one thing, consider his likes and dislikes a little more. For instance, don't wear a starched linen collar to breakfast when you know how he adores frills!"

A wave of indignant colour swept over Minnie's pale face. "I'm astonished at you, Philip! A decent married woman doesn't concern herself with frills."

"Lord help the two of them!" Philip ejaculated inwardly. For the remainder of the walk they talked of indifferent things.

The winter dusk was drawing in when they reentered the hotel. Philip declined Minnie's half-hearted suggestion of tea and with the plea of letters to write went up to his own room. The coal fire he had ordered blazed in the old-fashioned grate. He switched off the unshaded electric light and drawing up an easy-chair sank into it with a sigh of pleasure. Gregarious as he knew himself to be, nevertheless he dearly loved his hours of solitude. No day went really well for him that held in it no opportunity for the silent tabulation of its events. He was like a collector of newspaper clippings, he told himself, pasting into the book of his memory the telling events of other men's lives. Was he ever again to have a real life of his own?

Not until an obstinate nervous breakdown, consequent upon his overwork on a now famous corporation case, had compelled his withdrawal from active practice, had Howard's busy days given him opportunity to reflect how detached from vital interests his maturer years had become. That

breakdown had occurred three years ago and he had long since recovered from its effects. Notwithstanding his re-established health he had continued his travels, had been a drifter, an idler really, ever since. Should he enter practice again? Carr had hinted in San Francisco yesterday that he would be welcomed there. Did he want the pressure of big affairs, or should he settle down at last to write his long-planned book? A new century to-morrow: approved time for beginnings, new interests, new enterprise.

He wondered, as he sat gazing into the fire, what life still held for him. Adventure? Marriage? That he had never remarried was regarded by his friends as a token of rare constancy to the dead. For long he too had so considered it, but in these later years he sometimes dimly questioned the motives back of his constancy. Why, in fact, should he have married? His was the bachelor's well-peopled solitude. He had many interests—wrote a little, knew pictures and music, felt himself a connoisseur in travel. A dilettante, perhaps; indeed, he thought with almost passionate regret that he was a dilettante in both art and life, one who deliberately forswore the positive rapture of achievement—the summit moments—for the negative happiness of his equable bystander's plain. Was he faithful to Lucy's memory, really, or merely habitually distrustful of life itself?

For this barren pleasant existence of his undoubtedly he had largely to blame, or thank, Tom. Tom's hasty marriage at nineteen—a runaway match following a silly girl's captivation by the college star in the rôle of Romeo—had been no such idyll as his own. With the emotional half of Philip's mind crying out for pardon to Lucy's memory, the intellectual half wondered now whether the early termination of his own happiness had been really a sorrow. Marriage for him had not worn and faded with the years. The experience was still a bright untarnished image of what married life is meant to be. No wonder he had not been willing to adventure that memory on a possible shipwreck like Tom's. Poor Tom, at once a pagan and a cosmopolitan, tied for life to a New England spinster with an Anthony Comstock creed!

"Hallo, you old duffer! Mooning in the dark as usual. Where the deuce is your light?"

Tom Gregory slapped Howard heavily on the shoulder and turned to fumble for the electric switch. The two men did not shake hands after their three months' separation, but grinned affectionately at each other like schoolboys. Philip wished that Tom had not turned on the light. His voice, breaking into his firelight dreaming, had brought back so clearly the image of the slim rider of the surf. Who would think that Tom was still

under forty? His father at fifty had not been more heavy-eyed, more listlessly reconciled to encroaching years and weight.

"Back at last," said he. "Where have you been?"

"Emeryville—where else? Not Longchamps exactly, but one takes what one can get. Rotten luck anywhere. You're looking fit, Phil. What's the game? Staying in California a while, or back to Boston, or off to the antipodes again?"

"Can't make up my mind." Philip clasped his hands lazily above his head. "Carr has just suggested the law, in San Francisco. I don't know. I'm tired of Boston winters and there's nothing to hold me there now the old man's gone. What do you say, Tom? Will you retain me as adviser for the Wahainalua estate?"

Tom plumped himself heavily into the companion easy-chair, laboriously hoisting one fat knee over the other. He was already dressed for the evening. Carefully groomed though he was, the costume was not a becoming one. Not the best efforts of tailor or haberdasher could prevent his shirt front from bulging out of his waistcoat, his heavy jowls from hanging down over his collar's rim. He tucked his hands under his knee.

"I'm thinking of selling Wahainalua," he said.

Philip looked at him for a moment without

speaking. He brought his lazy comfortable arms rather tensely down to his sides.

"The old house too?" he asked quietly at last.

"Yes."

"Got a customer for it?"

"Yes."

"How much does he offer?"

"Seventy thousand."

"Easily worth twice that, Tom."

"I know it—damn you! But I need the cash."

"Tied up with him yet in any way?"

"No."

"Sell it to me, then. I'll give you a better figure, and it'll stay in the family, so to speak. Richard can have it when I'm gone."

Tom was silent in his turn. Then he said gruffly, "That's like you, Phil. But nothing doing. As I said the last time, I'm not letting you in on my mistakes."

"You aren't, this time! I've hankered after Wahainalua for years. Rather spend my old age there than any other place."

"Old age—you!" Tom's laugh held no mirth. "You'll never be old. God! What did I do with my youth!"

"End-of-the-year grouch, Tom! I feel a bit that way myself. Wondering whether the new century will bring new adventure or just old age." Philip rose. "We'll call that settled—about

Wahainalua. About time for me to dress. You and Minnie are dining with me, of course."

"Minnie's tied us up with the Dwight gang," said Tom, still gazing moodily into the fire. "Cheerful prospect that, for New Year's Eve!"

CHAPTER IX

LILIHA REAPPEARS

AN hour later the two men were waiting in the lobby for Minnie to descend from her room. The Mare Vista, this holiday season, held its usual winter medley of guests. Philip, glancing about him, concluded that Mrs. Dwight, in majestic pursuit of young Wheeler, must find herself, except for Minnie Gregory, isolated from her own world—the conservative, the solid, the authoritative, the select. Except for the few golf and tennis enthusiasts it was rather a dowdy crowd. Sacramento and Fresno figured almost as largely on the register as the metropolis of either north or south. Kansas City, on tour for the winter, rubbed elbows with Boise and Grand Rapids. There was to be dancing later, and expectant maidens, demurely festive in ribbon-trimmed organdies, cut modestly round-necked and frilled with lacy berthas, anxiously listed each possible dancing man. It amused Howard to note how many eyes were turned hopefully on him, indifferent on the whole to the diversion, while portly Tom, who adored it, received never a glance.

Tom, however, was manifestly not in a holiday

mood. He stood silently beside Philip, his scowling glance roving discontentedly among the ill-dressed women. He heaved a sigh as Minnie appeared with Richard on her arm. Minnie's dress was embellished with a yoke and long sleeves of black net. The high black collar was boned to her ears. Her face showed deep lines under the electric light. She looked unusually meagre and old.

"I'm sorry not to have you with us, Philip," she said in her toneless voice. "But Mrs. Dwight made such a point of our dining with her——"

"Oh, don't bother about me, Minnie," said Philip. "You know I never mind dining alone."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly animated. "Here's one woman who knows how to dress! Look at that, Phil! Rue de la Paix or nothing!"

Philip's eyes were already on her, a woman coming toward them down the broad flight of stairs. Her head was averted as she spoke behind a fan of black ostrich feathers to a man at her shoulder. Philip had been conscious first of a smooth coronet of blue-black hair, lustrous as a blackbird's wing, her dress to him had conveyed only an impression of clean, beautiful line. It was of black jet, he saw now, shimmering like moonlight on dark waters. It sheathed her closely and rippled behind her down the stairs. The corsage

was cut daringly low, her arms were bare to the shoulder. A scarlet flower, provocative as Carmen's, called attention to a perfect ear.

"Who is she—how does she come to be here?" Philip asked Minnie under his breath.

"That's Mrs. Haddon," said Minnie's prim little voice.

Laughing, the woman dropped the fan that hung by a jewelled chain. Straight at the two men she looked. She checked her step, threw up her head—the old, remembered gesture—and swept forward impulsively, extending to each a hand.

"Philip Howard and Tom Gregory!" she cried. "After all these years!"

That this could be Liliha! Full-bosomed Juno—French-frocked! Philip grasped her hand in silence and it was Tom who delightedly ejaculated her name.

Liliha beamed at them, still holding each by a hand. "How glorious to see you!" Her voice's timbre had deepened, but it rang in Howard's ears like half-forgotten music of his youth. "And to find you now—before dinner!" Her smile grew possessive. "For of course you'll both dine with me."

"You must meet my wife, Liliha," Tom said hastily, turning. But Minnie was moving away.

Liliha Haddon dropped their hands. "I see," she said slowly. "Mrs. Clinton T. Gregory—

and I never guessed that *she* was Mrs. Tom!" Her eyes were fastened darkly on the rigidly turned back. "That your son, Tom?"

"Yes," said Tom. His anxious eyes too were on the averted head.

Liliha smiled—not a pleasant smile. "Run on back to her, Tom!" she said. Her voice indefinably coarsened. Rue de la Paix was overlaid with Montmartre. "Lie out of it if you can. If I'd known I was letting you in for a curtain lecture I'd never have given you the glad hand!"

"May I dine with you, Liliha?" asked Philip quickly. Her white teeth gleamed pleasure at him. She had barely glanced at him before.

"You're the sport! Come along. Just hold your horses, though, until I collect my crowd."

She turned from them. Tom slunk back to Minnie. As Howard waited he saw the married pair meet, saw Minnie lance a question and heard the reply of the craven Tom.

"An old flame of Philip's. No, he can tell you if he wants."

Flame! That was the word for her, Philip thought, as she flashed a smile back at him from the foot of the stairs. At once fire and sunlight—how she dulled the other women by her brilliance, the vitality that radiated from her! The unstudied freedom of her gestures—she used her hands like a Frenchwoman—the splendid poise of her

head made the people surrounding her look stiff and ill at ease.

Liliha was approaching him again, a girl now hanging on either arm. Ada Haddon, whom she named first, hardly lifted her glance. Pretty, but insignificant, Philip found her; delicate, a mouse-blonde. Alice, dark and piquante, stared at him, boldly he thought, out of impudent black eyes—a look that stung him, for from it on the instant he knew that this was a daughter of Captain Heath. He glanced from her in quick distaste to the two men standing behind. Young Wheeler, the nice boy whose wavering affections had power to draw Mrs. Dwight out of her predestined orb, was one of Liliha's guests. The other, a thick-set blond man in the early thirties, Philip recognized as the journalist, Max Kingsley, his fellow voyager in the Mediterranean some years before.

Liliha marshalled them to the dining-room, acclaiming to all who cared to hear her pleasure in securing for her table a third man.

"Real men at a California resort hotel are scarcer than hen's teeth," she remarked over her shoulder, and Philip started. It was a forgotten phrase of his Aunt Abigail's—Aunt Abbie, dead these fifteen years.

Their progress through the dining-room to a table in a distant corner drew more attention and stir than Philip quite liked to see. Not only was

Liliha's presence arresting; her voice, though not loud, penetrated like a bronze bell the confusion of voices and the low clink of silver on china that stirred the room. It was her voice, however, that moved him most. Philip had a strange sense of having been wrenched from his commonplace existence back into the past—the charmed past, where life had more promise and meaning than now. With an effort he drew his attention back to his table companions.

Liliha was in consultation with an obsequious head waiter behind her fan. The nice boy was talking tennis to Alice while Ada listened to them both. Howard smiled across the table at Kingsley, seated on Liliha's other hand.

"I've been reading your Philippine articles with extraordinary pleasure," he said. "I suppose now you're off for Africa. Davis has gone to Ladysmith, I hear."

Kingsley shrugged. "He can go for all of me! I'm through with war. Paris Exposition, not the Transvaal—that's where this boy strikes out for next." He pulled rather sulkily at his blond moustache.

Philip looked at him in silence. The words confirmed an impression left on him by the young man's appearance. He was much changed from the boyish enthusiast he had formerly known. Not Harding Davis himself had been a more fervent

seeker of adventure, had taken a keener joy in trailing down the news. His youthful promise Philip had seen grow into deserved prominence in the journalistic world. He ran over in his mind the record of that success—Cuba, Hawaii, the Philippines. Was that, perhaps, the trouble? He had the look of the tropics on him, the unhealthy colour, the flabbiness.

"Paris will draw many of us this summer," Philip said. "I suppose you will go, Mrs.—Haddon?" He was conscious of a slight embarrassment as he spoke her name.

"Better call me Liliha and be done with it," she said, smiling. "It seemed good to hear the old name again. I *was* surprised when I saw you, Philip Howard! Bless you, man, I've hardly thought of you for twenty years!"

Howard winced, then smiled a bit grimly to himself. After all what had he thought of Liliha, say for the last ten years? His thoughts had harked back to her often enough, it is true, as to a beautiful picture he had seen, or a play. But Liliha herself, the woman, had roused in him but one emotion: a passionate gratitude that she had not, in her young beauty, chosen to make mad that impressionable Philip of the long ago—to make him mad and marry him out of hand! He knew now that she could have done so. What unguessed power the witch had had then to raise tumult in his

heart! Even now his pulses quickened as he looked at her. Adventure! He had called to it, but an hour ago, and it was beside him now, the most beautiful adventure of his past.

"Of course we'll go to Paris," Liliha went on. "It's too cold and damp to suit me for long. Except for a week or two in the racing season, I don't like Paris. Swear by the Riviera myself. But the girls want to see something of it and the Exposition now that they're out of school."

"You bet this girl does!" said Alice fervently. "I'm going to do Paris for myself—on my bike!" She sat across the table from Howard, beside Kingsley. The young man looked down at her with a mocking smile.

"Alice, just out of the convent, doing Paris on a bicycle—that ought to be some show," he said.

She laughed boyishly back at him. Philip looked at her with quick surprised sympathy. She was a little tomboy, not the rather bold young woman her frank stare at him had implied. He did not know that in that moment she conquered his instinctive repugnance for her father's daughter. He would see her henceforward not as a disagreeable reminder of Heath but as her own engaging little self.

He studied the other girl more attentively, his eyes dancing as he became aware of the demure simplicity of both girls' dress. Liliha, herself

more décolletée than an English dowager, had the two youngsters tuckered to the chin.

"So you've been in a convent school," he said, with a flicker of silent sympathy for the memory of Aunt Abigail. He looked at Ada as he spoke. She answered in a quick, soft, half-frightened voice.

"Yes. I loved it. I was sorry to come away."

The eyes of all three men rested for a moment on this fragile-looking girl, so delicate a foil to the vivid, warm-blooded women with whom her lot was cast. Ada, conscious of their attention, coloured and looked rather appealingly up at Kingsley. He gave her in return a smile, so charming in its half-deferential gentleness that Philip's old liking for him was for the moment renewed.

"I loathed the place!" said Alice. "Ran away whenever I got the chance." She laughed with impish glee. "I ran away with mother's own automobile last summer."

"Yes," said Liliha, in no wise sternly. "A pretty life you've led me, first and last! Ada never gave me one-tenth the trouble. If I could only build up the child's health she'd never give me an uneasy thought," she added in an anxious aside to Philip.

This was a new Liliha to him, the woman, the mother. Unconsciously he had still thought of her as the care-free girl he had known. Ripened as she was, mature in her rich beauty, she little

suggested the matron, the responsible mother of grown girls as he knew that rather dull incarnation of womankind. Liliha was more like a continental woman—the urban type—surrendering no tithe of her charm to the duties and cares of later womanhood. He looked around the dining-room. Was that, he wondered, why women's tongues were bitter about her? Did she offend the matrons by having retained the lure that they had allowed to become overlaid? She was a vulgar upstart; stagy, so Minnie had said. Well, so were other women who were accepted without reservation in her set. It was less Liliha's history that counted against her, he felt, than her superb presence, obscurely reproaching the irreproachable for the attraction they had lost.

Liliha, having with a tentative taste satisfied herself that she could endorse the choice of an entrée, definitely laid aside her preoccupation as hostess and beamed around the table at her guests.

"I call this grand," said she. "If there's anything I love it's a party. Good food and good wine and nice men——"

"Beautiful women and brilliant conversation!" Kingsley completed with an ironic bow and a glass raised to his lips.

Howard wondered angrily whether Liliha felt the gibe. Kingsley's manner to their hostess was offending him more and more. Again he was

reminded of the adventurer whom long ago he had so detested. Not Heath himself in Hana's hut had held himself more sneeringly above his company. For all Kingsley's education, all his *savoir faire*, he was indeed strangely like the captain, a bounder and an adventurer at heart.

Liliha gave no indication of having taken offence at Kingsley's scarcely veiled contempt. Her eyes wandered smilingly around the great dining-room, resting with apparent satisfaction on the more elaborately gowned women, none of whom compared in magnificence with Liliha herself. Suddenly, none the less, her expression grew sombre. Following her glance, Howard saw that she was staring at the Dwight table, not far from them, where sat Tom Gregory with his wife and boy.

Kingsley, his sulkiness warming under the wine, was holding the three young people enthralled by a war correspondent's yarn. Howard looked back at Liliha, watching her silent stare with a trace of disquietude. What dark thoughts were in her mind? Liliha turned her head and caught his eye.

"Much good it did Tom to marry that blonde," said she. "The brat couldn't have been blacker if he'd been my own."

The words were like a blow to Philip. In their intonation, their bitterness, he felt the black imprint of Captain Heath. Something of the half-savage revolt that had seized him that afternoon

on the wooded promontory when he reflected what life had made of Tom surged over him anew. Liliha too was meant for better things than the imitation *grande dame* before his eyes. As he brooded over this, there flashed across his mind a vision of what these two half-tamed creatures of impulse might have made of life together had not fate in the guise of Philip Howard and old Gregory stepped in to tear them apart. Liliha of the wind and sea and dancing flame! Tom of the wayward paganism, poetic weaver of dreams! The gulf behind the white mind and the primitive—that was what old Gregory had feared to have his son realize, never realizing himself that for Tom no such gulf existed, ever could exist. He was a primitive! The gulf lay between him and Minnie, the convention-bound, the over-civilized.

He lifted his absent gaze from the wreath of holly on the table to find Liliha smiling at him again. He was glad to see that her urbanity had been only for a moment overcast.

"You've stood the years better than Tom—a lot better!" she said, with an appraising glance at him. "Did you marry again?"

"No," he said.

She looked him over once more with a sharpened attention that evoked a derisive memory. He acknowledged a moment of amused panic as Liliha regarded him with that well-remembered

speculative interest in her eye. But the alarm dissolved in regret. The time when such as Liliha spelled danger for him was unfortunately past.

Liliha nodded her head sagely. "I thought you had a kind of single look," she said and turned sleepy eyes another way.

"What do you mean?" he asked, nettled, and then furiously realized that he should have been clever enough to have kept his irritation to himself.

Behind the opacity of Liliha's eyes a mischievous little devil shone out at him, a window suddenly opening its shuttered brilliance to the night. She patted his arm with her jewelled hand. "I said you hadn't grown old!" She laughed up at him.

Philip Howard, the blasé, the self-possessed, found himself consuming roast duck with a grim determination not to pay any attention to the message being pounded home to his brain by his heart. He knew that the mocking little devils were still sparkling in Liliha's eyes, but he stubbornly looked another way. His gaze sought Ada and Alice—gauche little misses! What had their youth to offer compared with the seductive woman at his side?

A harsh clang of falling china and silver called startled glances to their table. Philip's astonished gaze had caught the violence of the movement with which Liliha thrust away from her the silver vegetable dishes that a waiter had just set down

beside her plate. The push carried a plate and a silver cover to the floor. She beckoned imperiously to the head waiter.

"Take that dish away!" she said in almost inarticulate fury. "And send me another waiter. Doesn't the damned fool know enough not to set before me uncovered food?"

The girls were scarlet. The three men looked at Liliha with astounded, questioning eyes. Kingsley's face then lighted with a slow sarcastic smile.

"I remember!" he said. "The uncovered calabash! It brings bad luck, doesn't it, Mrs. Haddon? Sickness. Sometimes even—death!"

Liliha mastered herself with an effort. She was very pale. She gathered dignity about her as Monna Vanna might have clasped her cloak.

"A bogy of my childhood," she said quietly. "It's absurd to say one believes in such things—with one's mind. But actions sometimes speak louder than either words or beliefs. I owe you all an apology. Believe me, I am fully as astonished —as ashamed of Liliha—as you can be yourselves."

Never before had Philip felt so poignantly the latent possibilities in her thwarted womanhood. Never had he so admired her, never so little felt her spell. The charm was broken, he told himself. Chill mists had swept across the lighted windows. He smiled to himself again grimly. Old Gregory knew!

CHAPTER X

TURN OF THE TIDE

THE sands of the century were nearly run. About an hour before midnight Howard, in a pause of the dancing, found himself alone with Kingsley in a small room opening off the ballroom. In consideration of its filigree woodwork and its odour of sandalwood and burning punk the nook was known as the Moorish room. Through a wide door, beyond dusky draperies and lambent gleams of gold leaf, Philip caught a picture of bright colour and movement, heard a ripple of chatter and laughter. A fire blazed on the hearth beside them. It was Kingsley who had discovered this retreat and with the consideration that he reserved for Ada Haddon alone had ensconced the girl there for the evening. Ada danced little. The quick two-step exhausted her and she ventured only an occasional waltz. She had just withdrawn from them, Liliha in attendance, to repair damages on a torn Spanish flounce.

In their brief contacts during the evening Howard had found Kingsley a surly enough companion. The young journalist had been drinking

ever since dinner but to all appearances was still complete master of himself. The effect of his frequent visits to the bar was perceptible only in a growing insolence toward Liliha, and a bolder freedom in his mocking flirtation with Alice. He had danced repeatedly with both mother and daughter. Though languid in his own movements he seemed to take a sombre pleasure in their untiring elasticity and strength. He had relinquished Alice to young Wheeler a moment since. It hurt Philip to see the look of gay challenge the girl threw back at the journalist over her shoulder as she entered the ballroom. No youngster just out of a convent school was armed to joust with such as Kingsley. What was Liliha thinking of to encourage his attentions to these two little girls ?

After a moment of silence between the two men, Kingsley with a short laugh turned to the mantel and lighted a cigarette.

" War," he said, reverting to an earlier topic of Howard's that he had allowed to die between them. " What interest is there in the war of armies compared with the everlasting war of sex ? "

Howard was unresponsive in his turn. He wondered with distaste whether the fellow was reaching the talkative stage. He had no desire for inebriate confidences. He was waiting for Liliha, however, and had no choice but to remain.

"A rare creature, our hostess!" Kingsley went on. "And as full of the old Nick yet as that vixen daughter of hers. She hasn't quite made up her mind whether she wants me for a son-in-law or is going to have a try at me for herself." He laughed again, in ugly scorn. "These provocative women! They deserve what they get. Ada now —she's different. I had a little sister like her long ago," he added, moody all at once.

"The better reason, then, to leave Ada alone," said Howard shortly.

Kingsley smiled lazily up at his curling smoke. "I'm going to marry Ada," he said.

"Indeed! Is she aware of that fact?"

"Not yet."

"So in the meanwhile you make love to Alice. I don't quite see your game."

"Alice and her mother," amended Kingsley, with a chuckle. "Strangely, my dear fellow. The art of war! The end—peace. The man who looks for domestic peace, especially with a rich wife, should know enough to sow the seed of discord 'twixt wife and relatives-in-law."

Howard did not answer. Liliha, her arm laid across Ada's shoulder, was re-entering the room.

"No Kanakas in my household," Kingsley went on. "I'm Southerner enough to prefer my womenkind to be white."

"Quiet, man!" said Howard in a stern under-

tone. "Do you want Mrs. Haddon to hear you?"

Kingsley looked behind him. "Does it matter?" he asked with brutal indifference. "She must be used to ignoring remarks on colour by this time."

The distant orchestra at this moment struck into the "Blue Danube" waltz. Kingsley strolled over to Ada with a smile.

"The dance of dances!" he said. "I've been hoping all evening to have this with you." The colour rose in the girl's face as he led her away.

Howard glanced after them, frowning, before he turned to Liliha. "Shall we join the dancers too?"

She shook her head. "It's pleasant to be rid of them all. I'd rather stay here if you don't mind." Crossing to the fireplace she sank into a big cushioned chair. She moved more slowly than the old Liliha, but every gesture still showed flexibility and strength.

"Anyone would know Ada was no kin to you, Liliha," Howard said on impulse.

Liliha did not comment on this implied familiarity with her connubial history.

"She's the only human creature who has ever really loved me," she said morosely.

He lifted his eyebrows. "Alice?" he suggested.

She shrugged. "A child loves its mother from

instinct—as a matter of course. There's no choice —no compliment—in that love."

Philip thought he held the clue to her bitterness. As the hours lengthened he had seen her mood darken. To a superficial observer there would have seemed little cause for the evening to fail of satisfaction to her. She had had a real success, a triumph, among the men, at least. Philip had been astonished by the distinction of her manner when with strangers. With them she allowed herself no lapses into slang. Her language was as perfect as her gown. She had, when she chose to exercise it, unquestioned social address. "The facility for picking up externals." It was strange how phrases of old Gregory's kept recurring to his mind. Liliha wore cultivation—civilization —at will, like a mask. But to-night it galled her. She had no pleasure, was not interested, in her success. More than once he had caught her frowning absently past the men who clustered around her to the women who held aloof. Her darkest looks had fastened always upon Minnie Gregory and Mrs. Dwight.

With this aspect of her discontent before him he tried to reason with her mood.

"Perhaps you look for love in the wrong place, Liliha," he said. "Why should you want love, admiration even, from empty heads like those in there?" He nodded in the direction of the ball-

room. "You're too intelligent a woman to waste your time fighting for recognition from people who aren't worth half the consideration that's heaped upon them—that they heap upon themselves."

The plaint of the music fell upon their silence; insistently melancholy its strain, behind the throbbing rhythm of the dance.

"You can say that," said Liliha bitterly at last. "You belong there—inside. All my life I've been like this—sitting outside, watching my—betters—dance. Among them, but apart."

Another silence lengthened between them. Ada, on Kingsley's arm, passed the door. Philip's thoughts went back to Liliha's comment on the girl.

"Aunt Abbie—Mrs. Adams—loved you, Liliha," he said abruptly. "She was heartbroken when you disappeared."

"Not me!" said Liliha. "It wasn't me she loved, but the creature she thought she'd made. Oh, it's true enough! Ada alone loves Liliha as she is."

"Do you love Ada?" he asked. It was in his mind to speak of Kingsley, but her reply diverted him from the intention.

"I'm sorry for Ada. I always have been. She makes me want to protect her—take care of her. That's why I married her father—one of the

reasons. He was killing the child with ignorance and neglect."

Tenderness—he had always known that Liliha had it in her. Philip considered her thoughtfully, then looked away. He lighted a cigarette and stood, frowning intently at the fingers that held it, nesting his elbow in his other hand.

"How long did you stay with Heath, Liliha?" he asked at last.

"Two years." Liliha sat very still, gazing into the flames.

"He didn't marry you?"

"No."

Philip, stealing a glance at her, surprised a look of wistful longing on her face. It startled him. So had she, sitting beside him on the headland long years before, gazed out to sea at the schooner "Rosalie." Had love for that scoundrel managed to survive those years?

"Why did you leave him?" he asked shortly.

Liliha smiled, a slow bitter smile. "He left me. Sitting on a bench in a park. With Alice three months old."

"That was in Honolulu?"

"No, in Sydney."

"But you married Haddon in Honolulu, didn't you? When was that?"

"Three years later."

Of those three years Liliha did not speak; and

would never speak, Philip felt convinced of that. From their dark shadow she had emerged—as what other woman could?—harder, stronger, the more grimly determined to rise above them, to rise to the very top.

Liliha threw those years from her now. She leaned forward in her chair and said with a new animation, "I was keeping a boarding-house then, a good one, on Nuannu Street. He came there with his baby—about the age of mine. She'd been sick, was nothing but a little bag of bones. And Alice was so big and rosy and bouncing. I couldn't bear to look at the child. I had just heard that Heath was dead—shot aboard the 'Rosalie' by his own mate. Nothing seemed to matter much. Haddon wasn't rich then," she added in obscure self-exculpation. "I more than paid my half for many years."

"He didn't know—about Heath?"

"No," she said, with a touch of anger. "What difference could that make to him? He'd had his mating, I mine. He knew that my man was dead."

"I infer, however, that you didn't omit the unimportant ceremony with him?" Philip was at once sorry for the gibe, but Liliha did not resent it.

"I didn't love him," she said, her wistful gaze again upon the flames.

In Liliha's eyes, evidently, her loveless second

"marriage" needed all the sanctification the Church could give—a quaint philosophy to come out of New England via Aunt Abigail! Philip smiling to himself, drew up a chair and sat down gazing like Liliha into the flames. After all, who could say that this was a stranger concept of marriage than that in Minnie's mind? Philip, however, did not as usual follow the fancy to the end. Back of his appreciation of her unconscious irony smouldered a dull resentment kindled by his realization that Liliha still enthroned the memory of Captain Heath—a resentment less perhaps for the feeling than for her free revelation of it before him. Why was it, he wondered, that never from his earliest meeting with her had she troubled to hide behind the usual equivocation of sex? Did she not know her power, feel the quick surge of his attraction toward her, that half-passion of which he himself more than once had been almost fearfully aware? Perhaps she felt that passion could have no lasting part in him. Perhaps she knew him better than he knew himself; knew that something had died in him at Lucy's death—his susceptibility to the power of any woman. No woman had ever really held him, had really counted in his life. He missed, for the moment, the simpler implication: that he, fastidious, reluctant to grapple with the grosser realities of life, could make no strong appeal to Liliha. She felt his

fineness and from that element in him and from his sympathy was impelled to confidence. Before him pent-up feeling could find safe expression, could in a measure reveal Liliha to herself. So convent-bred Ada might find her outlet in the confessional. So only, impersonally, would a woman speak to a man for whom she could not care.

Some hint of this did at last enter Philip's consciousness as he watched her musing face.

"You're a young woman still, Liliha," he said. "You'll marry again. I hope with all my heart that it will be a happy marriage for you at last."

"That kind of happiness comes to a woman only once," she answered him, still moodily. "If ever I marry again it'll be a man who can give me a place in the world. Kingsley's a famous man," she added after a moment of cogitation. "If it weren't for Alice, I'd be tempted to take him on myself."

"You mean Ada?" he asked gropingly, coming out of his own reverie with a start.

"Alice, I said!" Liliha's voice was sharp. "What's Ada got to do with Kingsley? Would anybody but a milksop like that Wheeler boy as much as look at Ada with Alice around?"

Philip hesitated. "Frankly, I'd hate to see either of them—or you—married to Kingsley. He's a clever chap—used to be a charming one.

But he drinks, I'm afraid. Don't you think he's a bit of a bounder—a brute ? "

Liliha laughed, not without harshness. " He's the kind of man most likely to come our way. And, frankly, as you say, he's the kind I like."

She rose, bending her height to lean a bare arm along the mantelshelf, and laughed into the mirror that hung above it. " Why do I always like the wrong kind, and why does the wrong kind always like me ? Can a woman change her nature, Philip Howard ? What chance would I have with a man like you ? "

Her eyes, dancing, seductive, challenging, met his in the glass. Breathless she held him for an instant, then suddenly he lost her. She was still gazing in the mirror, but past him. He turned. In the ripple of applause that followed the close of the dance Tom Gregory had appeared in the doorway with Minnie on his arm. Philip rose to meet them, but before he could speak Minnie pivoted Tom away, back into the ballroom out of sight.

Liliha drew down her arm from the mantelshelf and stood erect. Her fingers tore at the feathered fan.

" Tom's not been near me all the evening ! " she said in a smothered tone. " Not because he doesn't want to come—haven't I seen his sneaking eyes ?—but because I'm not good enough to meet his wife. His wife ! " She laughed coarsely.

" That poor flat-chested thing ! " She lifted her own bosom with a heavy breath.

Across Philip's mind there flashed the memory of the small rounded breasts laid, long since, upon the bosom of an opal sea. His heart sickened with the renewal of an old, still poignant regret.

" Shall we join the others in the ballroom ? " he asked dully.

Liliha's fan snapped under the torture of her hands. She jerked it from its jewelled chain and flung it on the flames.

" Not until you've told me one thing ! " she said, her voice husky with anger. " What is it that makes one woman a leader and another—despised ? That woman can command anyone—even Mrs. Dwight. Why—why ? She's not good, nor beautiful, nor clever. She's married to a *hapa-haole*. Her child's blacker than my own. It isn't anything they know about me, either. Until you came to-night, not a living soul connected Mrs. Haddon with Liliha Knight. No one can say a word against me—not for these fifteen years——"

" Mother ! Mother ! " Alice ran in from the ballroom. " Come, you and Mr. Howard. Every one is going out to supper. We mustn't miss the chance to drink to this new year."

Liliha kept her back turned to her daughter. " Coming," she said. She looked steadily at her

face in the mirror until the distorted passion in it was smoothed out, then she led the way from the room.

In spite of her smiling face the pose of her head suggested to Howard an avenging fury, rage and revolt incarnate. She did not speak as her group assembled and followed her into the dining-room, except to give a curt command to a waiter. Hardly had they seated themselves when a glass of champagne was poured for her. She drank it down like water. It seemed to steady her. She glanced with a more natural smile around the room.

The tables were filling rapidly now, a noisier, more jovial company than at dinner time. Laughter rang high. There was a continuous sound of popping corks. Philip, looking about him, noticed to his distress that Mrs. Dwight's table was the next but one to their own.

Liliha glanced across at Tom and turned to Philip. "My husband that might have been!" she said in a contemptuous undertone. "Happy man! Look at him—bored to tears. I bet you anything you like that I have him here at our table before the year's a half hour old!"

She gave him no opportunity to answer, but turned to consult with Kingsley over a menu card. Philip threw a troubled look at Tom, sitting between the old dowager and his wife, as absent and silent as the shamed, slighted little girl with

them, Margery Dwight. Under cover of the two women's talk, Tom's eyes were furtively watching the livelier table where his friend sat.

With her second glass of champagne Liliha's earlier urbanity returned. There was this difference in her manner, however, that always, through her talk and laughter, she kept an oblique attention fastened on Tom. All of her little group succumbed to her spell. Young Wheeler watched her in youthful adoration. Kingsley was amused, almost conquered in spite of himself. Alice was her mother's laughing second; Ada smilingly content and happy in her own shy way. Seeing the half-envious glances cast on the gay group from adjoining tables, Philip felt himself doubly alone in his nightmare dread of what this sparkling captivating woman, envy-baited, might find it in her raging heart to do.

Just as a blazing chafing dish was set before them, a blare of cornets and trombones announced the turn of the year. The old century went out to shrieks and catcalls, laughter, uplifted glasses, waving napkins and showers of confetti. The new century was ushered in with meaningless handclasps between indifferent people whom accident found side by side, with singing in half-maudlin solemnity an atrociously lagging "Auld Lang Syne," Howard's thoughts went back a year—he and Tom alone on New Year's Eve in the little

Haute Savoie village of St. Nicholas de Véroce. Crisp cold moonlight throwing tapering fir shadows across a snowy road; against a starry sky the moonlit radiance of icy, illimitable Mont Blanc. Silence, peace, beauty! In such manner should the years be sped, not like this! Did Tom remember? Philip's eyes sought his friend. He was silently pledging Liliha over a brimming glass—Liliha triumphant, a gleam of malice in her dark eyes.

They sat down again to supper. Dread was growing in Philip. The rich food choked him. He fingered an untasted glass. Liliha's laughter was growing louder, more unrestrained. Young Wheeler looked embarrassed, half ashamed. Ada caught a reflection of uneasiness from him.

"Oh, mother!" she remonstrated in a low voice as Liliha again filled her glass. "You know you never take champagne!"

Liliha watched the breaking bubbles smilingly. "Little girls mustn't give advice—not unless they wish to be sent to bed," she said without rancour.

Kingsley reached for his cigarette case.

"That's right—that's what I want," said Liliha, and held out a glittering hand.

Young Wheeler found a rather shaky voice. "That's all right for a woman in Paris, Mrs. Haddon, but—really—it—it's not done here."

"Everything goes to-night," said Kingsley, giving her a light. "Let joy be unrefined." He was watching her closely now, a sneering look of satisfaction on his face.

"Un-re-fined!" Liliha repeated after him. Her elbow was on the table. She bowed her eyes against the back of her hand and shook with uncontrollable laughter. She peered from under her hand at Philip. "Can *you* be unrefined?" she asked and shook with laughter again. In another moment, preternaturally solemn, she lifted her head, puffed lazily at her cigarette and gazed out through the smoke straight at Tom.

Alice, Philip could see, had not yet realized that anything was wrong. He was afraid that might be because she too had had too much champagne. But Ada was all one painful glow of shame. Could he not get the girls away? A strain of music from the ballroom quickened strangely his feeling of dread. The melody had a haunting familiarity. What association could it possibly have for him? He shook off the feeling impatiently.

"The dancing is beginning again," he said, looking with intention at young Wheeler. The boy had not tasted his wine. "Shall we not go back to the ballroom? Miss Ada, I claim this dance with you."

Liliha looked up in sudden fury from her brooding gaze at Tom. "You sit still where you are!"

she said to Ada. "Don't you dare to break up my party, or I'll smack you in the face before the whole crowd."

The last rag of refinement was gone from her. Her voice rang raucous and coarse. A bit of the harlot, a bit of the fishwife, she sat before them stripped of the gentility that had clothed her for fifteen years.

Anger left her as suddenly as it had come. "Listen to that music!" she said. "'The Beach of Waiakaic' they call it when they dance the two-step to it here. But it's mine—my hula. You ought to remember that, Tom Gregory! Tom—my chief! My k-king!" Laughing unsteadily, she made as if to rise and go to him, but sat down again at Philip's touch on her arm.

"Liliha, for heaven's sake—the girls!" he said.

The music penetrated louder, distorted, conventionalized, thrillingly familiar, unmistakably the old chant of the dawn. Liliha shook off his hand. Her arms began to sway rhythmically.

"*E uliuli kai, e Pele ke akua e*——" her voice pealed out over the room. In the sudden silence Liliha rose to her feet. Arms, head, body—it was not she who followed the rhythm; rhythm flowed from her; she was rhythm herself. Suddenly she stopped and stared about her, moved her body uneasily. "That's not it," she muttered. "Not

right. Whoever heard of—dancing a hula—in stays?"

The scraping of chairs had ceased, the retreat of slippered feet. A door slammed, shutting out the recurrent haunting strain. Three or four waiters in a corner whispered behind their hands. Tom too had gone, along with the other outraged, scandalized guests. The little stricken group around Liliha's table sat alone, Kingsley smoking, blowing slow rings into the air.

Liliha turned and looked at them. Philip saw consciousness stir in her, but it could not break through the torpor of her brain. She wavered back to the table and fell across it, overturning the glasses, hiding her blue-black head in her arms.

CHAPTER XI

AT THE EBB

ONE Sunday afternoon in August of that year Howard stood on the new Alexandre III. bridge trying to make up his mind in which direction to start out for a solitary walk. He had planned, earlier in the day, to let the vesper hour find him in the dusky silence of Notre-Dame. But the afternoon did not lend itself to indoor reverie. A brisk wind had sprung up. Pennants were gaily flying from the Exposition towers downstream. Passers-by struggled jovially with clinging skirts and uncontrollable hats. There was even more stir and jollity than is usual to a Latin Sunday. Philip's countrymen, according to their usage, had scattered for the day to Versailles and St. Cloud and Fontainebleau, leaving the evanescent city along the Seine to the Gallic celebration of the Sabbath that he always loved. The Exposition of a weekday was an American promenade. But to-day the United States exhibits were all closed. It would be pleasant to visit the place for once without the voice of Oshkosh perpetually dinning delight in his ear.

He paused to study the single span of the bridge, to note the effect of the bronze figures that surmounted the pylons, the picture that they framed of the dome of the Invalides. Full of movement, these winged figures, full of vigour and life. They seemed to strike the keynote of the city in its exposition mood. His thoughts went back to the former exposition, eleven years before. As he strolled on down stream he tried without great success to focus in his mind blurred impressions of the buildings and art of that earlier time. After all, what attracted one to these periodic crystallizations of the advertising spirit was less their architecture, their art, or cunningly displayed wares of trade than their vast concourse of people, the human comedy involved in this conflict of holiday humour and mercantile greed.

People of every nation under the sun gathered together *en fête,* gathered together in the work that drew the crowds, fascinated, to this spot, in the cunning that enticed coins from unwary pocketbooks. Every gamin in the city expected to have his share of the spoils. The old women vendors of newspapers and oranges and park chairs seemed to have multiplied fourfold—those terrible old women of Paris with their endless clamour for sous.

In this victoria a French officer and a bishop ; in

that a white-robed sheik. Afoot here, on the quay, a Gascon peasant in blue béret and red sash. Interesting to know what some of these provincial people, drawn for the first time out of their placid grooves, really in their hearts thought of it all. Howard smiled to himself, remembering the fat country curé he had seen in the Beaux Arts palace but now, making for a Holy Family and trying to scuttle past a Venus unscathed. He wished that Tom were here with him. This would be an afternoon after Tom's own heart. A little frown creased Philip's forehead and he pushed the thought aside. He was worried about Tom.

Down near the Pont d'Alma Philip paused again. Those flat domes and minarets that clustered about the Trocadero gave the effect of an Oriental city. Under the low glint of the sun they had a magical brilliance against the sky. The Seine was glowing already with afternoon gold. The cafés along the quays were thronged. Should he dine early and keep the later evening free to watch day turn to illumined night along the river? Philip decided to push on, past the Siberian palaces to a little restaurant near the Chinese section that reminded him of Chinatown in the city by the Pacific that he had chosen definitely for his future home.

As he approached the Chinese village he glanced at his watch and saw that it was barely six o'clock.

He decided to loiter for a while in the quiet spot, sheltered both from the breeze and from the stream of sightseers. The benches under the trees were empty except for the one nearest him, where a woman in mourning sat sidelong, her face turned from him. Her solitude and her black dress gave him a vague sense of pity. This was no place for sad hearts, amid the tinsel glitter of artificial joy. Colder and harder even than a normal city was Paris in her exposition mood.

He was about to pass on to the next bench when he was arrested by something in the rigidity of the woman's attention. He turned his own head to follow the direction of her gaze.

"By Jove, what a picture!" he said to himself.

On the doorstep of a pagoda only a few yards away sat a half-naked Chinese baby, a child of perhaps two years old. His fat little legs were turned out, his hands fondled his toes. Evidently he had escaped from under a busy mother's hand, for his few garments hung on him unbuttoned and awry. He sat there, complacent as Buddha, gazing with Oriental inscrutability out on a new and diverting world. Only for a moment did his scrutiny last. A lavender-brocaded, betrousered mother rushed out at him with voluble outcries and snatched him back to those inner fastnesses of the village where some sort of domestic life was still carried on.

Howard laughed aloud. The woman on the bench turned to give him a startled glance. To his amazement he recognized Liliha. He almost doubted the evidence of his eyes, for it was a Liliha without sparkle, without vitality, almost without charm. A mourning bonnet concealed her hair. Her eyes were deeply circled and had a haunting look of pain.

"You!" she said. "How strange to find you here."

He took her hand and sat down beside her. The remembrance of their last meeting was so strong upon him, the contrast of this dun woman with that brilliant memory so amazing, that he found himself without words. He took refuge in the immediate present.

"I, like you, was attracted by that child," he said.

Her lips showed the ghost of a smile. "He made me think of Honolulu, long ago. The Chinese babies used to come out on the doorstones to sit in the sun. They looked so wise, so old——" She broke off suddenly and threw back her head with something of her old fire in the gesture. "Why do you always make me talk of old times!" She stopped again and drew in her underlip, biting it savagely. "I haven't seen you since I made that exhibition of myself at the Mare Vista."

"No," he said, awkwardly enough. Liliha and her whole party had vanished from the Mare Vista before the New Year's day had dawned. He had not seen nor heard from them since. It flashed across his mind now that his last copy of the San Francisco *Argonaut* had announced the engagement of young Wheeler and Margery Dwight.

"That was half your fault," she said morosely. "You shouldn't have started me thinking of Heath and old times. Especially after that fool waiter had upset me so——" She shuddered and touched her black dress. "The sign came true, too," she said under her breath. "You knew?"

"Yes," he said gently. "I was grieved to hear it. The San Francisco papers reported your daughter's death in the same issue as Ada's marriage to Kingsley."

She stared at him with a hard look that he could not understand.

"You've got the names wrong. That's what should have happened, perhaps. But it was Ada who died."

"Ada!" he said in bewilderment. "Then the papers confused the names. I remember——" He checked himself. He remembered Minnie's biting comment on the despatch. The news item had revived cruel gossip in San Francisco for a day. "But the marriage notice—did *Alice* marry

Kingsley?" He had not meant his voice to reveal so much surprise.

She looked at him sharply.

"Perhaps he told you that he meant to marry Ada—that Kanakas were second choice? He's told us that—since. He gets quite confidential when he drinks. Poor little Ada died of pneumonia the week before he reached Paris. But he was badly in debt. He had to raise money somehow. So he persuaded Alice to marry him. Persuaded! She was mad about him. Poor little Ada, did I say? She's the happy one. She died."

He thought to himself as he looked down at her clenched hands that this was a Liliha stranger to him than the woman who had flashed back into his life across a span of twenty years. Flame, he had called her that night. Through all the fury of her jealousy, in the smart of her thwarted ambition, in her abasement even, he had been able to trace in her the old allurement of his dream bather of the dawn. Now he grieved for the loss of the nymph in her as he might have grieved for Liliha dead. This was a different woman, a woman of cold steel. All the fire of her nature was tempered to a biting edge of bitterness and hate.

"Are they—the Kingsleys—in Paris now?" he asked, after a painful silence.

"They're with me. I have an apartment on the Avenue Carnot. He has to have someone to

leave her with when he's amusing himself with his friends."

"She's well?"

"There's a baby coming in December," she said, as simply as a continental woman would have done. For a moment she was silent, then she threw out her hands in a savage gesture. "Oh, if it's only a boy! I looked at that baby there," her backward-thrown head conjured up the child at the door, "and I asked myself what difference his colour will ever make to him. Yellow race, brown or white, a man has his place in the world and keeps it. Look at Tom Gregory! Does his brown blood make life any harder for him? But we brown women—we live eternally under some white man's scorn."

Aching sympathy for her silenced the correction on his lips. He knew too well what evil Tom's brown blood had brought to him. A house divided against itself; that had long been Howard's excuse for the waywardness that had done so much to wreck the life of his friend. But Liliha knew nothing of that. She saw only Tom's apparently unquestioned position in a world that had denied entrance to her. Howard felt as never before what her own sense of isolation must be. Before he recognized her his heart had gone out in sympathy toward her, a solitary mourner in a jubilant, uncaring city. But loneliness could be no new thing

to Liliha. He remembered how, long ago, when he himself had first realized the single-handed game she must play with fate, he had thought of intrepid canoe voyages on far Polynesian seas. But in the clearer perspective of the present he saw that Liliha in her voyage was more completely solitary even than those bands of brown adventurers. Her craft stood out alone to sea.

Even such sympathy as he could give, he who no longer was stirred to find himself beside her, must be rare to Liliha.

"I wish with all my heart that there was something I could do for you," he said, under the impulse of this last thought. "But I'm called back to San Francisco. I leave in a day or two. Will you be back there this winter?"

Liliha shook her head. "My goose is cooked in San Francisco," she said grimly. "I'll never show my face there again." After a pause she rose and said with a softer expression, "You can do one thing—come home and dine with us. Alice doesn't get out at all. It will do her good to talk to you—one man who's never been ashamed to be seen in her company."

"I'll come with pleasure," said Philip, rising. "Shall I find a cab?"

"No, I would rather walk. It's not far. Near the Étoile."

Liliha's apartment, she told him, she had rented

furnished from rich Brazilians whose year in Paris had been abruptly terminated by illness at home. It might have been rented from an upholsterer, Philip reflected, for all it showed of personality. It reeked of money, money recklessly expended without taste. In its lavishness of gold-framed mirrors, onyx clocks and frescoed walls it suggested a French bourgeois *milieu*. But no French interior he had ever seen had given him such an impression of chaotic, meaningless display. The overcrowded furniture was awkwardly disposed. Not a single chair invited rest. There were no evidences of daily occupation, no women's work, no books. The impersonality of everything about the place depressed him. Only desperately unhappy women lived so detached from their surroundings.

The forlorn drawing-room brought still another aspect of the change in Liliha to Philip's mind. At the Mare Vista the battle lust in her, the superb way she had held her head high despite the ostracism of the women, had challenged his warmest admiration. This room suggested to him cessation of struggle, of effort itself. A half hour's consideration might have transformed the tasteless apartment into a home. That Liliha with her abounding energy, her strong originality, should have lived in it for long months, unheeding, bespoke the dull acquiescence of defeat.

The two women joined him only as dinner was announced. Alice, Philip instantly felt, had no interest in seeing him at all. He was shocked at the change in the girl. The girl, indeed, was gone. She seemed to have lived through ten dragging years in one. She was restless, impatient with her mother and with him. She had none of the half-narcotized calm of the expectant mother, none of the happiness. Her haggard eyes smouldered with resentment at her lot.

Philip made a mental calculation. The girl could be barely nineteen—Liliha's age when she had been deserted by Heath. But Liliha had grown up in the realities of a grass hut, Alice in the evasions of a convent school. Liliha, whatever might have been the savage passion that carried her out of herself at last, could have been said to have made her choice with open eyes. She had known what life would hold for her when passion died. He could imagine her sitting on the park bench in that unfriendly Australian city, her infant on her lap, calmly casting up her reckoning with fate. Alice would never dream that there could be a reckoning for her. He recalled her tomboy assurance on New Year's Eve, the assurance wealth gives to its children that the world is theirs to command. An engaging youngster she had seemed to him that night, in the cursory notice his absorption in Liliha had accorded her. He could imagine Kingsley

after their marriage captivated by her almost against his will for a time. He would have liked her madcap spirit. He had not been at all a bad sort of fellow in his youth. Howard could believe that he might even have meant to deal squarely with the girl whose money put him on easy street. But he would not be likely long to have patience with an ailing woman, consideration for one not beautiful. Howard sighed to read the sordid truth. Alice, unwillingly bringing a new life into the world, had thereby lost her own chance of holding to her the one life for which she cared.

It was a dreary dinner. He and Liliha talked meaningless gossip of empty things. They were finishing coffee when Alice spoke out of a long brooding silence.

"There!" she said. "Max's knock! I told you, mother, that we shouldn't have sat down to dinner so soon."

Liliha took the reproof meekly. She rang the bell for the maid. "Dinner for the master, Lucile," she said in French. "And as quickly as you can."

Howard felt profoundly uncomfortable. He had a strong conviction that Kingsley would resent his presence. Surprised the young man certainly was to find him there. He stood in the dining-room door, a slow colour rising in his face.

"You!" he said, as Liliha had done, but without even her first half-hearted cordiality. Then he collected himself and came forward to greet Philip. "If I had known of your coming I would have made an effort to join you earlier," he said. Courteous as the words were, in them rang reproach for the women whom by speech and glance he ignored.

"We met by accident," Philip explained.

Liliha did not lead him back to the drawing-room as he half expected, but resigning all claim to him as her own guest, ceded him to Kingsley. She sat attentive but completely disregarded while Kingsley made a leisurely meal. Alice left the table almost at once and sat by the open window, silently looking out into the darkness. Not a word or a look passed between husband and wife throughout Howard's visit. The two men bore the burden of the spasmodic talk. Twice, when Philip mentioned the names of writers known to them both, the painful colour burned again in the journalist's sullen face.

Howard left the house that evening pitying Kingsley more than he would have thought possible an hour before. The man despised himself for the bargain he had made. He knew that he had set his feet on the road that led to further debasement, to the loss of the talent that had lent meaning to his life. Philip sighed, but succeeding

thoughts hardened his heart against the adventurer. Not alone the youth in Alice, but some vital principle in Liliha—self-love, mother-love, love of life itself—lay in the dust, dying by Kingsley's hand.

CHAPTER XII

SCORN OF MEN

"DID she say when she would return?" Howard glanced up at his secretary from a note in his hand.

"Some time this afternoon. She didn't mention the hour."

"Hm!" said Howard thoughtfully. "All right, Sessions, show her in at once when she comes. I'll be here until four."

As the young man closed the office door behind him Philip's eyes ran over the note again. It was scribbled on his own stationery and had been handed to him sealed.

"I want to see you on business," it began abruptly without prefix. "Will return this afternoon. I will send in my name as Mrs. Heath. Please do not mention the name Haddon to any one. Liliha."

Philip tore up the note and went to the window. His office was on the top floor of the Crocker Building and commanded a much-loved view of San Francisco Bay. He took his perplexities always to that window; before it he had pondered many a brief. Anything worth while, he told him-

self, ought to have the sweep of the sky in it. For him at least only narrow, short-sighted conclusions were arrived at within the constraint of four walls.

As he stood there now he was not seeing the stream of street cars and wagons and pedestrians on Market Street, nor the blue of the bay, nor the brown hills beyond. He was back in an apartment on the Avenue Carnot. He had thought of that evening often enough since he had left Liliha there, especially during the trying period when questions arising from Tom's tangled affairs had turned his mind back necessarily into the past. Until some three months ago the Liliha of the old days had perhaps held his thoughts more often than the hollow-eyed woman in Paris. But ever since he had read the shocking news of the death of both the Kingsleys in a motor accident on the Riviera he had been haunted by his last encounter with her. He had not heard from her, not even in response to the letter he had written. The door opened to Sessions' light preliminary knock.

"Mrs. Heath, sir," the secretary said, admitting a heavily veiled woman in mourning. Philip came forward to meet her. The door closed.

"Incognito, Liliha!" he said, smiling as he held out his hand.

"Yes," she said sombrely. He remembered that with him Liliha never had felt called upon to answer smile with smile when she was not amused.

"I don't want anyone to know I'm here. I'm registered at the Palace as Mrs. Heath."

Mrs. Heath? The mystery could wait, however. There was something he must say to her first. He took her hand in both of his. "I was so terribly shocked to hear of that accident, Liliha. I wrote you——"

She drew her hand away and threw back her veil. "It wasn't an accident," she said quietly and sat down in his client's chair.

With horror gripping him he gazed into her worn face.

"Not an accident?"

"No. Alice drove over that cliff on purpose. I know just as well as if she had told me so herself."

"But her own child—her husband! Liliha, don't let such an idea take possession of you. What possible proof——"

"Proof! A lawyer's word. It's because the child was with her that I know. Alice didn't want to live. She didn't want her baby to live. But the women of my family are a hardy lot. We aren't easy to kill. So she ended things for herself. Given desperation and a motor on the Grand Corniche——" she finished the phrase with a gesture.

Philip walked over to the window. Even in the moment of his first recoil, subconsciously his mind had accepted the truth of Liliha's conviction.

That was the sort of thing that, goaded to desperation, ungoverned little madcap Alice might have been expected to do. To carry both husband and child with her! Horror surged over him again.

He controlled himself and came back to sit at his desk.

"I think she meant to do it when she left me that morning. It wasn't a sudden impulse. I might have guessed. It wasn't like her to kiss me good-bye." Liliha spoke without apparent emotion. From the first her voice had been calm and even. Was the fire all burned out in her, Philip wondered. She might have been an old woman recalling a far-away tragedy of her youth.

"The papers here said that the baby escaped without injury. Was that true?"

"Yes—without serious injury. Scratches, bruises, of course. But she must have been thrown out just as the car lurched from the road. It's on her account I'm here. I want you to see her before I begin on what I've come to say."

"The baby is here?"

"In the outer office with the nurse. Will you have her come in?"

Liliha went to meet the nurse at the door and took the baby from her arms. "Leave Helen with me, Emma," she said. "You can go back to the hotel."

"Yes, Mrs. Heath," answered the maid. As she went out Howard looked at Liliha with a

frown. It both puzzled and irritated him, her use of that name.

Liliha, taking off the baby's cap, patted into order the loose tendrils of light brown hair. "There!" she said, rising to place the child on Howard's knee. "Take a good look at her, man. Not much of the Kanaka about her, is there?"

"No, indeed," said Philip, embarrassed. The child, quite unafraid, looked smilingly into his face. One of her hands, groping, met his finger and clutched it firmly. The clasp of the tiny fingers gave Philip a strange sensation, half pleasure, half pain. He did not remember to have held a baby thus since Richard Gregory——

Liliha broke into a harsh laugh. "Don't mince words, Philip Howard. Black is black and white is white—when you label them that way. Squeamishness over words is no help to me. Well, what do you think of her?"

"A fine baby, really a beautiful baby. Let me see, how old——" He thought to himself somewhat ruefully that he did not know what constituted a particularly fine child. This one was unusually appealing with her bright unafraid eyes. A tender little mite whom her mother had tried to destroy.

"Going on ten months. Here, let me take her before she gets restless. Give me the cushion out of your chair. Heavens, how hard! That coat—

give me that overcoat . . . Now she'll be happy without attention from us." Liliha returned to her chair, watching the contentedly kicking baby in moody silence.

"Why have you concealed your own name, Liliha?" Howard asked, looking not at her but at the child.

"I'm coming to that. Tell me first—was that old confusion of names ever corrected in the San Francisco press?"

"Confusion?" he repeated absently, fascinated by the strange spectacle of a baby kicking happily in a corner of his office floor.

"The mistake in the girls' names—the marriage and death notice," she reminded him.

"No, never, Liliha. I know because—because in the report of the accident Mrs. Kingsley's name was again given as Ada Haddon."

"Nobody corrected it?"

"No." He remembered that paragraph. To the newspaper world the tragedy was a matter of concern mainly because of Kingsley, the journalist. The wife was an incident merely, mentioned almost as casually as the automobile—one of the many lives that flutter out unnoticed, every day in the year.

"Thank God!" said Liliha.

Howard swung his chair around to look directly at her.

"What's in your mind, Liliha? If you want my help——"

"I do. I want you to help me bring up Helen in the belief that she's Ada's daughter, not Alice's."

"Why?" he asked quietly after a pause.

Her eyes burned angrily into his. Something of the old Liliha in them still!

"Do you have to be told that, Philip Howard? You've known three generations of us tortured by the same unhappiness. There's not enough brown blood in that child to show in her skin or her eyes or her hair. But there's enough to shadow her whole life. I can't go through it again. I won't have another woman of my blood hear nigger thrown at her by a drunken brute."

"Liliha——"

"Don't try to tell me it's not the same thing!" she cried at him. It was a relief to have her break out of that stony calm. "Brown or black, life for a woman of mixed blood is the same. We're outcasts to the end of time."

Useless to tell her that the part truth in this was not all the truth, useless to point out that for these three generations the woman had chosen always to mate with the same heartless mould. Not colour, perhaps, more than the hot intemperate passions in all their breasts had wrought tragedy for the three women of this race. But as the white

blood flowed stronger in their veins, how suffering, how rebellion had increased! Old Hana—the white man's scorn in after years had left upon her little more than the pinprick of a memory. Liliha, had not ambition complicated her conception of herself, could have lived down her own bitter experience, seen it fade into an unimportant shadow on the bright surface of an easy, pleasure-loving life. But Alice—— His eyes brooded on the child.

"You have been thinking this over," he said at last. "You have some plan to suggest? Explain your idea to me fully, Liliha. I'm talking in the dark. What bearing on this has your use of Heath's name?"

"I mean to have Mrs. Haddon die abroad. No!" she said, answering his startled look with one of contempt. "I don't mean to kill myself. I'm not that sort. But I don't intend to saddle Helen with Kanaka relatives. Even a mother's stepmother brings it all too close."

"Do you mean to separate yourself from her?"

"Not entirely. I couldn't do that. I mean to be a—well, half guardian, half nurse. A sort of dependent of her grandmother's, she can think me, —some one befriended by her long ago. Ada's own mother did spend four or five years in the Islands, you know. Ada was born there. I want you to be her real guardian. Tend to the business and legal part."

"I!" he said, startled. "I tend to—— Why bring me into this? Surely the lawyer for the Kingsleys' estate——"

"As a matter of fact the estate is mine," she said dryly. "Kingsley left nothing but debts. Alice had an income that I gave her, but no property of her own. Haddon's estate was divided between Ada and me, and she willed back to me her half."

"I thought Alice was adopted by Haddon?"

"Not legally. It made no difference to her, poor child. I'd have shared my last dollar with her. But Helen will inherit everything from me; she gets nothing from her mother."

"Had Kingsley relatives—or Haddon?"

"None living now on either side."

"I still don't wholly grasp——"

She threw back her head impatiently. "I mean to deed over the property to her now and then vanish as Mrs. Haddon for good and all."

"Leaving your old age to the caprice of that child?"

"I don't mean to impoverish myself. There's enough for both and to spare. I can set aside for myself what I like."

"And accounts, records, documents—you seem to have a naïve conception of an executor's or a guardian's responsibilities," said he, dryly in his turn. A slow anger was rising in him that Liliha

should presume to suggest a deception such as this. Even his sense of her moral limitations could not keep the resentment from his voice.

She shrugged off his scruples impatiently. "Who'll bother his head with all this fifteen or twenty years hence? I'm willing, however, to protect you with any kind of a signed statement you like, but on the distinct understanding that you don't tell Helen of it before my death, nor after it, unless for a mighty good reason to which I've given consent."

He frowned over this in silence, then said brusquely.

"You've got a remarkable idea of the visibility of the human form. How do you expect to vanish as one identity and yet preserve a place about the child as another?"

"I expect to be forgotten. It's easier than you think." She put up her hands and drew back her bonnet. "Do I look much like the woman you danced with that New Year's Eve?"

Her hair showed broad bands of grey. The flesh of cheeks and neck had sagged into loose flabby lines. From superb maturity she had passed into haggard middle age. He himself had aged during this time, but not in body, like this. He was conscious mainly of an added dryness, a bitterness, perhaps, in the quality of his mind. Life still held activity, however, promise even.

But Liliha—what was left to her in the withering of her gorgeous womanhood?

She answered his half-shocked, half-pitying look with a shrug and a hard smile. "The queer part is that I don't mind—now. It was bad enough at first—just after that New Year. We started for Paris the very next day. And the first time we went to the Opera we met someone who had been at the Mare Vista that night. The buzzing that went on behind the fans! I might have stuck it out, fought it down, but Ada was taken sick just then and before I got to going out again things were going badly for Alice. And then I didn't care."

She settled her black bonnet more carefully back on her head and looked down at the baby on the floor. "We Island women go off quickly when we begin to fade. You hardly knew me yourself at first in Paris, Philip Howard. And even when you recognized me I wasn't Liliha to you. You spoke to me differently. I knew that night that I'd really grown old. Well, so much the better for Helen. In ten years from now you could pass me without knowing me at all. The thing is easy enough. Six or seven years in a French provincial village until Helen is ready for school—after that a veil when I go out. Vanish! That's the easiest part."

He found his thoughts drifting away from

Liliha. Behind his deep concern for her another emotion, born of his new perception of the growing weight of years, hammered incessantly for recognition. Had his own baby lived he might now have a grandchild of his own.

With an effort he raised his blurred look from the baby to Liliha's face, saying, after a brief silence:

"The price is too high, Liliha. You shouldn't exile yourself from your friends."

"Friends!" she burst out, but he held up a restraining hand.

"Let me finish. You're too overwrought now to see this thing in true perspective. The associations of ten years or more are not to be thrown away with so careless a hand. Think this over for a year and you'll realize that you're planning a needless sacrifice for a very problematical gain. With the child herself the straight obvious course is best. Bring her up as your own grandchild, something to live for in your old age——"

"Another marriage like her mother's, perhaps. I'd rather kill her with my own hands. Associations! Do you know what the last ten years mean to me? A groping for something always out of reach. My mind is as white as yours, Philip Howard, but because there's dark blood in my body my 'associates' think I must be different. And they end by making me so. Why do you

think I let go on New Year's Eve? Because those trumpery women despised me? No! Why did Alice kill herself? Not alone because her husband despised her. Her reason was mine: we'd learned to despise ourselves. You can't hold on to self-respect forever. You tell yourself that dark blood doesn't mean inferiority. You fight that idea with all your strength. And suddenly it gets you. You give up. You know that there's something back of an instinct that's rooted so deep. And you're helpless then. You're gone. Helen *mustn't know!* That's the only thing I want in the world. I want one woman with my blood in her to grow up without knowing what it is to lose her self-respect."

There fell a long silence. Philip was stirred as he had been by the touch of the baby hand. The years-old power of this woman to quicken elemental emotion was with her still. In the egoism of her young beauty all her impulses, all her normal conceptions, had had as their focus herself. Now self was laid aside. The vanished beauty was transmuted into a finer essence. The soul had flowered above the withered plant.

But what did Liliha's abnegation demand of him? Philip's whole mind revolted from the thought. What was sacrifice in Liliha, nobility of purpose, for him meant only black deceit.

"Why—why unearth the name of Heath?" he

demanded suddenly, arousing himself with an impatient lift of the shoulders. "There are people living in whose minds that identifies you at once as Liliha Knight."

"Let it. That wouldn't connect me with Haddon in any one's mind but yours. I married him as Lillian Browne—I thought Lillian sounded more white," she explained with a flicker of self-mockery. "All the estate papers are written and signed that way—Lillian Browne Haddon."

"But what right had you to that name?" he exclaimed. professionally aghast.

"As much to that as to any other. Until I married Haddon I suppose I had no right to any name."

The simple truth of this was like a blow to him. Liliha accepted it calmly enough, but to him it was an arraignment of civilization and civilized mankind.

He put aside for the moment the possible invalidation of even that right by her use of a feigned name. If Haddon's family was extinct with Ada, as he supposed, then no question concerning his marriage was ever likely to arise. He made a mental note to probe Minnie. She had Island genealogies at her finger ends.

"There is one other person who would connect the names," Liliha said with a little frown. "Tom Gregory."

Philip's hand closed in a quick grip over the arm of his chair. "Haven't you heard?" he asked quietly. "Tom Gregory died last spring."

Liliha's look of mute sympathy almost unmanned him. In it, for the first time that day, he could fully link up this woman with the vanished Liliha of his early dreams. For the moment he had a passionate wish that life could have ended for them all with that vibrant episode of the past. Life should be like a drama, ending decently at its apex, not stretching out meaninglessly throughout empty or torturing years.

"Where's Tom's boy?" asked Liliha in a low tone.

"In the East at school." Philip turned a picture frame that stood on his desk.

Liliha held out her hand for it, studied it with a rather grim look. "Are you his guardian?"

"Yes."

She pushed the photograph from her with a resentful movement. "Why shouldn't you be guardian, then, for my baby?"

"It isn't the guardianship," he said shortly. "I don't like—deception. I don't believe it ever pays to suppress the truth."

"Deception!" she echoed with contempt. "Truth! What's truth? The latest lie! Mrs. Adams had one truth, Mr. Crabbe another, Father Rochambeau——"

"I'm not talking theology, Liliha, but plain honesty."

"And I'm talking plain common sense. Would it harm anyone living or dead for that child to believe herself Ada's daughter?"

"How do I know? I can't look ahead." He laughed shortly. "The harm doesn't worry me half as much as the lies—I hate lies."

"You wouldn't have to tell any," Liliha looked her scorn for his squeamishness. "That's my part. You execute the trusts or deeds or whatever the things are called, for me—living. I'll manage to circulate the news of my death. Nobody's going to question this. You forget that no one has the least interest in what becomes of me."

"The child herself," he said quietly. "There'll come a day when she'll ask questions, Liliha."

Liliha's smile held no mirth. "Children don't worry much over living parents, much less over those who are dead. I have a visit to make to a newspaper office this afternoon—to find two clippings. With them and a wedding dress and a photograph or two, questions will answer themselves."

She glanced sharply at him as he sat, his lowered head on his hand, looking moodily at the child on the floor. Suddenly she went over to Helen and lifting her, deposited her in his arms. This time the baby smiled at him.

"She's a friendly little soul," he said, with a shaken laugh.

Liliha's lips tightened. "So her mother used to be. You may remember what she was that night in Paris. If you thought you could help to keep the look she wears now on Helen's face, would a few lies count for much with you, Philip Howard?"

He laid his lean cheek for an instant against the baby's soft rosy face, then gave her back into Liliha's arms. He turned away to the window.

"I'll think it over," he said, not knowing that the child hunger in him had already worked her will.

PART THREE

CREPUSCULE (1920)

CHAPTER XIII

THE RISING GENERATION

IF both ladies are out, Emma, I had better let my man take me back to San Rafael for the night." Philip Howard turned to look undecidedly at the taxi driver standing on the steps behind him.

"Indeed, sir, Mrs. Heath'd be right put out if I let you go," said the maid, with a decision born of long knowledge of this guest's standing in the household. She stepped out into the foggy darkness and reaching her hand for Howard's bag, signalled the driver his dismissal. "You were expected to-morrow, Mr. Howard, I know. And with Miss Helen only a step away—I'll call up Mrs. Durbrow's and she'll be over in no time."

"I don't want to spoil her evening," Howard demurred, stepping inside the door nevertheless. He unwound a muffler from his neck and shrugging himself free from his greatcoat resigned it to the maid. "This isn't her first meeting with Miss Sue since your return?"

"Dear me, no, sir!" Emma ushered him across the wide hall to the living-room. "Five meals they've had together in these three days."

"They've skimmed the cream of the year's separation then," he agreed. "Very well, Emma. Tell her I'm here, but not to hurry home on my account."

"You'll have dinner, sir?"

"Thanks—no. I dined at the hotel."

The maid left the room and Howard turned to the fire, holding chilly hands to the blaze. At once his eye was caught by a small bronze medallion on the mantelshelf. He picked it up; an exquisite bit of French workmanship. Abel Lafleur, eh? Low relief—two bathers on the brink of a pool. His mind flashed back to an ocean cove at dawn. Smiling, he put the medallion back in its place. Not one of Liliha's travel trophies, this! Liliha, nothing if not moral in her later years, frowned on the nude in art. Helen's choice, therefore. Philip approved her taste. But to find the thing displayed in so prominent a place——

"Hm!" said Philip, and clasping hands behind him, moved to stand with his back to the fire. His eyes roved curiously over the beautifully proportioned old room. No other increment visible; not unpacked yet, probably. Liliha's souvenirs of Europe not infrequently arrived by freight. He glanced distastefully at the costly pottery, the decently clothed bronzes, the elaborate embroideries pity the room had not been left in its earlier style. Pompous it had been, of course, like all old man-

sions of the seventies, with high ceilings and crystal chandeliers and endless mirrors, suiting Liliha's taste for gilded magnificence; but even so it had had a distinction that it now lacked. Liliha's home, he had always termed it to himself, though Helen was nominally mistress here, Liliha only a sublimated form of housekeeper. Housekeeper, indeed! Dowager empress was more like the fact.

Philip shrugged. He sauntered to a window, lifted the curtain and stared out into the murky blackness. Nothing could be seen to-night of the old formal garden that he loved, outrageous fountain, moss-grown statuary and all. He began to pace slowly up and down the room. Liliha had done well in this place that she had chanced upon in her search for seclusion long ago. Tucked away in a valley of Marin County, accessible to San Francisco and yet with a milder climate than the city she detested. Helen, of course, had been too young then to have been consulted in the choice. He stopped to frown at the medallion, the only imprint of the girl's personality the room bore. Had he been right in thinking he detected a caustic overtone in some of the allusions to Liliha Helen's recent letters had contained?

A door slammed. He heard a low-pitched young voice raised in question, heard the quick tap of high heels across a polished floor. And then a

pink whirlwind burst into the room and enveloped him. He bent down to the girl—a little thing hardly up to his shoulder. The cool freshness of the spring fog breathed from her cheek and hair.

After clinging to him a moment without speaking she released him with an ecstatic squeeze of his arm.

"What luck!" she cried. "Mammy Lil went to San Rafael to church and I'll have my first crack at you alone."

"Oh, my dear!" said he instantly. "You've cut your hair!"

She shook the brown curls, half in deprecation, half defiantly. "Don't rag me about it, uncle dearest! I'm just through one war with Mammy Lil. All the girls cut their hair. You'll like me, really you will, when you recover from the first shock."

"Modern improvements!" said he grudgingly. "What else? You don't smoke, do you?" He was annoyed to find himself unable to make the question sound as careless as he wished.

"Only among my contemporaries," she assured him with an oblique glance. Suddenly she giggled. "You goose! Of course I don't. Would if I wanted to, but my mouth's too big, worse luck. Only cupid's-bow girls ought to try it—Sue's a dream!"

He gave her a sharp glance. "Little minx!"

he said, inwardly delighted to find her faculty for seeing through and getting the better of him unimpaired. He crossed to the fireplace and sank into a leather chair, leaning his white head rather languidly against the cushion and giving himself up to the warmth and ease so welcome after his long day of chilly driving. Helen, suddenly a bit grave, he thought, followed and perched on the arm of his chair. His hand covered hers. He glanced up at the mantelshelf.

"Charming thing, that medallion," he said casually. "Pick it up yourself, Helen?"

"Yes," she answered, with a moody glance at him. "Good place for it, don't you think? I chose that too." Her lips closed in a tight line.

He checked a question. Better to let her take her own time.

"So Mrs. Heath's at church," he prompted, after a pause.

"Yes." Helen slipped to a low fender stool at his side upon which she drooped, bare arms clasped about her knees, her head turned from him as she gazed into the flames.

His eyes dwelt on her averted face. In appearance she still looked younger to him than her nineteen years. That was perhaps due to the prevailing style in dress. Her short-skirted gown of soft rose-coloured silk was fashioned like that of a little girl. He was thankful that the child was

so apparent in her still. He had no wish to see her slip away into womanhood, into a life and individuality of her own. Yet that was what he had tacitly consented to when he had allowed Liliha to carry her off abroad.

Her continued silence troubled him. Something, evidently, was on the child's mind. "Well—and your adventures, Helen?" he asked lightly. "Your letters were enthusiastic, indeed, but neither frequent, nor what one might call consecutive."

As she glanced smilingly up at him he thought that her eyes were her best feature—clear, candid, intelligent. A rather odd, square face. The nose, lacking delicacy perhaps, imparted strength. Quaint and charming she was, if not beautiful, aside from the appealing beauty of youth.

"I am a scrappy writer," she admitted. "Of course I'll tell you—but not now. I don't get you to myself any too often, and there's something —rather important—I want to talk to you about."

"Tell me," he said with instant seriousness.

She seemed to grope for a beginning.

"Uncle Phil!" she said abruptly after a pause. "How do I come to have so much money?"

"That's going a long way back, Helen," he answered, conscious of a secret anxiety whither the question might lead and choosing his words

carefully. "Your grandmother deeded you a large estate."

"How did she get it?"

"Her husband inherited it from an uncle—a sugar planter who had been a missionary in early days. It was one of those immense land grants that have grown so valuable in latter years."

"It wasn't valuable when my great-great-uncle, or whatever he was, got it?"

At her mention of the relationship the slow colour rose in Howard's face and his nervous fingers tapped the arm of his chair. "I don't say that. Even when I first saw Mr. Haddon, forty years ago, he was a wealthy man—as wealth went then. We'd rate him differently to-day, perhaps." Philip had a flicker of amusement, remembering how his own fortune, which once had been imposing, had shrunk to insignificance beside that of the woman whom in his young magnificence he had offered to educate.

"How did it happen that my income swelled so last year?" she demanded. Her curiosity puzzled him. She had hitherto shown little interest in money affairs.

"Mainly because sugar commanded so high a price, partly because for the first time in years Haina-Haina has a really capable manager on the ground."

Her intent look at him increased his uneasiness.

"Ought I to have so much?" she asked.

"Ought? What do you mean, Helen?"

"I meant—oh, spending huge sums of money when I don't even know how they come to me."

"So you're a little socialist!" he said, relieved and amused.

"I'm not!" she flashed back at him. "It's horrid of you to laugh." Relenting, she laughed at her own heat. "I don't care—would you like it yourself, thinking perhaps you might be an oppressor of the poor?"

"Small danger of that with Richard round!" said he, a bit grimly. "He's a humanitarian—where the poor workman is concerned. He doesn't care how hardly he uses us. I haven't the princely riches that you complain of, young woman. It cost me a year's income to institute his reforms."

"Who's Richard?" she asked, eyes again on the flames.

"Manager of your plantation, and mine. Incidentally, my cousin, as you ought to remember."

"What! Richard Gregory of the Princess Pat's! Just a manager!" Disillusionment rang in the cry.

"That same Richard," he admitted, smiling. "And glad enough to exchange swashbuckling for a job, like all the rest."

"Swashbuckling!" the girl reproached him. "A man with the Victoria Cross! Oh, I know you

didn't tell me. I read about it myself. You don't half deserve a hero of your own, Uncle Phil. You never brag of him at all."

"No," he said, brooding eyes on the fire. He could hardly have explained to himself the disinclination he had always felt to bring these two wards of his together, even in thought. Perhaps their complete separation in his mind had been due in the beginning to Liliha's fierce jealousy of Tom's boy, to Minnie's bitter tongue. When Minnie, after the report of Liliha's death had set tongues wagging, had learned that he had accepted the guardianship of the Kingsley child, she had badgered him incessantly about his supposed early liaison with the dead grandmother. Her innuendo had annoyed him so much that he had been almost glad that Liliha had decided to live abroad, where his yearly visits to the child, with whom he always contrived to spend several weeks of the time supposed to be devoted to travel, never were called to Minnie's attention. Not until after his cousin's death, when Helen was about seven years old, had he urged Liliha to make California her home. Richard had been in Cornell then, and the lives of his two charges had never since touched. Philip's thoughts flashed for a moment to the boy whom, ever since Tom's death, he had regarded as his adopted son. Owing to Richard's early enlistment in the Canadian army and his long service over-

seas, Philip himself had seen him only at rare intervals during the last five years.

Realizing suddenly Helen's deep preoccupation, Philip's mind returned to the girl. Again he checked a question. No need to derail her by his impatience. Evidently, from her frowning concentration, she was getting ready to present her "important" case. He smiled to himself over the word, remembering the last dilemma she had confided to him, a year ago: an overdrawn bank account and a mortal dread of what the offended bank meant to do about it. His eyes rested now rather disapprovingly on the costly fabric of her dress. He had never endorsed Liliha's extravagance, or approved her allowing Helen so much pin money; but the spending of the constantly increasing income, his management of the estate produced, was one of many details of the anomalous household with which he felt he had no right to interfere.

After all, he consoled himself, the child was singularly little spoiled. A level-headed little body on the whole, generous, capriciously tender to the adopted uncle whom, he ruefully realized, she seldom failed to keep securely in her pocket. At any rate she ruled with laughter; that was to the good. After his long experience with Liliha's sombre tenacity, Helen's gay insistence on her mastery over him was delightful, a relief. He liked, too,

her way of wearing her enthusiasms lightly. The flare of half-ironic hero worship apparent in her reference to Richard was characteristic. He had formerly thought that this mocking lightness of hers was a trick she had caught from himself. More likely it was a mannerism of the times, another instance of the baffling habit prevalent among youngsters nowadays of keeping always on the surface of things. It crossed his mind that in all his intimate contact with her girlhood the few words just passed about her income were perhaps his nearest approach to discussing with her a moral issue that regarded herself. She had not been without ethical guidance, of course, with Liliha at her elbow! He had a jealous belief, nevertheless, that his own silent influence had been more potent than all of Liliha's precepts.

Indeed, he thought it was rather strange, considering Liliha's dominance of the girl, how little of her own strong individuality she had stamped upon Helen. The child's low, resonant voice sometimes brought the young Liliha almost startlingly before him, but not only was there no physical likeness apparent between them, Helen seemed to him utterly different in character and temperament. Where she was all boyish frankness, for example, Liliha had been feminine guile. The possibility struck him suddenly that this too might be a mannerism of modern girlhood, the funda-

mental difference between them less great than he had supposed. Smiling to himself, he admitted that whatever the variation in method might be, the younger generation assuredly exerted a like power over him with the old.

At this point in his reflections Helen lifted her head and broke the prolonged silence.

"I'm glad after all that he's the manager," she said. "It won't matter any more that you're so stingy with your Richard Gregory. I shall see him next month for myself."

"He's in the Islands," Howard said. "He isn't coming here, child."

"I know that. But I'm going there next month —to the Islands."

"No, no!" he said. His taut body expressed his mind's recoil before the thought.

"Why not?"

Even under the girl's look of surprise he could not immediately recall his composure. Blindly he gazed back at her. He had no reason, only a dread, deeper than reason, to have this girl drawn into the Island life. He passed a troubled hand over his eyes, brushing away the confused thoughts that held him silently before her questioning gaze.

"No reason!" he said, with a short laugh. "An old man's jealousy, perhaps; his regret to find that his regency is past."

The girl's hand caught his and held it to her cheek. "Not that," she said. "Your regency isn't over—it never will be. And I won't have you call yourself old. Nothing's old about you except your white hair." She laughed up at him. "And you know you're proud of that yourself—know as well as I do how distinguished it makes you look! But," she added after a pause. "I'm getting old too—so old that I don't want to be told things. I want to know things and do them, on my own."

He reminded himself that he had always known that the day might come when she would not rest without knowledge of what concerned herself. Behind his dread of what her growing intelligence might demand of him, of what he might be called upon to divulge or to conceal, subconsciously he was proud of her, delighted to find in her a dawning perception of her own relation to the larger world of affairs and men. The Victorian woman's vagueness in business, which often was symptomatic of a vagueness toward life itself, had always annoyed him. Even Liliha, he thought with a hint of derogation, for all her keen eye for balance sheets, never concerned herself in the least with the details of how that balance was achieved. Liliha——

"What does Mrs. Heath say to this idea of yours—going to the Islands?" he asked abruptly.

Helen released his hand. "I haven't told her," she said, with a defiant lift of her head.

"She may not approve."

"She doesn't have to," responded Helen coldly "This concerns me, not her. But don't you worry," she added, "she'll go."

"She hates the Islands, my dear. Hasn't been near them for thirty years or more."

Helen laughed and shrugged. "Much you know about it! She loves them. Has been crazy to get back ever since we came to California."

"Nonsense, child!" he said sharply.

"Oh, but I know! Why, she brought me up on the Islands—fed me on stories of chiefs and *menehunas* and *kahunas* as Sue's old darky mammy fed her on Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox."

"Helen!" he exclaimed. "For heaven's sake don't say that!" Darky mammy! The words—appalling words in their unconscious revelation of Liliha's true position in Helen's mind—fell like a flail over and over upon his shocked soul.

She turned to look at him in wonder. "Say what? Aren't you well, uncle? You're awfully jumpy to-night."

Controlling himself with difficulty he said, sternly for him, "It—pained me to hear you speak of Mrs. Heath in that way. To compare a woman who has given you a mother's devotion to a darky mammy is—unworthy of you, Helen."

"I didn't!" she cried, revolted in her turn. "I didn't mean it that way! Do you think I don't know what I owe her? I ought to," she added, suddenly resentful; "she reminds me often enough. Oh, I know I'm a beast!" she cried in quick contrition. "But if only she wasn't so dreadfully fond of me!"

Philip's heart stood still. "Aren't you fond of her?" he asked gravely after a pause. "I have always supposed so."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "I—I suppose I ought to be. But she's so exacting, so—possessing! Nobody but a relative has a right to hang on to another as she does to me."

Howard rose to pace the floor. "She's hit it!" he said to himself. "Right in the bull's-eye. Nobody but a relative has that right."

The girl on the fender stool fumbled in her short sleeve for a handkerchief, sniffed, and dried her eyes. "It's got to stop!" she said rebelliously. "It's a fight every time I want to do anything on my own. I'm no longer a child to take orders from her. I'm tired of scrapping over every trifle. It's a good time right now to make a change. I'm going to the Islands. Let her try to stop me. I'll tell her where to get off!" She repented again. "Uncle Phil, I know I'm a little beast."

"Poor child!" he said. "And I never guessed." He sat down beside her and put his

hand on her shoulder. "I haven't it in my heart to blame you. I'm too sorry—too desperately sorry for you both. Sorriest for her, perhaps. Life's all ahead of you, my dear, but she has only her past. And you've filled it, Helen, for nearly twenty years. Don't forget that."

Helen stiffened. She drew out from under his hand. "Don't you think people ought to fill their own lives, not spill over into others? You have to stand it with relations, I suppose. In outsiders it's rather like—impertinence. I don't mean you, uncle dearest!" she amended quickly. "You're perfect. You never butt in. She does. If only I *had* relatives!" she said under her breath. "Someone who really belonged to me. At times I feel so alone."

"Poor child!" he said again.

Suddenly she turned to him, laying both arms across his knees. Her mood, he saw, had in a moment completely changed. "Stories about one's ancestors are next best to the ancestors themselves," she said gaily. "Suppose you break the silence of ages and tell me a little about mine. Tell me about my mother and father first. Did you know them both well?"

"Your father, fairly well. Your mother I only saw twice," he said baldly.

"It was my grandmother you knew best, wasn't

it ? " A new piquancy of interest in the brown eyes quickened his latent uneasiness.

" Yes," he said.

" She was a Southerner, Mammy Lil says, a nowling beauty and a belle. I've always meant to do her credit." She leaned back and tilted her face into better view. " Do I ? Am I as beautiful as she ? "

Hot colour flooded into his lean face. Liliha's easy perversions of fact always shocked and angered him. Equivocal though his own position might be, he had never told the girl a lie about herself. " I can't discuss your grandmother with you, my dear," he said testily.

The girl nodded her head slowly as if satisfied. " You're blushing ! " she accused him. " And I've put my finger on the dark spot in your past. Which one ? The important one, of course ! My grandmother was an old sweetheart of yours ! "

" Stuff and nonsense, Helen ! Absurd ! "

She grinned at him, the gamin in her charming him as always. " No use denying it—I've suspected you for years. I'm going to pump Mammy Lil."

" For heaven's sake—no, child ! " he protested.

Helen burst into a ringing laugh. " I have you now where I want you—right under my thumb."

" As if that were anything new ! " he grumbled.

" Well—if I hold my tongue about this will

you back me up on going to the Islands—back me up strong ? " she bargained.

" Secret diplomacy ! " said he, with a sense of reprieve. " Helen, I'm ashamed of your methods. You're no sport. I had decided, anyway, that it is better for you to go."

Helen hummed a sceptical little tune, full of malicious satisfaction. At that moment a motor drew up before the door. She sat up straighter on her stool.

" Mammy Lil back from church." She looked up at him silently, the little frown again puckering her forehead. " I—we don't have to start anything to-night ! " she said hurriedly.

Howard gave an irrepressible chuckle, but had no time in his turn to express malicious enjoyment before Liliha entered the room. He rose to meet her with the little stir of expectancy with which his pulses always heralded her coming. He was instantly aware that she was displeased to find them together alone.

She relinquished his hand after a brief contact and sat heavily down in a chair at some little distance from the fire. As his eyes rested on her, a complacent satisfaction in having preserved the lean vigour of his own youth stirred in Philip's consciousness.

Liliha threw back her veil and loosened her furs.

" This is a surprise," she said coldly. " If

Helen had told me that she expected you to-night I should have stayed home from church too."

"Helen was as surprised as you," he said hastily in her defence. "A friend passing through Fort Bragg in his car to-day furnished a welcome means of getting back many hours ahead of my scheduled time. I tried in vain to telephone you from San Rafael before coming out to-night. It is trespassing on your hospitality, I know——"

Liliha majestically waved this aspect of his excuse aside. With mingled amusement and annoyance Howard realized that she did not believe him. It was one of the drawbacks of an easy mendacity, he reflected, that it rendered one unable to recognize the truth.

"You are always welcome; you know that," Liliha said. "Helen, however, is not always thoughtful about the little comforts of our guests. Which room, Helen——"

"None at all," she said sulkily. "You'd have given me the dickens if I'd chosen one without your advice."

At Howard's quick glance at her the girl flushed. She rose from her stool. Philip wondered whether Liliha had noticed, as he had, that she had not risen upon the older woman's entrance.

Repenting now, apparently, of her brusque manner, she said, "You must have reams of business to talk over after a year. I'm going to

bed. Mammy Lil, can I give Emma any message for you about the room ? "

Liliha, rising, divested herself of furs, mantle and hat, laying each in turn across the girl's arm. " The east room as usual," she said. " Tell Emma to light the fire there at once."

They kissed each other good-night—an impressive kiss on Liliha's part, a rather perfunctory peck on Helen's. Liliha then stepped across the room to one of the long mirrors that hung between the high windows to pat into order her abundant grey hair.

Helen put her free arm around Howard's neck. " Tell her to-night," she whispered pleadingly. " Tell her when I'm not here."

The door closed. Philip, who had been standing behind his chair, resting an arm upon its back, straightened to glance at Liliha. Her eyes looked out into his from the glass, not provocatively as once, long ago, they had shone back at him, but blackly—eyes smouldering with anger and distrust.

" What are you two hatching up between you ? " she demanded harshly, turning from the mirror to face him.

He considered her in silence—a commanding figure in her rich black dress, a handsome woman still, though massively built. Her features, it is true, had coarsened somewhat with the years ; her

skin had darkened. But she still carried herself superbly erect; still, for so heavy a woman, was astonishingly active and alert.

"How well you look, Liliha!" he said. "No, I'm not evading your question. I'll answer it presently. But I need time. Helen has given me something to think about to-night."

He placed a chair for her and after two or three turns about the room came back to the fireplace to resume his own seat.

"Liliha," he said without preface. "Helen has made up her mind—quite without suggestion from me, I give you my word—to go down to Haina-Haina next month."

Liliha's smile was not pleasant. "She will find it hard to get me to consent."

"I'm afraid that's the point. She doesn't mean to ask your consent—or mine," he added hastily. "She seems to feel that the time has come for her to make such decisions for herself."

"Nonsense! I shall forbid it!" Liliha's foot beat a slow tattoo on the rug.

"By virtue of what authority?" he asked quietly.

She uttered an impatient exclamation. "Authority! The same I have held for twenty years!"

"An authority derived from Helen's acceptance of it alone, Liliha. Your real authority—that of

a grandmother—you have deliberately forsworn. Your usurped authority—— Liliha, Helen is to all intents and purposes a woman now. Let me give you her own words concerning the obedience you have always exacted from her: 'Only a relative has the right.' Are you willing to acknowledge the relationship?"

"Never!" she said with tightened lips. "For what have I buried myself all these years?"

"Don't you see the anomaly of your position?" he asked with growing earnestness. "The only connection with Helen's family you have acknowledged is almost a menial one, dependency, one might better say; your devotion to her you have explained as the repayment of an old debt of kindness. You have assumed, however, the same rights, the same standing as you would have claimed as her grandmother."

He paused. Liliha sat motionless, frowning heavily.

"The inconsistency passed with Helen while she was still a child," he went on. "It cannot continue to do so now. Already she resents it, is beginning to question, to rebel. Can't you realize too, Liliha, that your continued dominance is sure to arouse criticism—speculation—in the world where you are so anxious to give Helen a place? You'll defeat your own ends if talk about your attitude toward her becomes rife."

He felt that this part of his argument impressed her, though she gave no outward sign. "What do you want me to do?" she asked in bitter resentment. "Debase myself into a servant to feed the vanity of that child?"

"By no means," he said patiently. "Merely cease to be a dictator. Become her friend instead. Let her try her own wings."

Hostility burned in her eyes. "She's a mere child still. Incapable of directing her own affairs."

"Perhaps she is." Her immaturity, that had so delighted him, rose before him now as a reproach. "But if that's true, it's our own fault, Liliha. She's nineteen—time any girl should know how to stand alone. You and Alice were both mothers at nineteen."

Her face hardened. "And arrant fools, both of us. Carried off our feet by the first man who made love to us—both of us the same. It won't be that way with Helen. Not if I have anything to say. I shall choose her husband myself."

His fingers stroked rebellious lips. He dared not venture a smile. "There's a proverb we might do well to remember—about leading a horse to water. Helen may feel entitled to a word or two on the subject herself. Choose the husband, well and good, but make sure first that he's the one Helen likes. Have you any one in mind?" he added in sudden alarm.

"No," she said morosely. "I don't think much of the boys she gets to know. There's not one of them fit to tie her shoe."

Secretly he agreed with her. It was incomprehensible that a girl like Helen should be content to dance and flirt with such empty-headed boys. Where did all the fine young men hide themselves these days, he wondered. Too busy with new enterprise, he supposed, to be found hanging around country clubs and girls. "Perhaps you'd find better material in the Islands," he said idly, half to himself. "I like the way the young men are taking hold there. Young Patterson, for instance, a rich man's son, is working on our new irrigation ditch."

Liliha sharply raised her head. "The Haina Kua Pattersons? The old doctor's grandson? He'll come in for a big property one of these days. Is he the new manager who's done so well?"

"No," he said, on the defensive. "A much more capable man. It's Richard Gregory who's managing Helen's plantation and mine."

He expected an explosion of anger but none came. Instead, Liliha's lips curled over a scornful, almost cruel smile. "Old Kameolani's grandson a servant of my granddaughter; that's fine! That does me a world of good!" she said.

"Nothing of the kind," he replied, nettled. "Richard is as little Helen's servant as I am."

Liliha paid no heed. She was again plunged into deep thought. "I fancy I understand," she said at last, her eyes resting on the medallion on the mantelshelf. "To keep my influence with Helen, I shall have to give her more head in unimportant things."

Though any continued dominance of Helen was far from the idea he had in mind, he welcomed the concession. "I think you will always find Helen more open to suggestion than to command," he said, and instantly regretted having planted the word in Liliha's fertile mind.

She nodded her head slowly. "I see," she said. "We'll go to the Islands."

He thought that her face softened with the words. Perhaps Helen was right in thinking that secretly she longed to see her birthplace again. He remembered Tom's nostalgia for the Islands during his last illness, how he himself had ransacked San Francisco for the poi and papajas and breadfruit that the Islander's failing appetite craved. But her next speech banished this speculation.

"Helen can make her own plans," she said, smiling rather grimly to herself. "I'll make mine. Let me see. Young Patterson's parents must both be alive. There's a daughter too, I think, not far from Helen's age."

He continued to watch the now silent woman as she sat there brooding beside the fire. Her deter-

mination he knew, her strength—a strength he felt he could learn to hate. Helen ought to mould her own life, not have it shaped for her by any one. But what chance had the tender offshoot of the child's independence against the deep-rooted growth of this woman's will? Nothing had ever turned her from a course she had once decided upon; nothing except an ungovernable passion in her own heart! But passion was dead in her now, both love and the ambition of her younger womanhood. All the forces of her character were bent upon the destiny of this little girl whom he loved anxiously, jealously, as if she had been his own. Was it not for him to devise some means to strengthen the child in her new opposition to Liliha's will? Some interest outside of Liliha's influence. The plantation! There might be his chance. Liliha had never cared anything for plantation affairs, had clung to no authority over the management. If he could foster Helen's nascent interest there, perhaps enlisting Richard's aid.

He glanced across the hearthrug to Liliha's placid, dreaming face. The lust of contest rose in him. Liliha must not guess his opposition. He must mobilize his forces secretly. What if he left her here, apparently mistress of the field, while he went down to Haina-Haina in advance of her to look over the new battle ground.

"Good night, Liliha," he said suddenly, rising.

" I'm not as young as I once was, I find, when I've had a trying day. No, don't bother to come up with me. I know the way. We'll talk this Island business over with Helen in the morning. Perhaps I can engage passage for you before I sail."

" Sail ? " Liliha turned on him the opacity of her musing eyes.

" I'm leaving on the ' China ' Tuesday," he said, wondering, as he left her there to her contemplation of the dying fire, how best, without her knowledge, to get immediate word to his office to secure passage for him at any cost.

CHAPTER XIV

GYPSY BLOOD

RICHARD GREGORY rolled up the map that had lain on the table before him, tied it, and rose to replace it in a cabinet that stood against the office wall.

"That's about all we need to go into to-night, I think, Cousin Philip," he said, returning to the table. He did not sit down again but stood, one foot on the rung of his chair, elbow resting on his knee, as he lighted a cigarette.

Howard looked up at him with a smile. "Thank heaven for that!" he said. "Plantation affairs these days seem about as far-reaching and complicated as those of an empire. Don't you sometimes feel, Richard, that you're holding on to the ends of almost as many threads as Lloyd George himself?"

A flash of white teeth was Richard's only immediate response. Howard, as his companion stood looking musingly at the curling smoke, looked approvingly at him, reproaching himself for the old-fogyism that, earlier in the day, had

silently criticized the informality of the young manager's dress. An afternoon of driving and riding about the two plantations had made of his own linen riding suit a crushed and wilted wreck. Richard, on the contrary, in khaki riding trousers and a soft white shirt, its sleeves cut short at the elbow, and its collarless neck turned under in a V, looked as fresh as at the start. Nevertheless, Philip thought, it might perhaps be wise to hint that to appear in such a costume to welcome visitors on Wahainalua's dock was carrying informality rather too far. He was glad that he had decided to precede Helen and Liliha to the Islands by a week or two. Had Liliha first seen Richard thus, she would have been more than ever convinced of what she chose to regard as his menial estate.

Menial indeed! Resentment glowed in Philip anew at the idea. A fine head, a personality magnetic, forceful, distinct. For the hundredth time Philip scanned young Gregory for some likeness to Tom. He could not perceive a trace of his old friend either in the active energetic figure or in the square dark face. The characteristic Hawaiian features were less apparent now than they had been in his boyhood, for the long war experience had drawn the whole face into sterner, harder lines; yet unmistakably, at the first glance, the race proclaimed itself. It was in the eyes that the

native was least expressed. Deep-set and thoughtful, they rather abashed Philip at times; soldier's eyes, that had looked overlong on death and senseless mutilation. More than once they had given Philip a biting sense of the futility of his own long, easy, aimless life.

After a few lesiurely puffs at his cigarette, Richard looked up. "Prime minister of Wahaina-lua, eh? Rather a come down for my family, cousin."

"I hadn't regarded it in that light, Richard—but undoubtedly your grandmother would have done so. The Princess Kameolani had your ancient grandeur very much at heart. Too bad you never knew her—a beautiful woman, and a rare story-teller, I remember. Your grandfather I suppose you recall quite well."

"A child's impressions—uncomfortable ones. He disliked me rather, you know. Shan't we go out to the lanai? Sing won't give us dinner for an hour yet, and it's a shame to waste the sunset indoors."

Philip rose, a bit stiffly after the unusually prolonged ride, and followed his young host outdoors. Richard was living in the largest of the two residential cottages on the Haina-Haina plantation—the one built more than forty years before by old Haddon, the former missionary. The smaller cottage, built for the manager during the younger

Haddon's—Liliha's husband's—lifetime, was now assigned to a group of young men, Richard's lieutenants, in charge of various plantation activities. The older house, shaded on three sides by a wide, vine-draped lanai remained virtually as old Haddon had left it, except that Richard had transformed the former dining-room into the office of the estate.

As the two men stepped from the office to the lanai they paused for a moment to contemplate in silence the evening transfiguration of the familiar sweep of earth and sea and sky. The house stood on rising ground nearly five hundred feet above the ocean. Behind it, now directly in their vision, rose the mountain, snow-crowned at this season, highest of the two ancient volcanoes that dominated the north and south coasts. From the steamer, early that morning, Philip had seen them rising out of the ocean—the bare breasts of the Earth-mother that had given the Island birth. From the plantation house the low swell of the one mountain loomed across the whole eastern horizon. The rich cane fields of Haina-Haina drew their nourishment from copper-red soil transmuted from the ashes of its old fires ; were watered by the clouds that clustered above the white crest. Cloud streamers lay upon the summit now and stretched far across the eastern sky.

The western horizon, they saw as they rounded

the lanai, was nearly clear. Before seating himself on this seaward side Philip paused again to look down across the yellow-green fields to the group of jagged lesser mountains at whose base the town of Wahainalua lay. The sun was setting behind this chain and long purple shadows stretched far across the green. Amber glowed on the sea. A distant island was a flame-coloured mirage.

Philip sighed as he sank into a wicker chair. "There's nothing like it the world over!" he said. "Aren't you glad to have this peace and beauty around you, Richard, after your years of war?"

"Glad!" echoed Richard with a short laugh. "That doesn't express it." He sat down on the lanai railing, leaning shoulder and head against the angle of the house as he looked out at the line of the coast. "It isn't only the beauty and peace here, nor even the job, interesting as that is; the Island to me is home. It's strange, too. Mother would never bring me here, and later, when I could have come alone, there was never time. But I used to dream about it when I was a kid, and when I set foot here it was as if I'd known it always. The Island blood, I suppose."

The boy had one likeness to Tom, Philip reflected; an intimacy once established was never impaired by separation. Brief though their contacts had been since Richard had left college, and

separated by intervals of years, Richard, nearing thirty, was as much his friend and confidant as he had been when nearing ten. No fear of giving offence need check him. The question that had troubled Philip's mind all through the intervening words rose now to his lips.

"Why do you say that your grandfather disliked you, Richard? He did for you what he'd have done for no one else—left Wahainalua to travel to San Francisco to see you, not once but many times."

Richard shrugged. "He was awfully decent to me always, of course—devoted to me in a way. But a child knows. He couldn't stand the brown man in me when we were actually face to face. Naturally a kid of six or seven doesn't figure out that kind of thing. But he knows as well as a dog does which man is really his friend. I came across an old diary of his at Wahainalua a few months ago—among those plantation records I sent up to you. I shouldn't have read it, perhaps, but it cleared up a lot. Life wasn't all roses for the old man. Nor for my mother; I know that now. It never occurred to me as a child, or even much later, that she might suffer too in the general mess. She seemed above it all—apart. It was my father I felt for—cared for—most. Island lure again, perhaps—the gypsy blood to the gypsy blood."

"Is the pull as strong as that, Richard?" Philip looked at him curiously. "After all, it's a mighty small part of you, that gypsy blood."

After a moment Richard laughed. "A hot old time I must have given you when I was a youngster. Remember when I ran away from school? God! How those merciless kids did torture me before I beat it for home! I remember I meant to come to the Islands then. I've passed the stage of being ashamed," he continued, after another pause. "The war cured me of that. When I saw what civilized man is really like, I felt glad to be linked up a little closer to the savages we all are at heart."

Silence fell between them again. The sun was now completely out of sight, shadow falling everywhere across land and sea. From the sky, where light still lingered, trilled the song of a lark, Shelley's lark, transplanted years ago to this island along with other properties and customs not always entirely to the good. What did the song mean to Richard? The beauty of the present, or visions of trench agony among the poppy fields? Neither apparently, for he said:

"Grandfather's diary confirmed me in one determination I've long held—never to marry, unless it's with my own kind. There's always a streak in us natives, he says, that the white mate

hates and can't understand. I could have gone him one better on that—told him it doesn't stop with the mate but extends to the child—that sense of difference, of never meeting on common ground." He laughed suddenly on a new, more careless note. "On the whole, I think I'm off with marriage for good and all. I've given these Island belles the once-over and they don't in the least appeal."

The boyish turn gave Philip once more a sense of Tom. "You aren't consistent," he said lightly, to cover his own twinge of loneliness for that old lost companionship. "How about that boasted Island lure?"

"Civilized out of 'em. Gone. All cut to the pattern of the American public school. Silk stockings on their legs, powder on their noses, cootie cages over their ears; they're a ghastly fraud. But I'm satisfied. A horse and a job, a surf board and a cook like Sing—what can a man ask for more?"

"That reminds me!" Philip was glad to maintain the new mood. "You've got to reckon with me, young man, for the unwarranted removal of Wahainalua's most valued appurtenance. I thought Sing went with my house. I find him here and Wahainalua a culinary desert. Kindly explain."

"It's up to Sing to explain that, not to me,"

Richard folded his arms and swung a leg in ironic complacency. "I had nothing to do with it. Came home one day to find Shima deposed and Sing installed. It seems he regards me as a kind of feudal lord—served my grandfather, hence me. You are an upstart, a parvenu. What are your petty inconveniences to him? Hideous old duffer with his one eye—but he sure can cook!"

"Ever hear how he lost that eye?"

"No."

"Saving that long-dead little brother of yours from a fireworks explosion on one of our old murderous Fourths of July."

"Faithful old cuss!" said Richard thoughtfully. "Another of those godless backward peoples that you whites feel incumbent upon you to civilize!—— There's Antone at last."

"What is Antone? That snorting? Sounds like a decrepit Ford."

"It is. Watch the clansmen gather. Antone carries the mail."

It was Richard more particularly that Philip watched, however, as he swung off the lanai railing to join the young men who now drifted across the lawn from the other house. Philip had met them all that afternoon—Lee, the storekeeper, tall and languid, with the pallor bred by an indoor occupation in the Islands; McDonald, the mill superintendent, a Scotch machinist, so small and

compactly built, so sparing of words, that the superfluous r's in his broad speech seemed oddly out of character; the doctor, Field, a trim young fellow fresh from his studentship, and Patterson —Philip's eyes frowned through the dusk to focus on him—the red-headed headstrong son of a headstrong father, earning his bread here on a neighbouring plantation rather than subject himself to unwelcome discipline at home.

Philip was curious to see how Richard bore himself among these men. He had not been without his hesitation in appointing one so conspicuously of Island blood to the command of the two estates. Here, if anywhere, race prejudice might be expected to make Richard's task a well-nigh impossible one. The appointment had been frankly experimental at first, a desperate measure initiated only because no other candidate at the moment had presented himself. He thought now, as he watched the young men grouped before him in the dusk, that of them all Richard alone bore himself like a commander of men. He liked the outward aspect of the relationship between chief and subordinates—deference in the working hours; at an off moment, like this, no exclusion from the easy give and take of the slangy intercourse that they termed talk.

The suffering motor, panting at last to the door, discharged a fat Portuguese in white riding suit

and cork helmet. He turned to lift out the long anticipated mail bag.

"Hallo, Antone," said Patterson. "Late again. Did Ben Hur break down this time?"

"Ben Hur? Who she?" Antone inquired.

Patterson laid his hand on the car. "This old bird. Named after an ancient sporting gent. Ran races, you know. Beat everything in sight."

"Boat some late," said Antone with evasive dignity. He followed Richard into the office with the bag. The other men, too, trooped into the house. Philip, after a moment's hesitation, also followed with a little shiver. He was not acclimated yet; he felt the chill of the mountain breeze.

"Here you are Antone." Richard handed him the bag, filled now with outgoing mail. "Good-night. Thanks, Pat, that's fine."

The boy—he was noticeably the youngest of the group--leaned beside Richard, helping him sort the letters. Philip turned his eyes from the two heads so close together, dully resenting the fairness of the lad.

"All right!" said Richard at last. "Here you are, Field, for the hospital. These for the store, Lee; these for the village. Nothing for the mill to-night; nothing for you boys. Pat gets the only haul."

"Nothing but bills," said the boy with a sulky look.

"Forgotten you already, has she?" jeered Lee.

"She! They, you mean!" said Field.

"Shut up! Come, let's light out." Patterson left the room, omitting the recognition of Howard that the other men rather ceremoniously accorded him. Richard and Philip were once more left alone.

"How do you like young Patterson, Richard?" the older man asked.

"Oh, Pat's a pretty decent sort—if he hadn't been spoiled at home." Richard laid down a pile of unopened letters on his desk with a muttered, "All business—they can wait till morning." He returned to stand near Howard. "A good head on him. He ought to be back in college finishing his engineering course. But it's hard to get his kind back after a year in the army, and perhaps on the whole he's better off here till he accumulates a bit more sense."

"Rather wild, eh?"

"Rather!" said Richard dryly.

Howard took two or three thoughtful turns about the room. "Richard, I haven't told you what brought me down here a month ahead of time."

"No." Richard gave him a quick glance.

Philip's eyes met his earnestly, searchingly. Then he turned away and sat down. "When we decided that you should run these plantations, I

told you that you should have a free hand to carry out your own ideas."

"Yes," said Richard, as Philip paused.

"Needless to say I'm satisfied—far beyond all expectation. And as far as Wahainalua is concerned, that arrangement holds—unconditionally. What you do here will have to depend on what adjustment you arrive at with the owner."

"Owner!" Richard looked challengingly at him. "You haven't sold Haina-Haina!"

"No. But you see, Richard, that little ward of mine, Helen Kingsley, has grown up. She's old enough to take charge of her own affairs. She's coming down on the 'Wilhelmina' next week. I retire then, and you and she will run the ranch between you. I'll have no more to say."

"Oh, Lord!" said Gregory. He sat down on the table corner and ran outraged fingers through his hair. "I'm through. What does a girl know about a plantation?" he demanded. "What does she care? How much money she can pull out of it—that's all. All those improvements we've started—the school, the housing, the playgrounds—Cousin Philip, do you mean to let a fool girl play havoc with all our plans?"

"That's for you to say." Philip's eyes were intent upon him. "It depends altogether on you, I think, whether Helen is to regard the plantation as a plaything or as a responsibility. It's natural

for you to think of the plantation first. To me, Helen comes first. But I want her to take the plantation seriously. The steadying effect of a big responsibility is more valuable to her now than all the gold you've made for her."

"Damn the gold!" said Richard. "The sugar market made that for her, not I. It's the development of the plantation I'm worrying about. She'll want her own development, not mine. I know women. They want to run things—always! And then where do I get off?"

Inelegance in earnestness was the hall-mark of the younger generation, Philip thought with inward amusement. He was enjoying the working out of the little comedy he had devised. Long cogitation had confirmed him in the conclusion that he had found the one way to fight Liliha's dominance. Had Helen no more than half the intellect and imagination he credited her with, she could not fail to be impressed by the magnitude of this enterprise, hers by inheritance, but brought to its full scope and productiveness only through the creative ability of this man at his side—this man whom already she half idealized. If Richard knew that!

"Come," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "You take this too hard. Where do you get off, indeed! At your age I should have regarded the attractive part of the journey as just begun.

She's a mighty attractive girl, let me tell you, young man."

"The more attractive they are the less they care about my dope—that's one comfort," he said with a revival of hope. "I'll turn Pat loose with her. I'll warrant him capable of keeping her mind off the plantation and all it holds."

"That is exactly what must not happen!" said Philip sharply. "I'm in earnest about this, Richard, deeply in earnest. Helen's mental development in the next few months is going to affect most profoundly her whole life. It's no time for her to be frittering her thoughts. Naturally I don't propose to discuss the child with you, Richard. But I have counted on you to help me through a most trying time. I want you to stimulate her interest in every aspect of plantation life. —make her feel her own part in it, her deep responsibility. After all, the day will come when she must run her own affairs. Better that she should understand them from the beginning. Let her grow up in sympathy with your ideas, not opposed to them, as she is much more likely to become at a less impressionable age."

"Oh, very well!" said Richard, still grumpily. He rose from the table and looked at his watch. "Sing will be ready for us. Anybody coming with her?"

"Mrs. Heath, under whose care she has been

ever since her mother died. And a maid, I believe."

"I'll have to turn this cottage over to them and bunk with the boys, then." Suddenly Richard grinned. "It's up to you, Cousin Philip, to square that end of it with Sing!"

CHAPTER XV

ISLAND LURE

THE following week Philip went to meet Liliha and Helen on their arrival in Honolulu. As he sat in his steamer chair on the day-long voyage from Wahainalua—coasting by green cane fields and shrubby gulches with their multitude of waterfalls; seeing one island fade vision-like behind him and another rise out of the sea to take its place—he was conscious of the stir of an emotion that was almost dread. The sense of drama that Liliha from his first glimpse of her had so often quickened was sharply alive now. In this return to her old home, unseen for forty years, would she feel as he did the tragic import in the confrontation of the stout, elderly Liliha of to-day with the spectre of the dancing nymph who had been her old self? Would the years rise to mock her, to torment her with the memory of the gay hope and confidence of the ohia-crowned goddess of the dawn? Poor broken goddess, immortal now only as thought could summon back the vision of her early self! His

mind went back to its one untarnished memory—Lucy, still beautiful as in the dewy freshness of her youth. Lucy was the goddess, the immortal, to whom, loving her, the gods had accorded death, not cursed with decrescent life. Lucy and the baby who had never breathed. Suddenly the old rebellion surged over him. Sophist that he was, idle phrase-maker! Better a thwarted life of frustrated striving such as Liliha's had been than the extinction of early death.

Lucy's image faded. He found his thoughts dwelling on Liliha almost to the exclusion of Helen, a thing that had not happened for years, not since the baby whose business affairs he had promised to guide had herself come to be the object, the guiding principle of his own life. He recalled the years of his guardianship, not as he so often did, to enjoy in retrospect memories of his vicarious parenthood, but reviewing them in their relation to the woman who had effaced herself for the child's sake. The complex of passion and ambition and will that was Liliha! There had been a period when it had seemed to him that the power of this woman was definitely on the wane. This had followed closely upon what he had long considered the apex of Liliha's moral development. The impulse that had led her to subordinate her own future to that of the child had been a wholly selfless one; of that he still felt convinced.

Later, only, had entered into it self-plaudits. complacency, symptoms of the inevitable moral slump. With so much on the credit side of her ledger she could afford herself minor indulgences. And indulge herself she did. She became mentally lazy. Incessant novel reading replaced the former activity of a fertile, curious mind. She formed the cocktail habit; dressed slackly; allowed herself to put on flesh.

What had aroused her out of this lethargic self-indulgence he had never been able to surmise. He had become conscious of the awakening only after her return to California, when his increasing interest in Helen had made him unobservant of what always before had held him enthralled—the motor impulses behind Liliha's actions. He had not known that the Liliha of power and energy was again on the throne until he had found himself involved in a combat with her will. The question of Helen's education had brought the struggle about. Liliha had produced a governess just as he had decided to send the child to a girls' school situated within easy motoring distance of her country home. The issue had doubled its importance for him when he had realized her renascent strength. It seemed more than ever imperative to remove Helen as much as possible from her influence. He had made no breach in her opposinto, however, until he had stressed the social

advantage to Helen of an early intimacy with the circle in which Liliha dreamed to see her ultimately placed.

Liliha's capitulation had disarmed him completely. He had been satisfied to gain his end, never realizing until that evening in Helen's living-room a month ago that not for a moment had Liliha relinquished hers—to keep Helen headed in the direction she had chosen for her. Liliha still held the helm. She had merely altered her course to jibe with the wind, had never lost sight of her port. He saw now that this was what she had always done. Long ago, one afternoon on the headland above Wahainalua, when together they had watched the "Rosalie" sail away and he had told her that legally she could not marry Tom, how quickly her mind had accepted the fact, had shaped a new course accordingly! When she had been blown out of that course by her own passion—blown even upon the rocks—she did not allow that to bring the voyage to an end. She manned a new boat and made a new start. Years later, when her mad abandonment at the Mare Vista ball had wrecked her again, she had accepted that hard fact just as unreservedly, had set sail on a new course to bring a child of her own blood to the land of her heart's desire from which she herself was forever barred.

It had grown painfully clear to him that evening

a month ago that once more an apparent victory might accomplish little toward attaining his real end. Complete—bewilderingly complete Helen's last letter had told him it had seemed to her—though Liliha's surrender of authority might appear, secretly she would bend every effort to make the child continue to follow her will. The thought was intolerable. Unconsciously, in his rebellion, he straightened his shoulders and stiffened himself against it. She should not dominate the child if he had anything to say. He told himself that the issue upon which Liliha had fastened—that of Helen's marriage—was of no immediate importance. He could not picture Helen married, even swayed by love as yet. She was still a child. What was important was to build up strength, the will to make her own life. A better, broader life than any poor Liliha could conceive.

A change of the ship's course brought the shore line more clearly within his gaze. How beautiful the Islands were to-day. Low-lying clouds, shot through with rainbow colour, threw over them a mysterious half-light. Almost one might fancy oneself coasting the shore of dreams. Did Liliha see the Islands thus? Her ship should be nearing Honolulu by now. Did it all come back to her—her pure young joy in the sunlight, the caress of warm winds, the embrace of the welcoming sea.

Not in sunshine, however, did Liliha come back to Wahainalua, but as she had left it, in soft clear moonlight. Philip stood beside her as the "Mauna Kea" pushed in toward the Wahainalua dock. He did not speak to her. She stood in utter silence by the rail. Helen, at a little distance from them among a group of young fellow voyagers, was hardly in his thought. Was she in Liliha's? What did Liliha think as she gazed out at the cloud-illumined mountains, every line of whose crest must live in her memory; at the cocoanut palms, waving long ragged arms above the street where Abigail Adams had lived; at the sweep of flashing surf—surf that her young courage had loved to breast? Was she thinking of the long years of self-effacement for a child now worse than indifferent toward her, or only of the young Liliha, as he himself all day had thought?

Out in the bay shone tremulous bands of colour reflected from the lanterns of the Japanese fishing fleet; along the slopes of the land twinkled household lights innumerable. These had not shone in Liliha's day. Otherwise everything was unchanged. The ship was close inshore now. The dock smell came out to him—raw sugar and stale straw and sweating bodies. At once his thoughts flashed back into the past, to the "Kinau" landing here and Liliha's meeting with Captain Heath. A flare of the old jealous hatred for the

adventurer that had smouldered in him through all the years brought Helen confusingly to mind. He groped for the connection. Then suddenly he remembered. The tricks life played! His Helen, beloved child of his old age, was of that scoundrel's blood. That he could have forgotten this, even for a moment, was proof how completely he had grown to feel that Helen belonged to him. He thought how all her life he had wilfully divorced her from connection with her parentage. He did not like, even, to think of her as Liliha's granddaughter. From the day he had first seen her, kicking her baby heels upon his office floor, his heart had gone out to her as if she had really been the child of his own child—which had never breathed.

He moved away from Liliha to join the girl, feeling suddenly old and tired, incapable of meeting the thoughts that surged up from the past. Her warm hand meeting his, her friendly arm linking itself close within his own, drew him back to the present into her confidence, her affection; made him feel secure again in the thing most precious to him in the world.

"They're running out the gangplank," Helen said, turning him away from the young people. "I've said my good-byes. Let's join Mammy Lil."

"Richard will be here to meet us." Philip drew a steward's attention to their bags. "They keep every one behind the gates now, unfortu-

nately. It's not nearly so picturesque to land as it used to be."

None the less all Wahainalua still came down to the dock to greet the boat and stood now crowded about the gate through which the passengers must pass. Through a medley of brown faces, Japanese and Chinese now by far outnumbering the native, the travellers fought their way to an open space in the great barnlike structure under an arc light. Howard, returning from a brief scrutiny of the crowd, saw Richard's alert dark face, so like yet so unlike the dusky people who impeded him in his approach.

"Ah, Richard!" he exclaimed. "You've found us at last. Helen, this is Richard Gregory."

Richard stretching out his hand, withdrew it sharply to his side. Sickening realization flashed over Howard. The girl had never heard of Richard's Hawaiian blood. For Helen, startled eyes on the young man, made no movement to meet his clasp.

"Richard Gregory!" she repeated, like one dazed.

Richard knew that he had shocked her, and why. The expression of his face told Philip that. A bare instant of stricken silence was broken by Helen's laugh. She held out both hands to Richard in a gay, friendly gesture.

"How stupid of me! Of course you'd be young.

But if you could hear Uncle Phil on your business sagacity, you'd believe yourself that you must be about his age."

Did Richard see that she knew she had hurt him to the quick, that she was trying to make amend? With all his heart Philip prayed for no shadow of antipathy between these two. And then revulsion seized him. How dare Richard stare so at his girl!

Richard's tension eased with a smile. After a quick cordial grip he released Helen's hand.

"I'm years older than he, really," he said. "Probably you are. He's incurably young—haven't you found that out?"

"Mammy Lil!" Helen turned to Liliha, who was standing somewhat apart in the shadow. "This is Mr. Gregory—Mrs. Heath."

Liliha came forward with a majestic inclination of her head.

"Is the car waiting?" she inquired coldly, in the tone she reserved for erring servants. "It is growing late."

Helen shot her a furious glance. She stepped impulsively to Richard's side and laid her hand lightly on his forearm. "Take me to it," she said. "I hope it's a make that I can drive."

Philip, accompanied by Liliha and the maid, followed the young people down the wharf to the street outside. He watched them with a frown. He wished that Helen would break that habit of

touching men on the arm. It meant nothing naturally—a caress that she bestowed on men, kittens or puppies alike—but it might be misunderstood. Not by Richard, of course. Hang the fellow; what was the matter with him? He seemed to be in a dream. Why couldn't he chat and laugh in his normal way, not turn down on her that soldier look of his that gripped one's very soul!

Evidently Richard did relax, for when they all stood together beside the car, he had Helen in gales of laughter over the newest story of Antone and his chariot.

To see his wish for easy intercourse fulfilled, however, gave Philip no pleasure, but rather the reverse. He broke in abruptly upon their talk.

"The car is uncovered, I see; that's good. It's a beautiful road, Helen. You drive, Richard? Perhaps I had better——"

"Not you!" said Helen. "Go in behind with Mammy Lil and Emma where you belong—that's a dear!" she added, to temper her sauciness.

"The baggage?" asked Philip fussily, to cover his annoyance at Richard's grin. Liliha had already ponderously seated herself.

"Hori is attending to that. Everything will be at Haina-Haina to-night." Richard held open the car door for Helen as he spoke.

"Oh, very well!" said Philip shortly. He unfolded a seat and sat down behind Richard, his

hand lingering near Helen's shoulder. The little minx! She knew how to manage him too well. Merely turning to pat his hand and give him a smile left him content. But it was dear of her. Philip sighed and abandoned himself to the magic of the night.

Richard and Helen too fell silent. They slipped away from the wharf into village streets, shadowed with tall cocoanut palms and feathery algarobas. From shadow-hidden gardens came faint tropical odours of flowers. They passed through the Chinese quarter, where lights shone and where the sense of smell less agreeably heightened the exotic impression, and were out on the open road, threading an avenue of monkey-pod trees with sprawling branches netted against the sky. A group of silent dark huts of native fishermen stood on the outermost confines of the town. Philip's thoughts turned again to Liliha, sitting so silently behind him. It was in the opposite direction, on the other side of the village, that Liliha's old home lay. Would she go, secretly perhaps, to visit it? Some of old Hana's children might be living there to this day. He threw a quick look at Liliha—only a dark silhouette, head turned toward the shining sea. If, as Helen thought, she loved the Islands and always had yearned for them, nothing of this love was apparent in her to-night.

The avenue to the old Gregory house opened off

their road to the right. Philip checked an impulse to call Helen's attention to the place as his own. How quiet the boy and girl in front of him were! Oddly enough it seemed to Philip not the silence of constraint but the ease of old companionship. His two children, he had called them to himself, long since, not dreaming though, ever to see them side by side like this. The scents of the Island night—out of the confused blur of old memories they aroused in him why should he suddenly fasten on old Gregory and his hopes and fears for Tom? He shook off the past, tried to forget even the young people in front of him, the brooding old woman behind.

The car was speeding out into the country now, along stretches of sea beach where shone glittering banners of surf, past fields of sugar cane, and up bare slopes of lava from which, as they wound higher, the sea lay wide and gleaming beneath them, stretching out mistily into far horizons. They rounded a cliff and Richard stopped the car, pointing to the dark cloud-capped mountain mass before them.

"The group of lights directly ahead is Haina-Haina, Miss Kingsley," he said.

Helen leaned forward. "It looks so high—almost up the mountain."

"Less than a thousand feet up. The mountain is more than half hidden in clouds."

The car started forward again, rounded the bay, and whirred onward among fields of cane. Philip remembered his first trip to Haina-Haina forty years ago. A slow tedious plodding for many hours it had been then; now the road unfolded before them with the changing rapidity of a dream. They passed a sleeping plantation village, then a lighted wayside shop whence came strains of oriental music and the high rapid patter of strange tongues. At the open gate Richard said:

"These are your own fields now."

The girl was silent, looking out across the waving cane where the night wind played.

"It seems a long way," she said at last. "Where is the house?"

"Not far now—on the highest part of the land."

The road dipped suddenly into a ravine, crossed a stream and climbed a steep hill. Trees concealed the houses until they were close upon them, —two low cottages in a wide expanse of lawn. It was rare good fortune, Philip had often thought, that the ugly mill and other plantation buildings lay beyond, out of sight behind a hill.

They drew up before the vine-shaded lanai.

"Sing will attend to the bags," said Richard, and ushered them into the house.

Philip noticed at once that changes had taken place. The piles of newspapers and magazines

were gone from the table ; yawning gaps no longer showed in the book cases—every volume stood rigidly upright in its place. The wicker chairs had cushions primly arranged, not punched into comfortable lounging holes as before. Stripped of Richard's belongings, the room had a bare uninhabited look. Conscientious house-cleaning had done its worst.

" You've moved, I see," Philip said to Richard, with a grimace of distaste. " Was that necessary ? I told you when I left, boy, that there was ample room for us all in the house. I wonder Sing let you go."

" It's Miss Kingsley's house—we all seem to forget that," Richard said. " I haven't vacated entirely. I'm sorry, Miss Kingsley, but the office is still cluttering up your dining-room. We couldn't find another place on the plantation big enough to hold the map cases and filing cabinets. I'm afraid you'll find things pretty crude. The house hasn't had a mistress in it since your grandmother visited here nearly forty years ago."

Philip glanced at Liliha, standing aloof by the table, looking about her with a frown that hinted contempt for the simple furnishings. Then his gaze returned to the girl. Her eyes had a wistful look, he thought, as they rested on the old-fashioned furniture and the engravings on the panelled walls.

"I like it," she said. "It has such a nice Victorian ancestral look. But I'm ashamed to think I've driven you out."

Richard's impetuous disclaimer was cut short by the entrance of Sing with the bags. He bent stiffly and set them on the floor, then lifted his grizzled head.

"Whe'h go, Licha'd?" he demanded of the young manager unceremoniously.

Richard exchanged an amused look with Helen. "Mrs. Heath in the west room, I thought, Sing; Miss Kingsley in the east. You can make your own choice, though," he added to Helen.

"It doesn't matter, she said. "Emma, I'll take my own things."

As she and the maid ransacked the collection of bags and rugs, Philip became aware of a look of extraordinary fixity that passed between the old servant and Liliha. Then only he realized Sing's association with the name of Heath.

"I take!" said Sing gruffly, when Helen finished segregating her bags. Emma bore off Liliha's possessions and Helen followed Sing to her room. The moment they were out of sight, Liliha swept forward with blazing eyes. She confronted Richard, striking one clenched fist into the other palm.

"That Chinaman must go!" she said in a

furious undertone. "The one-eyed devil! I won't have the creature around."

Richard's steady look at her resolved into a sarcastic understanding smile. "That's for Miss Kingsley to say, isn't it?" he asked. "Sing is rather too good a cook to lose. I see your objection, of course. But I have a one-eyed Filipino in the mill who might consent to act as houseboy. Wouldn't that meet the issue as well as getting rid of Sing?"

What hidden meaning lay in the words to lash Liliha so? She shrunk back with a livid face. "How dare you—how *dare* you think that was what I meant?"

Richard shrugged. "Race speaks to race," he said bitterly. "We don't think these things—we know. We may hate each other, but we always understand."

The burning denial on Liliha's lips died as she looked into his eyes. To Philip's amazement her gaze faltered. She turned from them and sank into a chair in the shadow.

Helen at that moment returned to the room, hatless and coatless. Sing followed her, a broad smile on his face. He crossed the room to pick up Philip's bags, pausing to say,

"You see, Licha'd? She cut queue—all same me!"

In spite of the tension of the previous moment,

the two men joined Helen in a hearty laugh. At the door Sing paused again.

"She you' glandmotheh?" he asked Helen, with a jerk of his head toward Liliha.

Helen, who was at the older woman's side, put her hand on her shoulder. "No," she said with unusual gentleness. "Only a very dear friend."

"Huh!" said Sing, and disappeared.

Richard came forward to the table. "Good night, Miss Kingsley," he said. "You must be tired." He inclined his head gravely to Liliha, but she did not move.

"You'll show me the plantation to-morrow?" Helen asked.

"Whenever you want me to."

"To-morrow of course—early."

Philip followed Richard out to the lanai steps.

"Wonderful moonlight," he said. "Er—Richard—what did you mean about that Filipino with one eye?"

Richard smiled up at the moon. "An old Hawaiian superstition. If you meet a one-eyed man you fail in what you are trying to do. But if you meet a second one—why, then everything will come out your way."

"I see," said Philip. The younger man turned to go. "Oh—Richard!"

"Yes?" Richard paused with his hand on the newel post.

" If I were you, I'd fire that Filipino."

Richard grinned. " Superstitious yourself, eh ? Matter of fact," he added cheerfully, " I'd decided on that same myself."

He went across the lawn, whistling. Philip, after watching him thoughtfully a moment, re-entered the house. Helen buttonholed him at the door.

" Why didn't you tell me—why didn't you *tell* me ! " she said passionately under her breath. She drew away from him, saying aloud, " I do like him so. Your Richard——"

" A Kanaka ! " Liliha's voice rasped out from the shadow.

Helen whirled into her own room and slammed the door. Philip turned angrily to Liliha, but the reproach died unuttered. Never had he seen blacker anger on her face, not even when Minnie Gregory had turned a scornful back on her at the Mare Vista ball. He watched her silently as she rose from her chair and without a word to him passed into her own room.

CHAPTER XVI

LILIHA COUNTS HER CARDS

REGARDED as a triumphal progress, Helen's inspection of the plantation next morning could be called an unqualified success. From the standpoint of intellectual development, Philip reflected, it was more open to question. After all, he thought, as he watched her riding along the road ahead of him, this was what he might have anticipated. In spite of the riding trousers and boyish shirt that he privately disapproved, nothing so radiantly feminine had been seen in Haina-Haina for many years. Small wonder that these exiled young men swarmed about her. Not even gruff McDonald escaped the spell. All were clustered around her now except Patterson, whose domain they had not yet reached. Each man whose department she visited promptly declared holiday and added himself to her train. From the hospital, the mill, and the store she had gathered her recruits. There they rode beside her, each eagerly expounding that view of his department indispensable to her understanding

of the whole. Perhaps the poor devils really did believe that they were trying to interest her in their work, when all that their hearts wanted was to interest her in themselves. That was so transparently the case—with all except Richard. Constantly at her elbow as he was, not even Philip's jealous eyes could detect any projection of his own personality across the clean-cut exposition of his work. Not that this was altogether pleasing, either! Richard's detachment differentiated him too sharply from the rest. The perfect manner would have called no attention to itself.

Helen, he was happy to see, queened it over them all alike. The little minx was having what she would probably confide to him later was the time of her young life. The homage of busy men, not of the boys to whom she was accustomed, could hardly fail to make the morning memorable. But aside from these men who flattered her by their attention, what impression was the plantation making on her? What did the occasion mean besides a welcome tribute to her youth?

As far as he knew, this was Helen's first sight of the grim world of toil. It had shocked her, he had felt, to see the Japanese women working in the fields with the men; to see them returning home from the early shift, dripping perspiration, smoke-blackened from the burning cane, begrimed from the black stalks almost beyond human

recognition. What had she thought of the mill, of the strings of nearly naked coolies toiling ceaselessly to and fro with backs bent under the heavy nauseous-smelling sacks of raw sugar ; of the solitary workmen, patiently repeating dull mechanical motions all day long, in the roar and shake and heat of thunderous machinery ; of the menace of those machines, the relentless rollers, that before now had crushed men's bodies as carelessly as they broke the stalks of cane ; of the steel claws, that in penalty for a single unwary instant had snatched men to their death ?

In the mill, indeed, he had seen her first eager gaiety become overcast. She had breathed deep on emerging from it, had glanced thoughtfully about the workers' village that lay just beyond its doors. It was Richard's work, that village, an immense improvement over the miserable tenements that, to his shame, he himself had allowed to fester there through so many years. The humanities and industry—these had been separate entities in his youth, ideas as far apart as the poles. What did employers have to do with sick babies or amusements or schooling ? One left all that to the charity organizations ; to the church. It had been hard to adjust himself to the outlay of capital that Richard's reforms had entailed. He had consented grudgingly, partly shamed into it by Richard's denunciation of the two planta-

tions as the most backward in their treatment of the labourers, the most mediaeval on the Island, partly in sheer deference to the young man's recent bitter experience with life and death. He had had the undefined feeling that the young man who had fought for civilization had a right to decide what the trend of that civilization should be. A sentimental old fool, he remembered he had called himself, when the bills came in.

Now he found himself wondering what Helen's impression of the improvements would be. He threw a frowning glance about him as they rode through the village towards the fields. Ugliness, bald ugliness everywhere. The unpaved street was deep in red volcanic dust. On either hand stretched a row of bare two-storied white-washed houses with upper lanais reached by ungainly outside stairs. A few algaroba trees at one end of the street, a scrawny monkey-pod at the other; these were as yet the only shade. The village was clean, yes. Each family had the privilege of a decent privacy. A schoolhouse, a hospital, moving pictures once a week. These, and the mill. All of the labourer's life was there. He had thought himself munificent in granting them so much a year ago. What would Helen's young generosity think? What would be her verdict on his stewardship?

As yet he had no clue to what she thought of it

all. She quickly threw off the soberness that for a moment had clouded her and led them on a gay canter down the road. Ugliness had vanished here. Ahead of them, behind a barrier of fleecy clouds, towered the blue mountain, a blue as deep and intense as the sea. On either hand stretched a rising plain spread with the green of growing cane or the red and purple-brown of newly-ploughed fields. The smoke clouds from the burning cane that always hung low over some part of the fields all lay behind them. The bright atmosphere about them now was undefiled.

Richard drew in his horse where a rough track branched from the main road. He pointed to the dark veinlike line of a ravine that traversed the peneplain. "The new irrigation ditch lies up there," he said to Philip. "Do you think that too far for Miss Kingsley to ride this morning?"

"Oh, surely not, uncle, dearest!" the girl cried.

"Can you stand the heat?" Howard asked doubtfully.

"I love it. Truly I'm not the least too hot. Just feel my hand."

"We can stop short of the intake," Richard said. "It won't add an hour."

Philip nodded his consent and fell silently in behind. The child was her prettiest, he thought, when she looked up at one. Her colouring was particularly attractive out of doors. The faintest

shadowing of freckles was brushed across the delicate bloom of her skin, like the leaf tracery that had dappled Liliha's pale pink *holoku* one day long ago, when he had watched her kneading poi. It was strange that he, who had revisited the Islands nearly twenty times, should be pricked so often now by the memory of those first days. Was there after all some resemblance to Liliha in the child, or was it Liliha herself who was never far from his thoughts, Liliha, as he had seen her that morning, enthroned in sullen majesty on the lanai, silently watching them ride away—an ominous presence, purposeful, brooding, full of a resentment against himself that he could not understand.

He was dropping behind. The merry voices barely came back to him. He touched his horse lightly with his spur. They were riding now along the edge of the ravine. Its precipitous sides were clothed with dark verdure, velvet-soft in the distance, but revealed close at hand as an impenetrable jungle of vines, ferns, and treacherous *lauhala* roots. Brilliant blue morning-glories climbed to the tree tops, ohia blossoms flashed out from the green jungle like flocks of cardinal birds. Beneath the brilliant green *kukui* trees a considerable stream flowed, laying bare dark ledges of volcanic rock and capriciously veiling them again in cascading waters. Even now men were working to harness this stream. Not much longer would it

sing its way through the jungle. Instead, it would be turned to producing more fields of cane—where alien birds sang and nested, and alien men toiled endlessly to gain the livelihood that the Island had freely offered to its own.

Ever since leaving the mill the dull boom of blasting had sounded from the cloud-hidden slope. Now for some little time the reverberations had ceased. Philip, glancing upward, perceived a rider cantering toward them down the road. It was Patterson, looking, Philip noted, uncommonly jaunty and debonair. His bare head shone like copper; he rode remarkably well. No use to go any farther, he told them. The roadway was a mess of broken lava from the blasts. He had given the day's instructions to the lunars and was hitting the trail for the lowlands himself. Better put off the visit till the morning, when he'd promise them much more of a show.

"All right, Pat," said Richard, turning his horse. "I fancy, anyway, that Miss Kingsley is about fed up on sight-seeing for to-day."

Patterson shook his head with compassion.

"I know what you've gone through," he said, urging his horse close to Helen and gazing down at her with almost tender solicitude. "They have no mercy on the subject of this precious plantation. One dull detail piled on another. All very well, of course, when there's nothing more

important in the offing. But to-day—— They do lack a lightness of touch, don't they? And you fresh from Paris—New York—— "

His voice, gaining intimacy, became, as the distance widened between them, inaudible to the five men riding in sulky silence behind. They heard Helen's laugh ring out, saw her flourish her whip in gay disclaimer.

"Can you beat it?" said Lee at last. "What makes the girls always fall for him?"

"The cheek of him!" growled McDonald. "'Dull details,' says he! 'No lightness of touch'!"

"He's got the trick of women," said the doctor gloomily. "We can't stand up to him. Hear her laugh now! Think of the bally fool I've been, studying medicine when I might be an undergraduate of Yale!"

"That's not Yale—it's born in you," said Lee. "Girl language is something a fellow don't learn. All the same, he's not the chap I'd pick for my sister to play——" he broke off with a sidelong look at Howard.

Only a few moments later the riders ahead reached the junction of the two roads.

"Pat!" called Richard. "Oh, Pat!"

They checked their horses. Helen glanced back. Patterson sat looking at her, paying no heed to the call.

"We'll have to leave you here, Miss Kingsley," Richard said. "I want Patterson to go with me to the Waipaku field."

"Let me go too," said Helen quickly, before Patterson could shape a protest.

"I'm sorry—really it's too far for you to-day. Field will tell you that you shouldn't expose yourself too long to the heat at first."

"Oh, have a heart, Gregory!" growled Patterson. "Old Waipaku can wait."

"So you said last week. Orders, Pat. Come along."

"Tyrant!" Helen made a little face. "You're wabbly on your throne, though, or you wouldn't ask the doctor to back you up." She yawned suddenly and shaded her eyes with her hand. "It *is* hot! I'm sleepy, Uncle Phil. Let's go home. Remember you're all dining with us to-night—every one!"

Philip had a baffled sense that evening of being a mere pawn in Liliha's game. The dinner did not go off in the least as the simple family affair that he and Helen had planned. It was served with a wealth of glass and shining silver that he had not known the house to possess. Flowers decked the table. The guests were assigned to their chairs by the formality of place cards. And in spite of his own reception of Richard as the plantation's

chief, in spite of Sing's distinguishing him with special attention, Liliha contrived it that not Richard but young Patterson was made to appear the honoured guest. Liliha, magnificent in a dinner dress of black velvet, did not attempt to play hostess herself. Helen was pushed forward in that rôle. Philip thought that the girl was embarrassed by the position, not so sure of herself as usual, feeling perhaps her inexperience.

Patterson plainly was dazzled by Liliha, flattered by her attention, impressed by her familiarity with the nuances of Island life. Under the sunshine of her blandishments the blunt boy's chrysalis fell from him and he emerged a man of the world. To Philip's eyes, of course, he was callow, absurdly inflated by a clever woman's cajoleries. Nevertheless Helen seemed impressed. And undoubtedly the lad had social experience, had the assurance born of inner conviction of his own exalted position.

The other men, Philip was annoyed to perceive, had nothing to offer in contrast to-night. Under the spell of Helen's buoyant companionship on the morning ride, they had been stimulated to a responsive gaiety that had passed for wit. But Liliha's *grande dame* manner was not calculated to put them at their ease. She did not even afford them the relief of ignoring them. She courted them, indeed, plying them with questions that, he

observed, never failed to evoke the crudest replies. Even Richard, whom Liliha never directly addressed, added nothing. He had fallen into one of his impenetrable silences. Philip saw Helen glance at him once or twice questioningly when he gave Patterson the lead that he might so easily have claimed himself.

Richard disquieted Philip to-night, made him feel enmeshed in a situation altogether different from that he had planned. From the moment of their meeting Richard had taken Helen far too seriously. He had seen the woman in her where Philip himself would have discerned only the child. It was no part of Howard's educational scheme to have the young master develop a romantic interest in his neophyte. But the dread had been growing in him all day lest the boy be drawn into just that disastrous experience. It could bring Richard nothing but the deepest pain. For though no real barrier existed between them, nevertheless every tradition of Helen's would revolt from the thought that marriage with Richard might be possible for her. The bitter irony of it flashed over him—that the child of a beachcomber's casual breed should find shame in the thought of marriage with one in whose veins ran the blood of kings. But what had ironic fact to do with the myriad delicate threads out of which had been woven Helen's concept of herself? He remem-

bered Liliha's passionate plea that this child be granted the white man's unheeded gift of self-respect. Concealment of her parentage, that twenty years before had seemed a stratagem to be maintained or not as circumstance should suggest, had grown now to be a hydra-headed monster standing between the white man's dignity and self-scorn. Not without grave danger of bruising Helen's young self-consciousness past all healing could the imaginary obstacle between these two children of his be removed. And without removing it, it was inconceivable that Helen could overlook the bar sinister of race that set Richard apart in a world outside the one she had been brought up to call her own.

And yet even on this point he had had his moment of disquietude. As he sat before his almost untouched plate, paying no heed to the gossip of a former social magnificence that was holding Helen entranced, he recalled the return from their morning ride. They had ridden through the mill village a few minutes after the whistle had sounded the noon hour. The street, which had been deserted when they had first seen it that morning, was thronged now with half-naked children, with men and women of varying shades of yellow and brown. Portuguese, almost as swarthy as Hawaiians; bright-turbaned negresses; Filipino women with wide lacy sleeves, high kerchiefs

and voluminous bright-textured skirts; Japanese women with babies astride their backs, scuffling by in sandals and kimonos; Japanese men, also in native dress; Chinese; Koreans in long-skirted coats of grass linen; ragged Hawaiians, peddling their baskets of fish—a strange dusky hybrid population gathered from the four corners of the world.

Helen's eyes had brooded long upon them. "It's rather wonderful," she had said to him, "the number of people who depend on him for what they get out of life—your Richard. He might almost be a king."

"He's merely your agent," he had answered rather gruffly. "He's here to carry out your instructions. What they're to get out of life after this depends on you."

She had given a little laugh. "Imagine me—me!—'instructing' Richard Gregory!"

Both jealousy and a vague uneasiness had stirred him then, but now he looked back as to the lesser of two ills upon her girlish idealization of the man who was almost a son to him. Better for her, perhaps, the ache of a passing fancy for Richard than ensnarement in Liliha's schemes. As he watched Helen's absorption in the glittering vapid talk, he wondered for the first time whether Liliha's shallow ambition had any part in the girl, whether the tinsel that Liliha loved could

ever seem gold to her. How complacently sure he had been that Pat need not be feared! He had forgotten how little intellect counted for in the flowering time of young womanhood.

If only the lad were not so infernally attractive to the eye! If only his cool worldliness did not bring Kingsley to the forefront of his mind! Liliha, quite apart from her scheming, was palpably charmed by Patterson. Naturally she would be. Had she not told him long ago that infallibly she liked the wrong kind of man? It flashed over him suddenly that perhaps Helen too was doomed to be fatally attracted by this kind. How could she fail to be, with Liliha's blood in her, and Kingsley's, and Heath's? Fool, fool that he had been, not to have known from the moment he laid eyes upon this scapegrace that Liliha's strongest ally might be within Helen's own breast!

He lifted his eyes slowly, almost with abhorrence, to Patterson's face. With Helen's happiness in such hands he could not go down in peace to his old age. Yet was the lad really as weak as instinctive dislike accredited him? Was he not attaching to one whose potentialities for good and ill were alike untried an obloquy altogether undeserved? God! That was the trouble; he did not know. No one could know until the test came.

Liliha laid her napkin on the table, smilingly signalling to Helen that the time to leave the table

had come. Philip's frown deepened at the gesture. Every move the girl made to-night was directed by Liliha. Even the dress she wore was probably Liliha's choice. The frilly white frock with its childish sash accentuated her youth, brought out the contrast of the older woman's experience. Liliha looked taller to-night, carried herself with splendid dignity. The very cigarette in her fingers bore the implication of poise and potency.

McDonald, with Lee and Field, lingered near the dining-table to smoke, pretending, in their low-toned interchange of laughing talk, to have quite recovered their ease. Richard had strolled to the open door and stood leaning against the jamb, looking out. Checking his impulse to join him there, Philip moved over to Helen and put his arm around her as she stood beside Liliha and Patterson within the radius of light from the reading-table lamp.

"It's been ripping to hear you talk of old times on our Island, Mrs. Heath," Patterson said. "My mother would have loved to hear you too. She knows lots of stories about those days, but not so many as you. It's rather strange, though —I thought I knew all the families who had ever been prominent here, but I never happen to have heard your name."

Liliha smiled at him with pensive sweetness.

"It would have been stranger if you had known it," she said. The bell-like voice silenced the talk of the men. "I have never pretended to be a part of society here. We Hawaiians find it more—diplomatic—to choose the part of obscurity than to have it forced upon us. Mr. Gregory and I are grateful when you receive our dark faces among your white ones as you have to-night, but we make no claims as to our station—our right to the privilege."

In the stillness that fell upon the room Philip heard Helen draw a deep breath. She lifted her head to look straight into Liliha's eyes. Then swiftly she crossed to Richard's side and locked tense hands around his arm.

"Come, Richard Gregory!" she said. "Come out on the lanai with me."

He looked at her without moving. She gave his arm a little shake, laughed into his sombre eyes. "Come along—Othello! Tell me how you won your war!"

Liliha stood motionless, staring at the doorway whence Helen, with a defiant swirl of her white flounces, had vanished with Richard. Patterson, pursing his lips into a silent whistle, strolled over to join the smokers, all of whom, after casting glances of black anger on the woman who had insulted their chief, ignored her presence. She stood as alone, Howard felt, as aloof from all the

life about her, as she had seemed to him that Sunday in Paris, years ago, sitting lonely on a bench in the Exposition grounds. Through all his outraged loyalty to Richard he felt a stab of pity for her, the most solitary being he had ever known.

Liliha's eyes burned suddenly into his. Solitude she accepted but not defeat, so her scornful smile at him said.

"Quick work you've done with your riding parties and moonlight drives, Philip Howard!" she commented in a bitter undertone. "You win this hand. But now I know the game, I'll not miss another trick. I'll know better what's trumps another time."

CHAPTER XVII

YOUNG GREGORY SPEAKS

IT was a Sunday afternoon, nearly a month after Helen's arrival, and she and Richard and Liliha—the latter now enjoying a siesta upstairs—were Philip's guests at Wahainalua. They were sitting in the library of the old Gregory house, in the window embrasure that looked out over the sea.

The room still remained substantially as Philip remembered it in Kameolani's lifetime. He had bought the house furnished from Tom, complete as it stood, even to books—and Sing. Naturally on Philip's yearly visits there he had added possessions of his own, but he still thought of this, liked to think of it, as old Gregory's room. A room full of ghosts. Philip could see them there behind the grey blur of his cigar smoke: old Gregory with his massive hunched shoulders and his sallow melancholy face; Kameolani, mellow, indolent,—he could almost hear her rich lazy voice, the boy Tom, laughing, arrogant, on whom the old man's most sombre looks were bent. Old man,

indeed! Younger than Philip himself now was by at least a dozen years the old man had been when Philip first met him here. Impossible to realize it! Did Helen, in spite of her asseverations to the contrary, really consider him old? Did Richard?

Philip looked thoughtfully at the two young people before him, absorbed in a discussion that had failed to interest him. The little frown of concentration that had been his since boyhood deepened as he gazed. What an attractive pair they made! He had a moment's envy for Richard's fresh, alert look. He himself was tired. This was the first time in a frenzied week that he and Richard had taken their ease. Wahainalua had been giving them difficulties of late. His plantation was a small one, and its close proximity to the harbour and to the village from which it derived its name made unnecessary the elaborate development of railroads and housing plans that the greater enterprise at Haina-Haina demanded. Nevertheless Wahainalua had its troubles, including the universal labour problem. A threatened strike, indeed, was the immediate difficulty. Richard had succeeded in averting it for the present, at the cost of concessions of which Philip did not approve. He did not like the new truculence of the oriental labourer. Everyone was too independent here, had made too much money since the war.

Not the least of his dissatisfaction—his grumpi-

ness, the minx had called it at lunch—was that he had been separated from Helen all the week. Only that morning she had arrived, a striker herself, she had declared, against further isolation at a deserted Haina-Haina that was boring her to tears. Philip's half-hearted protest over the telephone, his plea of an incompetent household staff she had overborne by restoring him Sing, temporarily only, she warned him. So she had arrived, with Liliha and Emma and Sing and a chauffeur. She went visiting with a retinue like a queen, he had told her, a remark, he had been amused to note, that Liliha took in high but silent dudgeon.

Helen had been in the gayest spirits at the lunch table, bubbling over with mischief after her week of banishment. Even Pat, she had told them, who might have been depended on as a companion for rides and tennis and swims, had been inconveniently summoned home by an ailing mother. She had him there still at Haina Kua, tied to her apron string. Pat didn't think he'd ever get away again, he had written her, unless he'd throw up his job and promise to live at home. Relatives were an awful drag; a bore, she had always considered them. That remark too had displeased Liliha, who had sharply commended Pat for his filial deference, an attractive quality in the young that Helen might do well to emulate. To this

Helen had demurely replied that ancestor worship was both heathenish and out of date. Moreover, she had no one handy on whom to exercise the rites. She'd always thought that the Lord, in removing all such venerable obstacles from her path, had given her to understand that the deference otherwise due to them she might justly claim herself. Richard's satisfaction in this riposte he had not attempted to conceal, and Liliha had subsided into sulky silence.

Richard too had been all gaiety at lunch time, teasing Helen especially for her evident dependence on an inferior sex. In the absence of Pat, it appeared, and the other men's consequent absorption by overwork, she had actually been driven to help Sing with the guava jelly. Domesticity was the modern woman's last resource, Richard had told her. He was grieved at the intellectual barrenness that could drive her to it in a week's time.

Now, with Liliha upstairs for her usual afternoon nap, a different tone was apparent in their talk. Helen grew more sedate, became quite the woman of affairs. It amused Philip at first to hear this dainty little morsel of femininity questioning Richard about plantation matters. But as he sat there, lazily watching them through his smoke rings, his amusement changed to thoughtfulness. Something had happened to Helen in this week.

She had grown—matured—in a quite extraordinary way. Her questions, indeed, might often be absurd in their crudity, their display of ignorance, and yet they betrayed earnest intelligent thought. Richard was taking them seriously, answering them straight and to the purpose as if she had been a man. More than that, he was interested, interested in an absorbed enthusiastic fashion that he never betrayed when talking of plantation matters with Philip alone.

They had been discussing recreation for the labourers, a subject that always left Philip cold. Not that he was callous or indifferent to any real need of his employees, he hastened to tell himself, but that he didn't believe in sentimentalizing about them. Much of this democratic talk nowadays was rank nonsense. A servant had been a servant and a master a master in his time and as far as he could see nothing good had come out of making a man feel above his natural place.

As he half-absently listened now in the rather critical, impatient mood that the trying week had fastened upon him, he became aware with growing wonder that in these, to him, annoying modern phases of industry Helen's mind was meeting Richard's on common ground. Lack of understanding in details meant no failure to grasp the principle of the whole. His attention was piqued again. Where had the child, in her thoughtless

life of indulgence and pleasure, ever caught this patter of the welfare worker? How did she come to know a dispensary or a day nursery from a hole in the ground? It was the fashion, he supposed. People talked these things now as once they had talked William Morris and Burne-Jones. Then, too, Helen's school had adopted a devastated village in Northern France. Helen had gone to visit it when she went abroad. She had never talked much about that visit to him, though he had overheard her pouring out her heart to Richard in sympathy for the war-spent children. That had hurt him, had made him feel strangely lonely and old.

It crossed his mind suddenly that Helen had never shown the least curiosity concerning the long years of his management. Apparently the plantation did not exist for her before Richard's time, Richard, her contemporary. The thought stung him with the bitter consciousness of the years that lay between them. Was that why she could understand, could sympathize with Richard's plans as he had never honestly been able to do? He had never thought of the years as a bar to understanding or confidence. They had seemed to him an endowment, a rich fund of experience, which these children of his might draw on, from which they might gather strength. That, to be sure, had not been his own youthful attitude

toward experience. By a trick of memory his mind went back to the interview with old Gregory in this room, when they had talked of Tom's marriage. Then Gregory's experience had given the boy that he had been no added confidence that necessarily his judgment would be sound. On the contrary, he had instinctively distrusted that judgment as being somehow inimical to Tom's youth. Loyalty to his own generation probably had prompted the distrust, but after all, had not the feeling been justified ? Old Gregory, who had been able to see nothing but evil in Tom's predilection for the brown race, had had his way. He had separated Tom from Liliha and sent each to a lifelong unhappiness.

A trill of laughter from Helen brought Philip from this by-path of memory with a start. Tom's son, Liliha's grandchild—Richard and Helen—the two beings he loved most on earth, were born of that old unhappiness. He considered them earnestly in the light of this new thought, considered them in all the promise of their youth. Glancing from the man to the girl, he was struck suddenly by a subtle resemblance between them, not in feature nor in colouring but in the shape and carriage of the head. As they faced each other, each drawn to a corner of the long davenport, the likeness was startling, emphasized as it was by an accident of the mode. Helen wore her short hair

back from her forehead as did Richard, who, according to his careless custom, had allowed his hair to grow rather long. The silhouettes of the heads were identical, both characteristic heads of the Hawaiian race.

Philip had long ago banished from his mind the possibility of Helen's appearance ever betraying her Island blood. Now he wondered anxiously whether this would become more apparent as she grew older; whether, as the years went by, the delicate roundness of her face would broaden and flatten; whether the Island physique would overlay the Saxon in her as it undeniably had in Liliha. Would revelation of her descent come to her that way? Or suppose that a child of hers should show the dark strain more than the parent, as Richard showed it more than Tom? What terrible shock, what ghastly tragedy, even, might he not have prepared for her!

The stab of the thought goaded him from his chair. He left the window to prowl about in the shadowy depths of the room. Richard and Helen did not notice his going. They were absorbed in each other to the exclusion of everything else. They had drawn closer together, the boy expounding in deep earnestness, the girl leaning toward him, listening with a pretty deference. Richard glowed with a boyish happiness that Philip had not seen in him since the war. There was anxiety

—pain—in that thought too. Had not for Richard the first act of the tragedy already begun? No longer could Philip shut his eyes to the relentless truth that Richard worshipped this girl who might consider his love an insult, marriage with him a disgrace. Indeed, how could she feel otherwise! She had been skilfully schooled, how well schooled perhaps Liliha, for all her infernal cleverness, did not herself guess. The tradition of a beautiful Southern grandmother, the fact that Helen's closest school friend boasted a distinguished Southern descent, had added a legendary prejudice to Liliha's own propaganda of Helen's superiority. Even if Helen loved Richard her pride would never admit—if she loved him! She did love him. A score of lambent impressions flashed blindingly into this truth. She had been drawn to him from the very first. He knew that now from the jealousy that had gripped him at the first token of sympathy between them the night of their meeting; knew it from her gust of anger at Liliha's scorn of the Kanaka; from her constant defiance of Liliha in Richard's defence; from her happiness in his mere presence!

Stopping short in his uneasy march about the room, his hand gripped the bookcase for support as the whole significance of this for Helen flooded over him. Again across the confusion of regret and dread beat the words that had first brought

home to him the tangled labyrinth that thoughtlessly spun thread of deception had become, darky mammy! Only by hurting Helen, embittering her whole life perhaps, could she be made to see that nothing prevented her from marrying Richard if she chose. Could he do nothing to save her from the pain, the sure unhappiness that he saw ahead? He could see only one ray of hope. She did not know it yet. He felt sure that she did not understand herself. Perhaps he could get her away, absorb her in other things, other men. His mind went out even to Pat in his search for a reprieve. Was there after all anything to justify his dislike of the boy besides a jealous opposition to Liliha's choice? Yes! Compare the lad to Richard and one found only weakness against Richard's strength; carelessness against purpose; shallowness against depths. In a flash of self-revelation he read the truth of his own recent irritation against Richard; his heart had recognized him, as Helen's had, as her mate. He was the man she ought to marry. And nothing stood between them except the barrier of falsehood that he had helped to raise.

Still holding to the bookcase for support, feeling suddenly all the weight of his years, he stood with bent head, his mind groping painfully among stinging regrets, fears, dreads. Helen's awakening to the meaning of the vibrant happiness that

had been growing in her was sure to come. Would her pride admit love for Richard or would the ambition that Liliha was trying to enkindle in her drive her in revulsion to what Pat could offer? Pat, with his fundamental worthlessness, yes, and his vivid personal charm, his high position in the world, that to Helen, with dark gulfs opening before her feet, might seem a very pinnacle of security and peace. There lay Liliha's strength. Philip's hand clenched over his determination to keep the sinister old woman's hands from her, to give the child a chance to settle her own fate; to oppose Liliha by every means at his command.

But what means had he? Where, in honest truth, did he stand? He had told himself that his quarrel with Liliha centered on the question of her dominance. Helen should have the right to mould her own life. How could she? That was not possible when he had conspired with Liliha to withhold from her the most vital truth about herself. He had nothing with which to fight Liliha. On the contrary he stood with her, side by side—a stumbling-block—stood even as old Gregory had stood, fending her off from the man he now believed nature had meant for her mate.

Upon the tumult of his thoughts there broke the sound of the door opening. Philip turned. Liliha glowered in at them.

"Helen," she said, "Mr. Patterson has tele-

phoned. His mother has asked you to tea. He is driving over for you and will be here any minute now."

"Botheration!" said Helen, without turning her head. "Surely you didn't say I'd go?"

"Of course I did," Liliha answered coldly. "I myself heard you promise Mr. Patterson to go as soon as his mother was well enough."

"Perhaps I did promise him once," she admitted grumpily. "But I don't feel like going to-day."

Liliha turned to Howard. "Do you wish her to be rude to an older woman who is trying to pay her a compliment?"

It angered Philip, this pretence of yielding him an authority she still held, a trick that Liliha had adopted of late. He fastened upon an instance that had profoundly annoyed him two weeks ago, when she had manœuvred him into another endorsement of Pat's claim on Helen's time. But he was too troubled to express resentment.

"I'm afraid you ought to go, darling," he said, putting his hand on Helen's shoulder. "You needn't stay long, but if you promised Pat——"

"Oh, I know!" she said, rising. The impatient child in her, clouding again her dawning womanhood, vaguely comforted him, put him more at his ease. "Promises can't be broken. I hate 'em. I'll never make another. They always go

off half-cocked. What about Richard's promise to me? He was going to take you and me on a walk that he's always talking about."

"We can still do that." Richard turned from the window where he had withdrawn on Liliha's entrance. "It's best about sunset. And there's moon enough to come home by if you're late. Tell Pat to drive you back by the upper road. We'll meet you where the ditch crosses it—he'll know the place."

"Right-o!" said Helen, appeased. "I'll be there. You might bring along a pair of tennis shoes for me. I don't think I'd get very far in these."

"You are going to change your frock, surely?" Liliha cast a disapproving glance at Helen's pink cotton dress.

"I'm going just like this—with the addition of a simply ravishing hat. Don't I look all right?" The words were directed to Philip, but her eyes teased Richard's for a response.

Liliha frowned. "There is the car now," she said.

Helen darted over to the eastern window which looked out on the drive. "Pat, sure enough," she said, with a wave of her hand. "Just see that old head of his in the sunlight. Isn't it beautiful? I love it. If only I had had red hair! I can tell you, I'd have cut such a swath—au revoir. Now don't you forget!"

Liliha, following Helen from the room, almost collided on the threshold with Sing, who was coming in with a tinkling tray of lemonade. The Chinaman set the tray down on a table near the window and busied himself straightening chairs and cushions and gathering together some photographs that Helen had carelessly strewn over floor and davenport. A sudden pause in his activities caused Philip to look around. Sing was standing by the east window intently watching Pat. He stood motionless until the car had driven away with Helen. Then with a muttered "Huh!" he started for the door. Before closing it behind him he turned and stuck his head back inside.

"No good!" he said. "Too much *awa*. Two much hula gu'l. Why *you* no mally her, Licha'd? She heap good cook."

As the door closed Philip said abruptly, "Amen to that, Richard. Why—why don't you try to marry her?"

Silence on Richard's part. He stood motionless beside the window. Philip shakily poured out for himself a glass of lemonade, drained it, and clearing his throat, sat down in his favourite chair. He had not meant to say this until an interview with Liliha should have procured release from his old promise of secrecy. He had come to a decision. From the moment Helen had spoken admiringly of Pat, he had known that whatever the cost

to her of hurt pride, of bitterness, he meant to insist that Helen be told the truth. But in blurting out encouragement to Richard at this time he probably had done his own cause harm. What was it Helen had said just now about going off half-cocked? All his life that had been a failing with him. Whenever he forgot his lawyer's training and followed a first impulse he always went wrong. His heart, beating out the seconds, measured a silence that he thought would never end.

"There's only one answer to that for my mother's son," Richard said at last. "I'd have to be a conscienceless blackguard knowingly to subject any woman to what she went through."

Philip moved uneasily. "I don't know that that answers the question as completely as you think. Your father and mother were more fatally mismated by temperament than they ever were by race."

"That complicated things, of course. But that wasn't what I meant. A canker sore of secret humiliation—that's what love and marriage and motherhood meant to my mother."

"Humiliation—no, no!" protested Philip, angered. Shallow little Minnie, presuming to think she had stooped to her husband, to her son! His own part in that marriage came back to him, stinging him with the old regret.

"That's not for a moment admitting that I believe her feeling justified." Richard left his post by the window and came to sit opposite Philip on the davenport. He rested his chin on his hand and stared out at the calm monotone of the sea. "I, as a Hawaiian, have my own feeling in this matter of race, my own criterion of caste. The backward peoples of the world. I used to wonder sometimes, over there in the shambles, what you forward nations really had after all that was so darned worth dying for. We Hawaiians had something worth it once—had it a mere century ago. The art of happiness—of life. But none of you whites was clever enough to see it—to realize that we had held on to something that you had lost."

In spite of his deep sympathy for Richard, Philip could not repress an ironical smile at this. So he and old Gregory had spoken together, right here in this room. Only what was Richard's viewpoint now had been his own philosophy then.

Richard caught the smile and shrugged.

"You're thinking of the reverse side of the medal, like all the whites. Always you saw our sins only—glaring enough, I admit, but pretty well matched by some you brought and grafted on us. You never could see behind our idolatry and lust. You couldn't see that we were at peace with ourselves, living in a simple, beautiful

un-self-consciousness. We were nature and she was us."

Upon Philip's memory there flashed a vision of a young swimmer in the dawn: flashed; faded; blurred into Liliha old, bitter, intriguing.

"We had held that for you throughout all the centuries since humanity had its beginning on earth, and you thought it worthless. Took it from us and threw it away. In its place you gave us greed, ambition, jealousy, hypocrisy—the trader's creed. For trade was your real missionary here. The Christianity you brought us was soiled and tattered, something you no longer placed all your hope in yourselves."

True enough that! The first gospel to reach the backward peoples was always the gospel of greed. Nevertheless——

"Do you think, Richard, that the Hawaiian people under the most favourable conditions could have held a place in the complex modern world? Could the Indians? Wasn't their submergence inevitable?"

"We don't know," Richard said grimly. "We never can know now, for you whites have left us only conjecture for all our argument. Never an explorer or a conqueror among you was big enough to study us—to understand us—before he corrupted us with civilization's worst. I used to wonder sometimes, as I crouched in the trenches

there night after night, thinking about all the things I'd meant to do, whether, if you hadn't withered and ruined us, we backward peoples might not have been the hope of humanity to-day. You smile at that. I would have too, five years ago. But are you so sure now that your white civilization is going to last?"

"No," said Philip thoughtfully. "We're not as cocksure as we once were. We've begun to question, to doubt. That's something to the good at least—to look forward to the future of the human race somewhat, not to concentrate all our thoughts upon ourselves."

"Perhaps you believe that religion more and more is going to mean just that—not self-salvation, but working consciously toward the betterment of human life here."

"I do believe that—have believed it for many years. Immortality: our surest hope of it lies in our children. It ought to be your turn to smile now, to hear this from a childless man. None the less I believe that in this conception, surely growing up amongst us, lies the great hope of continued supremacy for the white race."

"Ever think that hope might have been stronger if you hadn't wasted your reserves?"

"Reserves?"

Richard clasped hands behind his head and stared out to sea.

"In the old days of history when a civilization wore itself out, it stepped back in the ranks and strong new wild blood swept into the front lines to carry the battle on. Where's the rejuvenating force coming from now? Russia? The East? They're as old in self-seeking as you are yourselves. Young races. Perhaps I can tell you what I mean by a kind of allegory that grew up in my mind in the front lines once. It began with the everlasting question, would we live to see another day? We measured life by the day; morning gone, noon gone, would the night break into a new day? Suddenly it struck me that days were like families—like my family as I'd known it in three generations. Myself was the morning—myself as a kid, of course—happy just in being alive and on earth. My dad was midday—restless, gusty, hot—the self-assertive time. Evening was old grandfather as I'd know him, tired of his own life, with anxious eyes on me, watching to see what I'd make of my noon. Then it all seemed a part of something infinitely bigger, as if the whole life of humanity from the beginning was that same trinity. We had our dawn back in the Eden days before reason taught us to know or distrust ourselves. Through historical times we've been passing through the heat. Perhaps twilight's coming now. We're beginning to be tired of the senseless scramble and greed, beginning to think of the

new lives coming, of the future of the human race. That's where the backward peoples should have come in. We hadn't your centuries of self-seeking to embitter and exhaust us. We were closer to the dawn. But your civilization did for us before we got our chance. We're children still, war children—spent and wasted long before our adolescence. That's the bitter tragedy of the races you scorned and crushed. You thought us inferior, when for all you know we might have been only—young."

Richard, rising, paced up and down the room and then came to stand, as old Gregory once had stood, resting arms on the back of a chair.

"Well!" he said with a short laugh. "We can think these things, we people of mixed blood, but all this has mighty little to do with the main issue: how we stand with you whites. We're living in the world as it is. It doesn't do the under dog much good to try to figure out what other mongrel has got his bone. What counts is the label the winning cur has tied to him!"

The winning cur! Philip winced, thinking of Pat, who out of his war experience had brought only dissipation, a restless disinclination for the duty that lay closest to hand. And before men like Pat, Richard, in the eyes of the unthinking self-satisfied white world, would always be accorded an inferior place.

Richard, roving about the room, stopped and looked at his watch.

"Pretty near time we were off," he said. "I'll tell Hori to drive us up the hot part of the road. I'll never forget that you would have trusted her to me. That means more than you'll ever guess. But she's my mother's kind—my grandfather's. You can see for yourself—it wouldn't do."

He left the room. Philip, after a moment of frowning thought, rang the bell for Sing.

"Find Mrs. Heath and ask if I may see her, Sing."

The Chinaman shook his head. "She go out."

"Not with Miss Helen?"

"No. All 'lone."

He would speak to her before dinner, Philip resolved. Not another day should go by before he told Helen the truth about her parentage.

CHAPTER XVIII

LILIHA PLAYS HER TRUMP

PHILIP glanced at his watch with a frown. "Helen is late," he said.

"Not very," Richard responded. "We could hardly expect her much before this."

"How far are you taking us? I begin to regret that we sent the car home." Philip glanced about at the rugged walls of lava above them, at the wide velvet-green slopes sweeping down five hundred feet or more to the sea.

Richard gave him a quick look. "Not too tired, are you? It's only three miles, and all downhill. But if you like we'll give it up for to-day and Pat can drive us all home."

"Not on my account. I'm good for more than three miles. I had visions of you and Helen making me scale these cliffs. Don't put it in the minx's head, or she'll do it yet. A wild bit of country, this. I never happen to have taken the upper road before."

"It's only been in three years, they tell me." Richard came to sit on a rock beside Philip. "Built when they developed the higher part of the Haina-Kua land. Pineapple, you know. Ah, the car at last!"

Both men rose. Helen waved at them from the bend in the road. The ravishing hat deserved the appellation, Philip thought, or at least, the face under it did. He had a sudden stir of sympathy for Richard. How cruel the child was in her radiance. The visit could not have been the bore she had foreseen. Exhilaration had bloomed in her since she left.

Pat, it seemed, was loath to let her go. His protracted hand-clasp, and the whispered words that set Helen's dimples twinkling enraged Philip. He fumed over Richard too, standing like a stick to stare at the coast line that stretched so far below.

"Come, Helen," he said impatiently. "We've waited for you long enough."

Helen sprang from the car at once. "So long, Pat!" she said carelessly. "We'll expect you at eight. Don't dress."

"Eight!" ejaculated Philip, as the car sped away. "Have you invited that cub to dine with me?"

"With us? I did that same. Seems to me if I provide the cook I've a right to one guest of my own!" She patted his arm. "Don't be cross, Uncle dearest, the poor fellow is going away."

"That's news!" said Richard, turning. "The piker! I thought he had contracted with me for a job."

"You're rather horrid about Pat—both of you!" the girl said with flashing eyes. "He's

taking his mother to Honolulu to see an oculist. That's why he's leaving your old ditch. He asked *me*, and of course I told him to go. She's lovely, Mrs. Patterson is, not a bit what I'd thought. I'm to visit her when she comes back. Her daughter will be here then and we're going to paint the Island red." She broke off with a laugh. "How grumpy you both look! Poor dears, did I make you wait? Where are my shoes, Uncle? You didn't forget?"

Richard produced the tennis shoes from a rucksack that he carried. Sitting down on a rock, Helen pulled off her white slippers. "Catch!" she said, and tossed one after another into Richard's hands. The sudden tautness of the young man's face as he tucked them into the bag brought back to Philip an old agony of his own, packing away the dainty dresses and footgear that Lucy would never wear again. How thoughtless he had been not to take advantage of Richard's solicitude to cancel this excursion.

Richard, however, appeared cheerful enough as he looked up to ask, "Ready? Then down we go. The first minute or two is the worst, until we strike the trail."

Picking their way down among the undergrowth below the road, they emerged on a path somewhat overgrown with branches but still clearly defined and bearing the marks of long use.

"Where does it go?" Helen asked, gaining

Richard's side with a little run and slipping her hand under his arm in mute apology for her sharpness about Pat. Richard let the fingers rest there for a moment only, then stepped away from her to break off and hand to her a flowering ohia branch.

" The trail goes across the mountain," he said, " but it has been abandoned since the road was built. Rather a shame, I think, to let it go—any historic roadway. Many a warrior party went over this in the old fighting days B.C., which to us Hawaiians means before your precious Captain Cook came." He turned back to point his words to Philip with a smile, not seeing the odd look that Helen gave him at mention of his race. Her colour deepened and she walked on in silence. Philip hoped that she had not felt a rebuff in Richard's avoidance of her hand. She had always been so wholly unconscious of the enflaming power that might lie in her touch. How different she was from the young Liliha in the realization of her charm !

" There ! " said Richard, stopping. " This is a view that I particularly love. How's that for a little glimpse of earth and sea ? "

They paused to look down a steep gorge, blue with shadows, that opened out far below into a surf-flecked bay. Philip lingered after the others and walked more slowly on. The old warpath brought to mind the fighting ancestors of whom

Tom had been so proud. Strange that this pride in the ancient glory of his family had no part in Richard; his was the pride of race itself. To-morrow's children, he had called his people, whom civilization had wasted and destroyed. Out of his own lifelong sympathy for the scorned peoples of the earth, Philip could respect Richard's passionate regret for the lost opportunities of his race. The beauty, the charm of these people his own young mind had early recognized. He remembered how all his life long that first vision of Liliha had been indissolubly linked with the thought of spring and morning and all the fervent joys of youth.

They were waiting for him. He quickened his step.

"We leave the main trail here," Richard said. "It's not always easy to follow this path when you get among the trees."

For a space they all walked on in silence. They were down in deep woods now, arched over by a thick canopy of *kukui* leaves. Twilight had already gathered here, but a rose glow shone ahead. Suddenly a rocky crown rose before them through an opening in the trees. Philip's heart sounded a message; it knew before his mind did whither they were bound.

In another moment the clearing opened before them, red, not with flaming firelight as he had last seen it, but with sunset. The thatched hut was

gone; no, it had fallen, was only a thicker mat of ferns. Vines and invading bushes had pressed in closer by many yards. But the rock floor of the centre, the fireplace, the wide proscenium of trees and sky—almost could Philip see Liliha standing there, flower-crowned, in the barbaric splendour of her youth.

He sank down on a fallen log, the same—no, of course not. That must have rotted to fern-soil long years ago.

"I might have known," he said stupidly. "But it was always dark, and we came to it from below."

Richard turned to him quickly. "You've been here? What is the place? I've often wondered. Not a *heiau*, of course, nor a *halau*, but it has a resemblance——"

"It's nothing historical," Philip said. "It's an old—playground of your father's. He brought me here."

"Tell us about it," Helen urged. She came to sit beside him, a careless arm on his shoulder.

What old emotion made him shrink from her caress as from a disloyalty? For the moment his flickered-out half-passion for Liliha flared into the hot intensity that had scorched him that night when he had seen her vanish into the darkness with Heath. His rigid body endured Helen's touch for an instant only. Then he took her hand, brushed it with his lips and laid it down beside him.

"I can't, my darling," he said. "Old memories sometimes hurt."

Richard, with another quick look at him, called Helen's attention to the fireplace. She went to him at once, raising her eyes to his in a grave look of understanding that merged Philip's present trouble with the throbbing past. Could fate have played a stranger trick than this, to have brought these two together here at such a moment in their lives?

He must get them away. Whether it was, as his confused fancy suggested, that some emotional influence from the past hung like a miasma over the place, whether it was merely their sympathy for him, something had drawn the two close together in a seriousness that aroused his deep concern. Helen must not see any change in Richard before she knew the truth. Else might she have bitter memories that no later happiness could wholly dispel.

He rose to his feet. As he did so his eye caught a patch of snowy white among the grey rocks at the crater's rim. A white garment—someone hidden there! His heart signalled a new dread. The strike among the workers had not been averted without bitter feeling on both sides. Their walk that afternoon had been spoken of freely before servants less devoted than Sing. Could this mean ambush—revenge?"

"Richard," said Philip quietly, not moving

and keeping the ominous white spot well within his gaze. "Will you go on home with Helen now? I'd like to stay here for a while alone."

"Sure you don't want us to wait for you down the trail?"

"Quite sure. Don't worry about me. I'm not tired and I know the way down."

They left him without further words. Philip waited until all sound of their voices had died away. Then he said sternly:

"Come out from behind those rocks. I'm armed."

The white spot, heaving farther into sight, disclosed Liliha, clad in one of the loose *holokus* in which she occasionally took her ease. As she came down the rocks toward him, Philip felt all the ignominy of a gesture gone wrong. It added to his discomfiture to reflect that Liliha knew as well as he did that he never carried arms.

Liliha, however, was not concerned with such trifles as his discomfiture. He saw as she approached him that her eyes blazed in a face that was very pale.

"You are not playing fair with me, Philip Howard," she said passionately, standing before him with clenched hands. "You are not keeping faith!"

"How so?" he demanded. No arraignment could so have stung him.

"Do you suppose I can't see your [illegible]? You

want my money—mine, I say—for that pauper, Tom Gregory's son."

"The idea of Helen's money never entered my head," he answered hotly. "Richard isn't one to live on a woman's money—he earns his own. And besides that, he'll have mine. Wahainalua is his—or will be."

Liliha's face darkened still more. "So you have been plotting to bring them together as I've thought."

"Nothing of the kind. Until a few hours ago I would have shrunk—did shrink—from any thought of their marriage as you yourself would have done. But I can't help seeing what's coming to pass. It's something stronger than we are, that takes no heed of our hopes and plans, something that is drawing them as irresistibly as streams are drawn to the sea. If they love each other, Liliha, have we any right to stand in the way?"

"I would rather see Helen dead than tied to that breed!" Her voice shook with passion, her hands tore at the fern fronds that brushed against her, ferns growing from the spot where Tom had lain that night in his royal panoply. "Twenty years of my life have gone to make Helen what she is to-day. Shall I throw away those years when success is right under my hand?

"Success!" he said bitterly. "Success in what? Have you forgotten what urged you to

make the sacrifice? You wanted to save Helen from the unhappiness that had wrecked her mother and yourself. Can't you see that your success now may mean for Helen just as disastrous a wreck?"

"Wreck! What are you talking about?"

"You want Helen to marry Pat. You are urging her to it by every devilish pressure at your command. And Pat is a dissolute weakling, a Kingsley without his talent, a Heath without his strength. Let Helen marry him, and you plunge her into a hell as black as your own."

Liliha shook her head in fierce dissent. "Pat is a man like all men. Perhaps he isn't as refined and finicky as you. But who wants a milksop? A husband's sins don't count for much with a woman; she expects them if she is wise. To be despised by him—and others—that's the thing that kills."

"How do you know what will hurt Helen?" he asked sullenly. "She hasn't got your temperament."

"No—your precious darling!" she sneered. "She's finer clay than I am, I suppose you're trying to say. Things hurt her that never get through my thick hide. Who's sheltered her, I'd like to know—given her every chance? Oh, I know how little I count with you!" she said with growing heat. "Ever since she was a baby you've seen nothing but her side. Always

philandering over her—didn't I see you just now, kissing her hand? The queen and her retinue! That's what it means to be old—the queen is dead, long live the queen! You'll find that's not true. I rule this roost yet. *I* do, not Helen. Nor you."

He uttered a short laugh. "When have I ever tried to rule you, Liliha? I know better—have known myself no match for you these forty years. But I think you're wrong—dead wrong, in this. We have no right, either you or I, to deny Helen the privilege of free choice in any matter that vitally concerns herself. Has your own life been such a success that you dare take the responsibility of shaping hers? Has mine? But we've left Helen no choice. You are forcing her to take the one path that she sees open before her. Isn't it only fair that she should be told of the other? She's got to know the truth. If you won't tell her, then I will."

He heard her catch her breath. Then she said slowly:

"You promised not to tell without my consent."

"I want you to release me from that promise."

"But I refuse. I still hold you to it."

"I shall break it," he said, out of a long silence. "Helen's future counts for more than my word. Or my life!" he added grimly to himself. Had Liliha's deadly anger found an instrument to hand, he felt that the secret would have gone with him into silence then.

In the stillness the breath of the night wind sighed down from the mountain slope. Dusk had fallen, wrapping Liliha in its gloom. She was like a ghost in her white quietude.

"You speak of fairness," she said at last, "of right. What right have you, Philip Howard, to ruin the work of my old age? You spoiled my young life for me, here in this very spot. If you had not followed me that night, I should have married Tom."

He was silent. The reproach cut with a double edge. As he had been the instrument of Liliha's fate long ago, so might he be Helen's evil genius now. To spoil a—but had he indeed spoiled Liliha's life? Changed it, at least. Yet the making or marring of a life lay not in circumstance but in itself.

"How could I have done differently, Liliha? Tom was a mere youngster, a tool in your hands. What chance did he have, with you and *awa* to intoxicate him, to come to an open-eyed choice?" He tried to laugh. "Admit, Liliha, you didn't give Tom a sporting chance."

"He was older than I," she said sombrely, "and better armed in the hard and cruel ways of men. All the forces that rule society were on his side. I had only myself. Yet you didn't think it unsportsmanlike to bring Heath with you that night—a man against whom, you had heard from my own lips, my heart could have no defence."

"Liliha!" he cried. "You haven't believed *that* for all these years! Didn't you know that he followed me without my knowledge, against my will? Didn't you know that I was furiously jealous of him—hated him for your sake? Why, I loved you then, Liliha—loved you in spite of myself. I would have been an easier prey to you than Tom could have been if ever you had chosen to turn your eyes my way."

Her laugh came to him out of the dusk, a cruel laugh.

"But I didn't choose! What did you have that I wanted then? A cautious man—a thinker! I wanted a man who made the blood course through me—who made me feel! But do you think I don't know now that I'd have had a better chance for a happy life with either you or Tom than I did with Heath? For that reason, Philip Howard, I've the right to choose for Helen. I know what young passion costs. Do you?"

"No," he said.

She stirred from her rigid stand among the ferns. Her deep voice took on its softest, most mellow note, an echo of the young voice he had loved.

"We'll speak of this again," she said. "Promise me at least that you'll say nothing to Helen without my knowledge."

"I promise," he said dully, calling himself a traitor and a craven in his heart.

CHAPTER XIX

TOWARD A NEW DAY

DINNER was served late that night. At half-past eight, when Philip entered the library full of apologies for his own tardiness, he found Helen alone there, curled up in the window corner, chin on hand.

"What have you done with Pat?" he asked, forcing himself to a cheerfulness that rang hollow to his own ears. "I thought I heard him here."

"He's out in the garage looking after a tyre." All the life had gone out of Helen's voice.

"What's the matter, my dear?" Howard went toward her.

"Nothing." She rose and drifted away from him, farther out of the light. "Mammy Lil riled me a little more than usual. Came into my room just now and pawed me till I nearly screamed. I always hate her when she's affectionate." She gave a little laugh and added more naturally, "She sounded like the Love Tales of Hoffman on a movie theatre organ—lots of tremulo, you know, and wind to beat the band."

"There's no pretence in her devotion to you," he said grudgingly. To his consternation he saw Helen's eyes fill with tears.

"Helen, my dear——" he said, again starting toward her.

"Don't come near me!" she cried furiously. "Do you want to make me cry?"

Presently, when Richard entered the room, she still stood at the window, a rigid back turned. She took no notice of his coming, but Pat, following him a moment later, she received with a smile and a gay ripple of talk.

Philip looked searchingly at Richard. The young man's face was grim. With a gesture Philip summoned him out to the hall.

"What's the matter with Helen?" he asked. "Did anything upset her on the way home?"

"Yes," said Richard, frowning at the floor. "I did. Lost my head. Coming down the mountain she slipped on a loose stone with those damned tennis shoes. Not a bad tumble, but it gave me a fright. Before I knew it I—had her in my arms. She didn't understand. Took it laughing and put her own arms around me—as if it had been you. It hurt me like the devil and I pushed her away—acted like a fool. Heaven knows what she thought I meant by it. She hasn't spoken to me since. I'm chucking it, Cousin Phil. I've got to get away."

Liliha descended upon them at that moment, a regal figure in black velvet. She swept down the stairs, carrying her head high. Unlike her usual habit, she smiled on the whole company impartially.

Since her ill-judged attempt to belittle Richard by linking him with herself as a social inferior had resulted only in making Helen his champion, Liliha had expressed her venom merely by ignoring him. To-night, however, as they went out to dinner, she electrified every one by passing her hand within Richard's arm, and piloting him to a seat by her side. She included him in her general urbanity, but made no effort at sustained speech with him until dinner was well under way and Sing had left the room. Then she said, smiling at him:

"It's time you and I got acquainted. I know it's my fault that we haven't before. A ridiculous jealousy that I had long ago revived and quite absurdly fastened itself on you."

"You knew my mother?" asked Richard, surprised.

Helen's chatter with Pat abruptly ceased. She listened intently, looking down at her plate.

What was Liliha driving at now, Philip wondered uneasily.

"It was your father I knew," Liliha said, with a gentle sigh for the past. "We had a boy-and-girl love affair once."

"Indeed!" said Richard, warily. He shot a look at the silent girl opposite him, then lowered his own eyes.

"I've been talking those old times over to-day

with your cousin," Liliha continued, leaning a meditative chin upon her jewelled hand. Philip started guiltily. What was Liliha involving him in now?

"It's strange that three of the actors in that old story should be together in this house to-night," she went on. "Myself, Philip Howard, and Sing." She had her audience now. Even Pat hung upon her words. "Your cousin was the villain. He thought me a designing young person and conspired with your grandfather to keep your father away from me. But I had a friend at court. Sing was houseboy here, and he carried letters for us. We arranged for an—elopement, and your cousin found it out. We were separated and never met again for twenty years. I saw him with your mother then," Liliha sighed again. "How I envied her white skin and her fair hair! But jealousy and hatred died in me when I really saw her face. She was so unhappy. One read it in her eyes. Poor thing. She had her punishment for breaking nature's laws!"

"Thank you for your sympathy, Mrs. Heath," said Richard dryly. "I remember my mother very well—as well, perhaps, as even you would have me remember her."

Under cover of the long, measuring look that passed between them, Helen raised her eyes to Richard's face. Colour suffused her cheeks and her eyes shone. Young happiness seemed to flood

into her again on the deep breath that marked the turn of her mood. Philip marvelled at the change, even while he watched her with growing concern. It did not surprise him to see her turn to Pat and begin to flirt with him outrageously. It seemed to him that some force outside herself was bearing her along on a rising tide of emotion, such a tide as he had seen, one New Year's Eve, engulf Liliha at the Mare Vista ball. Restlessness burned in her, as it had burned in the young Liliha, confined to a sewing table while the "Rosalie" took on freight on the eve of her sailing away.

The impulse that led Helen to play the coquette now had nothing to do with Pat. Liliha thought it did, so her look of benignant complacency said. Richard's dogged silence hinted the same belief. But Philip felt that he knew better. The happiness that had glowed in her had been born of some new understanding of the strange Richard who had wounded her that afternoon. Pat would never touch her now. Unless—the dread of that cursed race inhibition surged over Philip anew. Suppose passion—either unacknowledged or defied—should sweep her into depths whose currents she was unable to resist! The wild blood in her had never known restraint. No royal tabus had hedged about the native women of her ancestry; no repression had ever ruled the lawless instincts of the white men who had been these women's mates. Perhaps Pat was to be feared more than

ever now, with the wild young Liliha insurgent in Helen to-night.

The dinner drew to a close and they drifted back to the library. Liliha seated herself beside the lamp. Pat and Helen took possession of two chairs in a far corner of the room. Philip looked around for Richard. He stood irresolutely by the door.

"I have a notion to take a walk before I turn in," he said, in response to Philip's inquiring glance. "You won't think it rude of me if I slip away? I'll say good-bye to you all now," he added to the room at large. "I'll be off to Haina-Haina before anyone is up in the morning, I'm afraid."

"So early, Richard!" Philip, coming toward him, hoped that no one else had seen Helen cringe. "What difference will it make if you wait till a decent hour to start?"

"I want to see what's been doing this last week. —Good night." He shook hands with Philip and turned to leave the room.

"Richard!" Helen with outward composure crossed to him. "Have you thought about the change I suggested for the dispensary?" Philip saw her clasped hands tighten, heard her mutter, "I've got to talk to you before you go."

"I hardly think it necessary," Richard said aloud.

"I must!" she said under her breath. "I must! Will you wait for me outside?"

"Very well," he answered. "If you insist—Good night."

Helen went back toward the chair she had risen from. But she did not sit down. Instead, she went to the window which stood open to the sea. Pat she passed by as if he did not exist.

"It's warm, isn't it?" she said, looking out.

Liliha's lips tightened to a thin line. "Very," she assented dryly. "The room is stuffy. I think I prefer the hall myself." She rose as she spoke and passing into the hall, enthroned herself in a wicker arm-chair that stood near the open door.

Philip's heart went out to Helen. She had the girl cornered! Without meeting her challenge and facing her opposition, Helen could not go outdoors. He saw by the flash of Helen's eyes that she knew the battle was on.

"What's the big idea, Helen?" Pat's voice was aggrieved. "Standing over there by your lone." He tapped her chair cushion invitingly. "Come along and be cosy like we were."

Helen walked slowly toward him, but again drifted past. She had drawn her eyebrows together in a frown of intense thought. Suddenly a mischievous smile dimpled her face. She held out her hand to Pat.

"Good night, Pat dear," she said sweetly, "and bon voyage. I'm beastly tired. I think I'll turn in myself."

She passed Philip with a light brush of her hand against his shoulder and without a word to Liliha went directly upstairs. Philip heard her door slam, heard the noisy turn of a key in its lock and the muffled thud of her tread on the straw-matted floor above.

"Can you beat it?" demanded Pat out of a stupefied silence. "And I thought I'd made a killing! I swear I did!"

Philip murmured something in response, he did not know what. He was acutely alive to the fact that some cautious shifting of his furniture was going on overhead.

Pat gave him a sulky look, and hands in pockets, lounged over to the door. "I'll be going, too, I guess," he said. "Don't bother to come out with me!" he said sarcastically to Philip's inattentive back. "Good night."

Philip stood still, listening. Everything was now silent overhead. Moths were flying thick around the electric lamp, bumping into the globe with soft thuds that distracted him. Mechanically he stooped to put it out. As he straightened himself, his eye caught sight of a strange drapery across the eastern window. It moved; it was something outside. He glanced quickly into the hall. Liliha was still holding Pat there in talk. He stole toward the window, reaching it just as a large white object slid past—Helen, climbing down from her window by means of her knotted

sheets! His fingers pressed hard against his lips in the anxious moment that elapsed before he saw her spring away into the garden's obscurity; then they beat a little tattoo of triumph against his cheek. Closing the blinds over the evidence of her escape, he went out into the hall. He grasped Pat's hand now in a fervent good-bye. Pat eyed him oddly, scowled, and then with a muttered, "Well, every one's bugs to-night!" went out to his car.

"It's pleasanter on the lanai, Liliha, don't you think?" said Howard tranquilly, following Pat through the door and busying himself placing two chairs.

"I'm satisfied here," said Liliha grimly.

The hall clock chimed the quarter hour, the half, and still they sat without a word, one inside, one outside the door.

The house grew very still. At last Philip heard the creak of Liliha's chair. "I'm going upstairs now," she said sullenly, and seemed to wait for him to come. He smiled to himself.

"You can leave the hall light for me," he said. "I'm much too comfortable here to think of sleep."

A grunt was her only response. He heard no other sound, but when he peered around the door jamb a moment later the hall was empty.

His body relaxed. He sighed and let his head sink back against the chair cushion. Somewhere

out in this soft starry night, pulsing with surf-beat, he hoped that his two children were together, fighting out their own fate with what weapons that iron-willed woman had left them to call their own. Would not passion overbear reason —pride—in both of them? Helen, he felt, had made her choice, had cast her pride away. Could Richard hold out when faced with Helen herself?

Suddenly Philip's heartbeat quickened. His hand closed over the arm of his chair. He had caught sight of Helen's white dress within the dusky arch of the trees. She came slowly toward the house—alone—walking wearily, with no youth in her step. She could not see him in the shadow, but the bar of light from the door now revealed to him her face, white, expressionless. Should he speak to her, call her to the haven of his arms, or let her gain the refuge of her own room, believing herself to be unobserved?

A rustle sounded beside him. He turned quickly. Too late to caution her! Liliha stood in the lighted arch of the door.

"Where have you been?" she demanded, her voice vibrant with fury. "Where have you been this time of night? With that beggar of a Kanaka?"

Helen threw back her head. "How dare you speak so? What right have you to question me at all"? Her voice was shaken by a fury no less deep than Liliha's own.

"Right!" Liliha's voice was almost a scream. Civilization had fallen from her. She was old Hana, spitting out abuse on the alien child of her own blood. "You say that to me!" She started forward, her hand outstretched to grasp Helen's arm.

The girl threw herself back, fended her off with passionate hands.

"Don't touch me!" she cried. "I'll never endure your hands on me again."

Liliha's working mouth snarled back over her teeth. "Dainty little body mustn't be touched by my black hand! Precious little white body! Do you know who gave it to you? Do you know who nourished it—gave it the luxury of a queen? I did—I, your own grandmother, you damned little white snob!"

"Grandmother!" Helen clasped both hands over her eyes. Her tense fingers seemed to grope for blurred memories that might refute the word. She threw out her hands in a gesture of bewilderment, looked to Liliha's face to search the evidence there. "It isn't true—it isn't true!" she whispered.

Liliha, with a vicious laugh, folded her arms across her panting bosom. "Ask him!" she said, with a contemptuous shrug of her body toward Philip.

"It is true, Helen," he said quietly. "She is your grandmother. There's more Hawaiian in you than there is in Richard Gregory."

He could see the fiery woman beside him suddenly turn to stone.

Helen's arms fell slowly to her side. She looked up at him, the colour surging back into her face.

"I'm glad—glad!" she said slowly. "I thought to-night no power on earth would ever make Richard Gregory marry me!" She stretched out her arms with a deep-breathed "Oh!" of happiness. "Thank God—thank God I know in time!"

She sped from them into the dark.

"Stop her—stop her!" Liliha's voice was barely a whisper.

"Stop her!" echoed Philip. "Might as well try to stop the wind. Thank God, say I, too. You've flung the child right into Richard's arms."

The minutes seemed interminable. Would she stand there forever, that woman of stone? What thoughts must be hers, knowing that she had thrown away the purpose of half a lifetime in one moment of jealous rage. At last she gave a deep sigh—turned to go in. Then she stopped and ooked at him, her head thrown back challengingly.

"Wahainalua must be Richard's!" she said.

"I have always intended that it should be," he replied.

Her hand stroked the polished panels of the massive door.

"They ought to live here—in this house. It has more dignity than Haina-Haina. After all, we must remember that Helen's children will be the descendants of kings."

She was gone. Philip sank back in his chair, smiling grimly to himself. Liliha had shifted helm again and was off on her new course. He could see her, years hence, bringing up with an iron hand those *alii* children, predestined to a royal arrogance!

Helen's children! Peace fell upon him. Would they not be beautiful, in body and mind? As Helen was above Alice in fineness, as Richard was above Tom, so might their children rise above them. Old Gregory, with his unhappy eyes, would he not now be content?

The clock chimed again, and yet again. The suspense, the brooding stillness of the night revived the dread that had tortured him so long. The revelation of her dark blood had seemed to have singularly little effect on Helen just now; she had welcomed it as sweeping aside an obstacle that kept her from Richard's side, had gloried in sharing with him the brown man's lot. Not yet would it dawn on her what she stood to lose. A phrase of Liliha's haunted him. He prayed that it might never be Helen's fate to count the flinging away of her white birthright as one of young passion's costs.

The surge of foreboding ebbed again, left him

once more at peace and content. Not through Liliha would Helen find her new self, but through Richard. And though Richard himself had not wholly escaped bitterness, he had won through it to serenity, to strength. What Helen would feel in her new heritage would be not Liliha's shame and self-scorn, but Richard's earnest pride, his belief in the enduring beauty of the brown race.

At last Richard and Helen were coming toward him. He saw them as they lingered in the shadow over their lovers' parting. Arm in arm they came into the light.

"Little rascal!" said he gruffly. "How did you expect to get back to that room when you locked the door inside?"

She ran to him with a little cry. He felt the grip of Richard's hand.

"Don't worry," he said—the old laughing Richard—"I'll shinny up." He caught Helen's arm again. "Good-bye, darling! Do I kiss you good night here, or at the head of the stairs?"

"Both of course!" said Helen. "Why be stingy?"

Philip was alone again in the velvety darkness with the loved companionship of the stars, alone with the memories that henceforward would make up the poignancy of his life. Henceforward! It seemed to him that all the years since Lucy had died had been like that—a looking back. He wished with deep longing that his life might have

been different. Suppose he had married Liliha—he winced again at her scorn of him that afternoon—a man who could not make her feel! But suppose that, long ago, he could have stripped himself of the nicer qualities of mind that had repelled her; could have revealed to her how even in his absorbing grief the resurgent youth in him had leaped in response to unconscious youth in her. Suppose—he smiled to himself at this—suppose he had told her what always it had been a secret satisfaction to know she had never guessed, that he had seen her, the nymph, at play alone in the sea; had told her how profoundly her young beauty had stirred the elemental, emotional Philip whom always, rigidly, he had held repressed. The simple revelation of her life-quickening power over him, he saw now, might easily have turned her vagrant fancy his way. Marriage might have been his, then, children, grandchildren of his own, instead of a barren descent into a childless old age. Not barren, of course; he quickly corrected himself with a sense of disloyalty; but, they would be the first to admit it, not even Helen's and Richard's devotion could mitigate the fact that he could claim no descendants of his own. Strange that the very qualities in him that made him most susceptible to all that was beautiful and rare and fine in life had in all probability caused the extinction of his family with himself.

For long he sat there in the soft darkness, then with a sigh rose to go indoors. But the night still held him. He strolled down the steps into the scented garden, out to the road, and along it to a bench on a point whence he could catch the faint glimmer of surf. The Islander's birthright; some day Helen's children would be sporting there with surf boards, venturing farther and farther out into the welcoming sea. Lithe young swimmers like the Liliha he had first known—Liliha who now was old, vanquished, who had lived her life and was waiting only——

No, not vanquished! Suddenly he saw her, not consumed by years or by life or by the uncontrollable fire within her; saw her triumphant. Wild young passion, cold ambition, fierce jealousy of age! What power had these to harm the superb, indomitable thing that was Liliha herself? They were the storm clouds, beating their fury out against her. She was the fire-mountain, mysterious inviolate—the mother-force, greater than individual, greater than race, itself immortal youth.

He looked up from his long brooding. The stars were gone. Already on the white breast of the mountain he could see the glow of Liliha's new day.

THE END